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# LIVES MADE SUBLIME

BY FAITH AND WORKS



Be not weary in well doing for in due season  
ye shall reap if ye faint not

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# LIVES MADE SUBLIME

BY

FAITH AND WORKS.

BY THE

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# Contents.

	Page
I. Dudley A. Tyng, the Child of Prayer ... ..	5
II. Ensign Marcus Cheek, the Young Confessor ... ..	15
III. James Maitland Hog, the Christian Gentleman ... ..	24
IV. Jonas Sugden, the Christian Manufacturer ... ..	40
V. William Allen, the Christian Chemist ... ..	54
VI. Hugh Miller, the Christian Geologist ... ..	77
VII. Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., the Christian Soldier ... ..	108
VIII. Captain W. Thornton Bate, the Christian Sailor ... ..	129
IX. James Stirling, the Temperance Advocate ... ..	146
X. The Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, the Christian Catechist ... ..	174
XI. Robert Flockhart, the Street Preacher ... ..	208
XII. The Rev. Benjamin Parsons, the Social Reformer ... ..	234
XIII. The Rev. George Whitefield, the Christian Evangelist ... ..	263
XIV. James Montgomery, the Christian Poet ... ..	293




# *LIVES MADE SUBLIME.*

## CHAPTER I.

DUDLEY A. TYNG, THE CHILD OF PRAYER.

“And if I e’er in heaven appear,  
A mother’s holy prayer,  
A mother’s hand and gentle tear,  
That pointed to a Saviour dear,  
Have led the wanderer there.”

 HE stirring of nations by the late wars in the Crimea and in India brought out many striking Christian characters among our soldiers, and men who “lived unknown” till carnage

“Dragged them into fame,  
And chased them up to heaven,”

are now recognised by the Christian Churches, and pointed out to youth as bright examples of faith and of good works. In like manner, a different stirring of the American people—the blessed revival of religion—which it pleased God to vouchsafe, pressed out individuals, who from the character they displayed, and the labours they performed in it, are now

“Familiar in our mouths as household words.”

An interesting illustration of this was brought to light by the sudden death of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, M.A., of Philadelphia, and by the brief sketch of his life, which has come across the Atlantic, from a bereaved father's pen.

On the 18th of April, 1858, the Rev. Dr. Tyng was to have preached the anniversary sermons of the Sunday schools connected with his church in New York, when 1600 scholars and 103 teachers were to be addressed by him from that beautiful expression of Hannah's gratitude—"For this child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord: as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." A sudden interposition of Providence postponed Dr. Tyng's design, as he was called to stand by the bedside of his dying son, a youthful minister in Philadelphia; but the bereavement, sad as it was, afforded a most striking illustration of the text. Recalling the history of his sainted son—the child of many prayers, all amply fulfilled—Dr. Tyng was enabled to add his own touching testimony to Hannah's ancient gratitude. The record of it can scarcely fail to encourage parents and Sabbath-school teachers, therefore we do not hesitate to present it in these pages as a practical illustration of the power of prayer, and of the grace of God.

DUDLEY ATKINS TYNG was born on the 12th of January, 1825, in a quiet parsonage in Prince George's County, U.S. He was the first son of his parents, and a "child of prayer." At the time of his birth, various circumstances conspired to make his parents observe a gracious Providence, and to call forth their fervent gratitude for a living mother and a living child. In 1829, Dr. Tyng removed

to St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, where he first became interested in the work of Sunday schools, and where he placed his little Dudley in an infant class, "taught around the chancel of the old church, by a teacher who still labours in the work." It enhanced a pastor's zeal in the right training of the young, when he saw his own child among the scholars. "I must bear my testimony," he says, "that the Sunday school has ever been to my children an unspeakable blessing. The child that learns to love the Lord will always find happiness there, where faithful, pious teachers are truly engaged in the effort to bring the little ones to Christ." Dudley found increasing joy in the school, and never ceased to take an active interest in its lessons and its scholars. From a seat among the taught, he rose to be a teacher, and afterwards the faithful and affectionate ministerial superintendent. Those are likely to be the most efficient teachers who have themselves been taught in a Sunday school. It is like a home to them; the place of their warmest affections; the scene mayhap of their new birth to God, and of their early desire to aid in the work of their Saviour. Over hopeful and pious scholars every teacher should watch with fond affection, with a view to send forth from his class faithful and earnest labourers in the same benevolent work as his own sabbatic hours are spent in furthering.

On May 16th, 1832, Dudley Tyng lost his amiable and pious mother. A sudden hemorrhage from the lungs bore her rapidly to glory, and left her partner and family bereaved. But she was able to encourage her husband thus, ere she passed away:—"My dear, give yourself no anxiety about my children; God will bring them all to himself." She had prayed for them, and she looked for



the answer of a faithful God. She might not see the fulfilment on earth; but she would welcome it as her sainted children joined her one by one in heaven. Thus should we always *pray, and not faint*, in training our children to God. Thus Grimshaw prayed for his wayward son, a reckless youth, who, after his father's death, would say to the horse on which he rode, "Once thou carriedst a saint, now thou carriest a devil." But at length the prayers on his behalf were answered. The Lord gave him repentance; and ere he died, he said, "What will my father say, when he sees me in heaven?"

Dudley Tyng was a precocious scholar, and profited above many when he was at school. "At seven years of age, he was reading mature Latin authors; and at that time received from his teacher a beautiful miniature copy of Virgil, as a premium for having read that author." His father also informs us, that "in the autumn of 1839 he entered the university of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1843, with distinguished honour."

It was in 1841 that grace manifested itself in him, and he was converted to God. The seed of early training then came forth, and budded. A young lady, who had been converted by means of Dr. Tyng's ministry, aided very much the real conversion of his son. The concern of the youth was exhibited in a way that must have touched a father's heart. We shall give it in his own words: "Late one night, when all the family had retired to rest, and left me to my closing hour of solitude in my study, I heard the sound of feet descending on the stairs. It was this dear boy, who had risen from his bed in sleepless sorrow. As he came into my room, and pressed his arms around my neck, he said: 'Dear father, I cannot

sleep; I am so sinful. Father, will you pray for me?' We knelt together in prayer; and I gave him counsel for a short season suited to his state of mind, when he retired to his bed again. What a tribute and privilege it is in that parental education, in which an awakened son may freely throw his arms around his father's neck, and say, 'Father, pray for me.'" Light dawned on that youthful, anxious soul, and the love of Jesus filled it. He became a child of God, and confessed it in an entire change of demeanour, and aim, and life. The child of prayer became a child of God.

As his college course terminated, he resolved to dedicate himself to the ministry of the gospel, and entered the theological seminary of Virginia, in October 1843. He was there blessed with an evangelical training. No Puseyism, no sacramentalism was taught there. The word of God was practically made the text-book of the students. Mr. Tyng remained during three years, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Meade in 1846. He then became assistant to his father, who had a year before removed to New York. In 1847, he accepted a charge at Columbus, Ohio, and was ordained presbyter by the excellent Bishop M'Ilvaine, a man "whose praise is in all the Churches." In 1849, owing to the failure of his health, he removed to Charlestown, Virginia; but returned to Ohio in 1852, as minister of Christ Church, Cincinnati. Though a young man, his ministry was very greatly appreciated, marked as it was by the simple and earnest presentation of the gospel of Jesus. His catholic spirit (that which is often sadly wanting among some who daily profess to "believe in the Holy Catholic Church"), was as beautiful as it was rare, and won for him the warm

affections of the evangelical community. So much was this the case, that on the visit of the Rev. Dr. Duff, the eminent missionary of the Free Church of Scotland at Calcutta, Mr. Tyng was chosen by the ministers present to express the sentiments of the assembly to their honoured guest. This he did with much fervour and affection; and concluded thus:—"And now, dear brother, farewell! on earth we meet no more. But meet we shall, and our sorrow at parting is greatly lessened by the sweet anticipation that when next we meet, it shall be where the thorny hedges which here divide the vineyard of the Lord shall not be found, and the names that mark our divisions shall all be unknown. When next we grasp your hand we shall not be Episcopalians, nor Methodists, nor Presbyterians, nor Baptists, but we shall all be *one in Christ*, in heaven. Till then, farewell!" He then grasped the hand of Dr. Duff, amidst the strong emotions of both old and young in that large assemblage.

In 1854, Mr. Tyng became rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, where his father had ministered for twelve years. Some trials arose, connected, we believe, with the slavery question, on which he bore a faithful testimony, which led him and a large portion of the people to separate and form another Church, to which he ministered until his sudden death. "When the doors of the Epiphany Church closed behind him," said a friend, "the great heart of the American people opened to him." He gathered the largest congregation in Philadelphia, and preached to thousands of all denominations.

Mr. Tyng entered with all his heart into the great religious revival which has so largely blessed the United States. He joined the daily prayer-meetings. He

preached in a large hall, where multitudes attended. He became the centre of Christian union, and in a great measure aided to call forth the devotedness of others. He lived much in communion with God, and the fragrance of the garden of spices was about his presence. "Young men more particularly went in great numbers to him to tell their anxiety, because they had the fullest confidence in the nobleness of his Christian character." He met more inquirers during the revival than any pastor in the city.

In April of this year he removed his family to the country for the summer. On the 13th of that month he passed the morning in his study; but in the afternoon walked to the barn, where the labourers were at work with a machine. While he patted the mule drawing the machine, his study coat caught the wheel. His arm was dragged in, and, "before the mule could be stopped, the cogs had ground the flesh from the bone, from the elbow to the shoulder, and dragged the various vessels from the shoulder to the breast, so as to make in the breast a transverse wound deeper than the surgeon's finger could probe." A great hemorrhage followed; but by prompt tying of his arm it was arrested. He was immediately taken into the house, where, with a single servant, he had been all day alone, as Mrs. Tyng had gone to Philadelphia. It was evident that he could not long survive. Amputation was tried; but he continued to sink. His partner and parent were summoned; and, in the few days he remained with them, they heard from his lips testimonies to the grace and goodness of God of the most striking character. "Doctor," said he, to his physician, "my friends have given me up; they say that I am dying: is

that your opinion?" The doctor, after hesitating, replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the dying saint, "doctor, I have something to say to you. I have loved you much as a friend: I long to love you as a brother in Christ Jesus. I cannot repay the obligations I am under to you, unless I may be permitted to lead you to Jesus. Let me entreat you now to come to Jesus, that you may be to me for ever a dear brother in Christ, and that you may be more useful than I have ever been."

When he was asked if he had any message to his brethren in the ministry, he said, "*Father, stand up for Jesus.* Tell them, LET US ALL STAND UP FOR JESUS." Other messages also followed; but surely this one bears an appeal to all our readers, as it does to the writer also. It echoes across the surges of the Atlantic, from the blessed experience of a revival, and from the dying bed of one who lived to instruct others—STAND UP FOR JESUS. Sabbath-school teachers, let its burden arouse you, and urge you to put forth all your zeal, and prayer, and energy to *stand up for Jesus*. Your office, your responsibilities, your hopes, all call for this. Fail not then, at home, in the class, in the school, in the church, and in the world, to STAND UP FOR JESUS. Ministers of Christ! it speaks to you, and calls you to fulfil your high vocation. The command of Christ, the office you hold, the souls for which you are responsible, all give emphasis to this command, STAND UP FOR JESUS. Christian reader, does it not also appeal to you, to be faithful in witness-bearing?

As the death-grasp grew close, Dudley Tyng seemed to lose consciousness. He knew not the voice of father or of wife; but when he was asked if he knew Jesus, he answered loudly, "I KNOW JESUS. I HAVE A STEADFAST

TRUST IN JESUS—A CALM AND STEADFAST TRUST." When asked if he was happy, he replied, "*O perfectly, perfectly.*" Thus at peace he slept in Jesus on the 18th of April, 1858; and she, who died in faith of her child's conversion, hailed him in the upper sanctuary; and the father bereaved could say, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord." "His life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall he also appear with him in glory." He could also add, "This is enough. It compensates for every care. It pays for every labour. It removes every sorrow. It explains every mystery. It wipes away every tear. It fills the heart with joy unspeakable." "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Amidst the tears of ten thousand people, a number unequalled, except at the funeral of Dr. Kane, they bore him to his burial; and Bishop M'Irvine improved the event by giving an address of great impressiveness, and urging all to follow the departed by *standing up for Jesus*. Referring in the course of his remarks to the last discourse which Mr. Tyng had preached, the Bishop said to the sorrowing congregation: "Remember, bereaved ones, his last text:—'The door was shut!' How little you thought it was to be so soon fulfilled to him! His lamp was burning: he was all ready. It has shut him in with his Lord. He shall go no more out. He is safe for ever. But you, beloved, are you ready? The door is still open to you all. Jesus calls you to enter before it is too late. Let the call of your departed pastor be heard in your ears, saying continually, *Come*, enter in; make haste to come. Remember, there is a day at hand, when the master of

the house will have risen up and shut to the door; and many disappointed souls will stand without and cry, 'Lord, Lord, open to us,' but will cry in vain; the Lord will not know them: they sought too late, the door will be shut for ever; the accepted time will be ended. *Now* is the day of salvation. Make sure of eternal life."

Reader, this sketch points its own application. But it has special counsel and encouragement to all who endeavour to train up the young in the fear of the Lord. Pray for your children. The Lord will answer. Stand up for Jesus. He will reward.

"How short his day! the glorious prize  
To our slow hearts and failing eyes  
Appeared too quickly won.  
The warrior rushed into the field  
With arm invincible to wield  
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,  
When lo! *the fight was done!*

Revolving the mysterious lot,  
We mourn him; yet we praise him not—  
To God the praise be given;  
Who sent him like a radiant bow  
His covenant of life to show,  
Athwart the passing storm to glow,  
Then vanish into heaven."

## CHAPTER II.

### ENSIGN MARCUS CHEEK, THE YOUNG CONFESSOR.

*Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus . . . Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*"—2 TIM. ii. 1, 3.



"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the glory of his cross,  
And honour all his laws.  
Jesus, my Lord! I know his name, •  
His name is all my boast;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost."



SOME fruits yield their richest nutriment only by being bruised. The sweetest fragrance of odorous leaves is obtained by pressure. It was after the alabaster box was broken that it filled the house with odour. In like manner, tribulation sometimes develops Christian virtue in the strongest light. Among the young, seasons of sickness and of death have occasionally revealed piety, of whose existence the most anxious parents were altogether ignorant. A very interesting illustration of this was lately manifested in a youthful soldier at Allahabad, during the murderous attack of the mutinous sepoys upon their officers and the European residents. Suddenly called to suffering and to martyrdom, the ensign of seventeen years of age evinced a strength of faith and boldness of confession equal to any recorded in the annals of the



Church of Christ, and which have made his memory blessed.

ARTHUR MARCUS HILL CHEEK was born on the 31st July, 1840, at Evesham, where his father occupied the position of town-clerk. He was named after Lord Arthur Marcus Cecil Hill, late M.P. for Evesham. In his early days he was affectionate and dutiful to his parents, truth-loving and well-doing in conduct, and fond of the house of God and the Sabbath-day. Rightly trained at home, his character was formed for rectitude. Family piety was his earliest instruction, and, as is almost always the case, it became the seed of his spiritual life. While at school in Birmingham, Cheltenham, and Brussels, he was studious and exemplary, and secured the esteem of his instructors. Ere he left the last place he expressed a wish to profess his faith, according to the form of the Church of England, to which he belonged, and was accordingly confirmed. On the first Sabbath after his return home, he requested permission to partake of the Lord's Supper along with his mother, and with apparent intelligence and devotion remembered Jesus. He was then about fifteen, but he had decided to be the Lord's. Subsequent events showed how real had been his faith, and how sincere his profession. His choice had been spontaneous, and his religion was *his own* by the grace of God. Young reader, this must be your experience ere you can be Christian. Your religion must be the result of personal inquiry and of individual faith. Be thankful for religious parents, but like this youth of Evesham, and like all real converts to Jesus, give *yourself* to the Lord.

Marcus Cheek gave also of *his own* to the Lord's cause. Some who ought to know better, are satisfied with another's

liberality; but when, on one occasion an aunt offered him part of her collection, he replied, "Oh no, aunt; you know that would not be *my* gift but *yours*. I intend to give my own, and have something to give." These were two excellent preparatives to liberality—the good resolution *to give his own*, and *to have something to give*. They are worth remembering and practising. It is no virtue to give the coin of another to the missionary cause. Save something of your own for it, and give it cheerfully; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

Marcus Cheek entered the army as ensign to the 6th Native Infantry in Bengal, and joined his regiment at Allahabad in May 1857. He was then in his seventeenth year, and seemed to have a long career of usefulness and honour before him. But his sand was nearly all run out. His course was brief, but more renowned than that of many who are laden with stars and hoary with years. They might become generals, but he was soon to be a king. Faithful unto death, he obtained a crown of life, and from a scene of carnage on earth was promoted to the noble "army of martyrs" around the throne of God.

His lot was cast in troublous times. Bengal was then the theatre of a conspiracy which, in an unexpected hour, led the native soldiery to murder their officers, and attempt to extirpate Europeans from India. After the outbreak at Meerut, Delhi, and other places, Allahabad was still quiet. The 6th Regiment of Native Infantry professed great loyalty, volunteered to go to Delhi against the insurgents, and received the thanks of the Governor-General for their fidelity. But on the 5th June, three hours after they had cheered their officers, and at the time of mess, they mutinied. Nine young ensigns were bayoneted

to death, five officers killed, and in all, about fifty Europeans murdered. Cruelties of the most revolting kind were perpetrated. Children were slaughtered before their mother's eyes, and then the mothers were put to death. The property of missionaries, as well as of civilians, was destroyed. Places of worship and valuable libraries belonging to ministers were burnt, and a loss of £30,000 inflicted on the American Presbyterian Mission there. Few could escape the carnage, but some did so by swimming the Ganges. Marcus Cheek, on that memorable evening, had retired early from the messroom to his own lodging; but nothing was heard of him for five or six days, and he was supposed to be dead. On the 12th it was reported that he was alive, but badly wounded. He had been cut down by a sepoy as he sallied forth on hearing the alarm. Weak and spent, he effected his escape, and concealed himself near the Ganges. "Here," we are told, "he found a stream, the waters of which sustained his life for four days and nights. Although desperately wounded, he contrived to raise himself into a tree during the night, for protection from wild beasts. Poor boy! he had a high commission to fulfil before death released him from his sufferings. On the fifth day he was discovered, and dragged by the brutal sepoys before one of their leaders, to have the little life in him extinguished."

At the same place was a native convert, whom the Mohammedans were tempting to recant—to give up his faith, on pain of death if he refused. It was a trying position. The young ensign saw him, and, like a good soldier of Jesus Christ, tried to encourage his comrade. "Padre Sahib," said he, "hold on to your faith; do not give it up. O my friend, come what may, do not deny the Lord

Jesus Christ." The trembling convert's soul was strengthened in God by this brotherly sympathy, and was emboldened to confess Christ before his enemies. Providentially his life was spared, and this catechist, the Rev. Gopenath Nundy, was able to give information regarding Marcus Cheek.

Another man and his wife were also exposed, in presence of this young disciple, to the temptation to apostatize. Them also he urged "to be true to their faith and hope."

The murderous designs of the mutineers were prevented, at this crisis, by the gallant attack of the lamented Colonel Neill, with his Madras Fusiliers. The lives of the confessors were spared.

Young Cheek seems now to have fallen into the hands of a zemindar (landholder) who almost starved him, and pressed him to become a Mussulman. The brave youth replied, "*Anything but resign my faith and hope in my Redeemer.*"

On the 16th he was brought into the fort; but his sufferings, starvation, exposure to the sun, and bitter persecutions, had well-nigh exhausted his life. He was scarcely sensible. A request to write to his mother trembled last on his lips, and in the evening his spirit passed away among the ransomed, and his body was buried "in joyful hope of a blessed resurrection."

"These were well-spoken words, young ensign brave.-

'Deny not' Him who died thy soul to save!

'Deny not' Him who suffered pangs untold!

'Oh! *come what may,*' the faith of Christ uphold!

Thy mission was fulfilled, thy Lord was nigh;

Angels rejoiced, and wafted thee on high:

For ever free from all thy foes and fears,

Jesus will thee confess when he appears."

“Here is the patience and faith of the saints.” The youth of seventeen was a martyr of Jesus. Reader, is your faith so true and strong that you could resign all for Christ? Such faith you need. Say, “Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.” Well were it that we all could say, as the ensign’s uncle did, in a letter to the bereaved father: “I pray God, if in my gray hairs I am called on as he was, the Holy Spirit may be given to me to act as he, dear lad, has done. I ask no more; then, come life or death, it little matters. How much more impressive is the conduct of dear Marcus than ten thousand sermons. Let us, my dear brother, follow his example; let us be ready, as he evidently was, and then we shall meet him in glory.”

Reader, are you witnessing for Christ? When any one in your company is tempted to sin, have you been ready to help the hesitating or the weak, by the boldness of your own confession, and the kindness of Christian counsel? This is required of you, if you would fulfil your sacred trust as your brother’s keeper. It will not do to ask with Cain of old, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” You are solemnly bound to care for him, to aid his infirmities by example and by advice. A word fitly spoken is then of highest value, and may secure the triumph of faith to the tried disciple.

Again, let me ask, have you stood firm when you were personally tempted? You may have had worldly advantage, promise of deliverance from suffering held out to you if you would not put aside a serious demeanour or a religious decision. Others who seemed as sincere as yourself yielded to the temptation and were taken in the net of the destroyer. Have you stood firm? Ensign

Cheek did so; and the same grace which enabled him to confess Christ can make you a faithful witness.

The following lines were written after the tidings of the youthful martyr's noble conduct came home to England. Though not exactly correct as to the facts of the last experience of Marcus Cheek, they bring out the leading incidents of his confession. They were written by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, M.A., of London.

“ Treason in Delhi's walls had risen ;  
    Bengal's battalions rose ;  
And every fort became a prison  
    Begirt with sepoy foes.

Throughout the lines of Allahabad  
    Fanatic fury grew ;  
And mutineers with hatred mad,  
    Their own commanders slew.

One only from the gory heap  
    Crept out to die alone ;  
He did not wail, nor groan, nor weep,  
    But said, ‘Thy will be done.’

Within the covert of a wood,  
    Close by a streamlet's play,  
Wounded and destitute of food,  
    Four days the soldier lay.

And now they find him 'midst the trees -  
    Not friends, who bring relief—  
But sepoy—who with fury seize  
    And drag him to their chief.

One brandishes a bloody knife,  
    All hate to Christians bear ;  
Fresh stabs will take his ebbing life,  
    New curses wound his ear.

*Ensign Marcus Cheek,*

But who is he—that elder man—  
 Bound, beaten, fearing worse;  
 On whom each fierce Mohammedan  
 Is pouring out his curse?

Why are those guards around him set?  
 Those cords upon his waist?  
 He *was* the slave of Mahomet,  
 And *now* he preaches Christ!

‘Repent!’ exclaimed the sepoy crew,  
 ‘Or Allah’s vengeance taste;’  
 ‘Repent!’ exclaimed their captain, too,  
 ‘Or this day is thy last!’

‘Seek thou the Prophet’s aid by prayer,  
 Abjure the Christian lie;  
 Or by his sacred name I swear,  
 Apostate, thou shalt die!’

The drops are standing on his brow,  
 His quivering lips are pale;  
 Who will sustain his weakness now,  
 For hope and courage fail?

Then spake the wounded boy, while faith  
 Lighted his languid eye:  
 ‘O brother! ne’er from dread of death  
 Thy Saviour’s name deny!’

Trembling no more, no more afraid,  
 The prisoner hears them crave;  
 Those words, that dying look, here made  
 His faltering spirit brave.

‘Hark! hark! it is the tramp of men;  
 The Fusiliers are here!’  
 And rushing headlong down the den  
 The sepoys disappear.

The teacher clasped his hands with joy—  
‘ We are saved ! our foes are fled ! ’  
And then he turned to bless the boy,—  
The heroic boy was dead !

They bore his placid corpse away,  
And dug a quiet grave  
Far from his childhood’s home, which lay  
Across the western wave.

But ye who love him still shall greet  
Your loved one once again ;  
For all who trust in Jesus, meet  
Beyond the reach of pain.”



## CHAPTER III.


JAMES MAITLAND HOG, THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

*"Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour."*

—1 TIM. v. 17.

"Yet was thy liberality discreet,  
Nice in its choice, and of a tempered heat;  
And though in act unwearied, secret still,  
As in some solitude the summer rill  
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,  
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.  
Such was thy charity: no sudden start,  
After long sleep, of passion in the heart;  
But steadfast principle, and, in its kind,  
Of close relation to the eternal Mind;  
Traced easily to its true source above,  
To Him whose works bespeak his nature, Love.  
Thy bounties were all Christian, and I make  
This record of thee for the gospel's sake;  
That the incredulous themselves may see  
Its use and power exemplified in thee."

COWPER.

HE functions of laymen in the Church have often been discussed; but the best argument on the subject is living illustrations of what persons, not invested with the Christian ministry, can do to promote the cause of Christ. Amidst the din of ecclesiastical controversy about orders and authority, there have ever been a few faithful men who sought, in nooks sequestered, and with a retiring humility, to labour for the good of souls. By earnest prayer and zealous effort they have

held up a pastor's hands; have extended and blessed his work, and have become his "helpers in Christ." By whatever designation they were known, and whether formally set apart, inaugurated into office or not, they have really been a most important and influential portion of Christian labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. The employment of the active members of our Churches in work auxiliary to the ministry is very necessary in such times as these, and secures a two-fold blessing—first to the person so engaged, sustaining his piety and increasing his bliss—so tried by the intense secularism of the day; and secondly, to the Church of God, in preserving peace and extending the gospel. The exercise of Christian grace is most conducive to personal happiness in religion, and to concord in the Church. Give the earnest something to do; he is alike preserved from spiritual distractions, and from divisive courses. Put the devoted Christian into a sphere of usefulness, however small, he is straightway an epistle of Christ known and read of all, and can be the instrument of much good to souls. This was John Wesley's policy, and he stamped the impression of it on the practical piety and usefulness of lay helpers in his communion, where they are more largely employed than in any other section of the Christian Church.

We propose now to sketch one of such "labourers together with God," with the view of showing what grace can do in transforming the character, and in utilizing gifts.

JAMES MAITLAND HOG was born on the 7th of August, 1799. He was descended from a family who held the lands of Kirkliston and Kelly, Linlithgowshire. He studied for the law, and was called to the bar in 1822,

but having no necessity, as he was rich, he did not long continue to practise. He resided for some time at Murieston, a small estate near Edinburgh; but in 1834, on the death of his brother, whom he succeeded, removed to Newliston, the seat of his property.

At a time when worldly men and ungodliness prevailed among the affluent and the gentry, Mr. Hog was decidedly pious. "Like Obadiah," says his minister, "he feared the Lord from his youth; his tastes, even when a boy, were sacred; and it was while yet in early manhood, that, under the ministry of the late revered Dr. Gordon, (in Old St. Cuthbert's Chapel), he received those saving impressions of divine truth which resulted in his becoming *explicitly* a Christian. He declared himself at once on the side of evangelical religion,—a much less common thing then, among persons of his rank and profession than happily it is now. . . . Though blessed above many with worldly affluence, and surrounded by everything which was most fitted to make the world attractive, to make it dangerous,—though naturally of a cheerful, buoyant disposition, capable beyond most men of enjoying the world, of making himself and others happy,—he had courage enough to 'come out and be separate' from those of whom the Psalmist speaks, as 'men of the world, who have their portion in this life,'—he was wise enough to know, that the true secret of enjoying this life is *not* to have one's portion in it; he preferred the Christian's hope to other men's possessions, he consecrated his life to God." Having once taken up the cross he was never ashamed of the gospel of Christ. Grace became a second nature to him and pervaded all his faculties, pursuits, and tastes. It is this aspect of the life of faith which is

so necessary in the present age of the world, when all are so much in public. Is the reader a decided Christian? Then let him wear his profession easily, gracefully, without constraint and without affectation. Let him confess Christ frankly and constantly, not always perhaps by the lips, but in everything and everywhere by the life. Let him labour for Christ as he has opportunity, and reveal his faith by his works.

Thus Mr. Hog exhibited his devotedness to Christ, and he found abundant opportunities to do so. If such were not assigned him by others he could create them, and induce the slothful or the dependent to follow. Ere he had reached his thirtieth year he was set apart as an elder in the Church of Scotland. Evangelical religion was then rising in influence among the people, and even in the councils of the Church. One of the first signs of revival was the sending forth the apostolic Dr. Duff to Calcutta, as the first missionary of the Church to the heathen. Another was the great effort, under the large-hearted Dr. Chalmers, to provide two hundred additional churches for the population. Mr. Hog was then taking an active interest in ecclesiastical matters, and was a member of Dr. Chalmers' committee. He was the first to suggest an immediate commencement of a subscription, and the second to put down his name for a liberal sum. During that first year £200,000 were subscribed, and only a few years elapsed till the two hundred churches were erected and supplied. These became a most extensive blessing. They were occupied by clergymen of Dr. Chalmers' own training, who were possessed of a similar spirit, and earnest in winning souls to Christ.

During that period the Church of Scotland came into

collision with the State. Her charter of establishment reserved her spiritual independence, but the imposition of patronage and other evils in the time of her coldness had brought that independence into jeopardy. Ministers were intruded upon reluctant congregations, by the courts of law in opposition to the decision of the Church. In 1842, it became apparent that if the State did not permit liberty in these matters, the majority of the Church would surrender the establishment and all its endowments. This was no small trial ; but nearly five hundred clergymen were found equal to it. They resigned their benefices, left their comfortable manses and glebes, where many of them had hoped to spend all their days, and where their children had been born. On the 18th May, 1843, the day appointed for the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the majority of the elected representatives protested in presence of the Royal Commissioner, against the encroachments of the State on the liberties of Christ's Church, and rose up and went forth to form the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The old martyr-spirit still stirred the souls of these sons of the Covenanters. They voluntarily executed a deed of demission by which they resigned all their cures. God has largely blessed them since. The Free Church of Scotland has an income from the free-will offerings of her people larger than the establishment with all its endowments and voluntary gifts. There are now eight hundred churches, manses, and schools, which cover the land, and a clergy engaged in preaching the truth as it is in Jesus, in almost every parish. Their Sustentation Fund is a model to Christendom, and secures an income to every minister not less than a minimum of

£140, in addition to his house, while those in large towns though more liberally supported, afford the disinterested spectacle of not receiving more than £500 a year. The congregation of Dr. Candlish, in Edinburgh, contributes not less than £5500 a year to the Free Church, yet only £500 go to their highly-gifted minister—the balance being devoted to the maintenance of the Church at home and abroad.

When the crisis came in 1843, Mr. Hog was most unwilling to break off from the Establishment. He had clung to the hope that something would be done by the Government which would allow him to remain. But he at last decided to join the Free Church. He was slow in coming to a decision; but he was firm in adherence to his conscientious convictions. In writing to the Rev. Dr. Gordon, he said, "I can no longer hesitate to which communion I shall attach myself. Believing that the constitution of our Church has been violated by the decisions of the civil courts, exceeding their province in suspending ecclesiastical sentences, declaring them null and void, and interdicting the preaching of the gospel—seeing no disposition on the part of the Government to admit any grievance, or to secure what is essential to the existence of a Christian community—and, finally, having observed the remaining assembly bowing in the dust, and echoing the very words of the civil courts, declaring the solemn sentences of the Church to be 'null and void,' I feel that I have no choice but to turn from her with the most melancholy aversion. . . . . My duty to myself, to my children, and, I believe, to my country, requires me therefore, to join the communion of those who have sacrificed their all to maintain their principles."

In reference to his conduct in this matter, the late P. Fraser Tytler, Esq., the eminent historian, his brother-in-law, wrote—"Had I been a Presbyterian, I must have done the same." With respect to the spiritual independence of the Church, he added, "Every feeling of my heart and reason is on your side, and no one knows how soon the Church of England may have to contend for it. Let us hope that, if it does come to this, there may be as much courage and conscience in England as across the border."

All acknowledged the sincerity of Mr. Hog, who never made an enemy of any with whom he was constrained to differ. Having taken this step, all his benevolence, and zeal, and liberality came into action. He erected, at his own expense, a church in his parish, and ably supported it. He entered with great earnestness into the various schemes by which the Free Church has consolidated the maintenance for her ministry, the education of her children, the training of her students and teachers, and missionary operations at home and abroad. By his influence bursaries were provided for deserving young men, studying for the ministry in her colleges, and a fund secured which will perpetuate the benefit.\* He originated, a short time before his death, a scheme for the liquidation of all debt upon churches, manses, and schools, belonging to the Free Church, and had the satisfaction to learn, before he died, that the sum necessary to supple-

\* It may be mentioned that all students for the ministry in the Free Church must pass through the undergraduate course of four years at the University, and four years more in the study of Theology, Church History, and the interpretation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures.

ment congregational exertion, namely, £50,000, had been all subscribed. The difficult task of securing sites for churches, from reluctant proprietors, was conducted by him for several years, requiring delicate and extensive correspondence, but he was successful with all but one or two.

When the great question of Sabbath Railway Trains agitated Scotland in 1846, such was his weight of character, that he was "asked to accept a seat at the Board of Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, in which previously he was not even a proprietor, with a view avowedly to the suppression of Sabbath trains." With this purpose he consented, and was the means of settling the controversy at that time, so that to the present time the Sabbath has been kept on that line. Mr. Hog's firmness sustained the timidity of others. Had such men been in the direction of other lines, the Sabbath traffic would not have been so quietly established in our chief railways. It is strange that professedly Christian men can allow that to be done in partnership that they dare not do individually. Yet many who share in the profits of those lines that systematically break the Sabbath, would be shocked at the thought of being personally guilty of the same sin. Mr. Hog loved the Sabbath-day, and enjoyed its sacred rest, and he wished that others might possess the same spiritual privileges.

Mr. Hog had high ideas of the office of an elder, and sought to realize them in his own practice. Writing to Mr. Robert Paul of Edinburgh, a gentleman who is also well known as a devoted elder, he thus remarked:—"The first qualification of an elder is, certainly, *that he be a decided Christian man*, not merely well disposed, but of



tried principles ; if he have suffered affliction and distress, so much the better. He ought, moreover, to be a man of good temper, patient, and *well reported of by them that are without the Church*, that he may be no hindrance, but a help to those who are yet unconnected with his communion. . . . Having got a godly man for an elder, one who is disposed from love to his Master to engage in the work, I would say the next thing is to *give him a small enough district*. This is of more importance than at first sight appears. If the district be too large, the hopelessness of undertaking the work to any good purpose will very likely lead to its total suspension, for *it is essential to the proper fulfilment of the duties of the office, that the elder be thoroughly acquainted with all his people*." Mr. Hog believed that by such intimate knowledge of the people, an elder might be most useful in promoting piety, and in exercising discipline. If the families in his district be accustomed to his visit as a man of God, the influence for good among them must be considerable. Such Mr. Hog desired to be, and "he took a personal interest in every one" belonging to the congregation.

Before his death, the subject of our sketch wrote a letter to his fellow elders at Kirkliston, containing the most earnest wishes for their spiritual welfare. It was found among his papers after his death. It may be perused with profit by the reader.

"Dear Friends, receive a few words from a dying man. Do not delay coming to Christ, and making your peace with God in him : do so now in your day of health and strength. Do not put it off to a sick-bed or a death-bed. You may die suddenly, or your body may be racked with pain ; but even if otherwise, the mind often becomes weak

and unfitted for entering on the requisite inquiries or engaging in the proper exercises. I can speak with some experience; I have suffered no acute pain, but have just gradually grown weaker. Now, I can testify to the disadvantage we may all of us be put to, in contending in such circumstances with the corruptions within, or with the great enemy of souls, who may take occasion by our weakness, to ply us with all manner of evil suggestions, filling the mind with death and darkness, and all sorts of corruption; driving us, if he can, to despair of mercy. The suggestion of Satan in the day of health will be, *time enough—time enough*. His suggestion in the day of sickness will be, *too late—too late*. And is it not often practically true, not that the day of mercy is over, but that it becomes less probable that a soul which has refused to listen to the word of God through a long life, will do so at its close, or that one who has been contented with a mere form will now feel the want of the substance? Unless a miracle of grace prevent, such souls are likely to depart from the earthly tenement either despairing of mercy or trusting in a lie, or in utter insensibility. From all such termination of your mortal career, let me warn you to guard, by now coming to Christ. Come, then, without delay. Come, now, this very day; you will never repent having done so. Do not, I beseech you, wait till you are better fitted to come; that will never be: the more you know of yourself, the worst you will think of yourself.

“Early or late, you must come as a poor, lost sinner, despairing of yourself, but casting yourself on the free mercy of God in Jesus Christ, not only for pardon, but deliverance from the power of sin—for righteousness and strength; for holiness, for perseverance, for the victory

over sin and Satan; for sanctification, and for complete redemption. To the last it will be the same—the glory of salvation thou canst not share; it must be all Christ's. From first to last the work is Christ's, and is free. Come, then, just as you are; ask the forgiveness of your sins, and freedom from sin's bondage. Seek that Christ may be made to you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and complete redemption. This includes all things, not only the final issue, but all the steps which lead to it. Trust wholly and without doubting, in Christ's all-sufficiency, and all will be yours. Come, then, without delay; you cannot come too soon—you *may come too late!*"

The piety of this devoted man grew with his years. "I may," says his minister, "have read or heard of, but certainly I never witnessed, either a humility so deep, or a faith so simple, so child-like as his. He could see nothing good in himself, nothing from which for a moment to derive comfort, as a sinner about to meet with God,—he could not even see his own repentance or his own faith, when he looked for them. His convictions of sin were most intense and pungent; but not less was his love to the Word—to the Gospel;—'the pure milk of the Word,'—which, though unable oftentimes to appropriate, to feel, or even to believe his interest in, he clung to, fed upon, lived upon, 'like a new-born babe,' day by day. Christ, in the word, was truly 'all in all to him.'"

Two years before his death, a very severe disease began to undermine his health, and caused him great pain. But patience had in him her perfect work. He was purified in the furnace.

"Trials made the promise sweet  
Trials gave new life to prayer."

During this period he transcribed to paper many of his thoughts on religious subjects. His speech was much affected, and he could not enjoy conversation. But writing gave him relief, though even that was performed with difficulty. "His arm was so powerless, that it had to be lifted on the table, and his hand so 'withered,' that he could not hold the pen—yet when once the pen was fixed between his fingers, his left hand applied as a kind of lever to hold up and strengthen the right, and the motion assisted over the smooth surface of the paper, by a sort of shield made of paper, equally smooth, just beneath it,—he continued to write with considerable ease and rapidity. Sometimes he would write as many as twenty-four folio pages, and never a day passed without his writing less or more." Most of these records of his experience refer to his spiritual conflicts, which were singular and severe. They sometimes beclouded his soul, concealed his evidences, and distressed his spirit; but he did not despair. He continued to commit his soul to the Saviour, saying, as he did on the last day he was able to leave his room, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; thou canst save to the uttermost; thou canst keep what is committed to thy hand. Thou canst bruise Satan under my feeble feet, as thou didst bruise him under thine. Lord Jesus, take this sinful soul of mine, and through the powerful operation of thy Holy Spirit, who is the sanctifier and Comforter, purify and perfect that which concerneth me, creating in me a clean and right heart that without interruption and without end I may be fitted to sing the praises of God and of the Lamb,—one of the most wonderful trophies of whose grace shall be that soul now so much oppressed by a sense of its own sinfulness and helplessness, and by

the power of the enemy. I shall, through God's grace, not allow myself to despair of seeing a more comforting prospect before me. May I be enabled to say to the last, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; thou art my only hope.'" This prayer was granted. Light beamed more brightly upon his soul. The enemy was overcome, and he had the words of victory on his dying lips.

Spiritual sensibilities are intensified by grace, and the believer feels increasing distress on account of remaining sin. Thus felt St. Paul, when he cried out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Thus have felt many besides. Satan seems to have tempted them most severely when their flesh was weakest; as he did with the Saviour, so does he with the redeemed; when they are strong, he tempts by pleasure, when they are weak, by fear. But grace is manifold and sufficient; and the believer is at last "more than a conqueror through him that loved him."

Mr. Hog loved the ordinances of God, and even in affliction was wheeled to church as long as he was able. When that was too much for his feebleness, he instituted a church in the house, where once a week the word was preached and the worship of God performed. Lest any circumstances might affect the maintenance of ordinances in his parish, he made provision a short time before his death, for perpetuating his personal contribution for the support of the ministry. What kindly forethought! How often have congregations that were dependent on the liberal contributions of some wealthy member suffered after his death. Perhaps in the Free Church of Scotland, that would not be felt so much as in many other congregations belonging to non-established communions; but

anywhere the loss is great. There is no way, however, by which good may be continued after death so efficiently as to provide for the suitable maintenance of ministers of Christ to preach the gospel. To secure proper ministers for many parishes in England, Mr. Simeon spent his fortune, and great already has been the benefit to precious souls, and it will be great in time to come. So Mr. Hog sought the welfare of the people of his parish, by securing an evangelical ministry there so long as there should be people to require it.

Thomas Wilson, of Highbury, devoted his fortune and his labours to build places of worship and to educate young men for the ministry. "He had," said Mr. Angell James, "his office, his clerk, his house of business, his correspondence, all in reference to this, as much as the merchant has for his commercial affairs." Many congregational Churches in England are reaping the benefit of his liberality and labours now in their comfortable chapels and earnest ministers. In like manner, Mr. Hog devoted himself greatly to provide for the spiritual instruction of the people, and to educate students for the ministry.

In his last days he was unable to speak or write. But by means of a little tube or reed in his mouth, he pointed to the letters of a printed alphabet before him, and bore his testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus: "I am looking to the Saviour; my only hope is in Jesus." Those beautiful hymns were then read to him, at his request:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

and he passed away to the bosom of Jesus, the Lamb of God, and to the saints' everlasting rest, just as the morn-

ing of Sabbath, the 1st of August, 1858, was dawning upon the lower world.

On the 6th of August devout men carried him to his burial in the churchyard of Kirkliston, and tenants on his estate and the parishioners, but especially the Free Church congregation, "made great lamentation over him."

The Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, in a meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Free Church, shortly after, paid an eloquent and affecting tribute to the memory of the departed elder, and, in reference to his last labour to extinguish debt from all churches and manses, said, "Every Free Church manse in Scotland, I may say will be, to a certain extent, a monument to Mr. Hog; and every minister of the Free Church will cherish the memory of that devoted servant of God in connection with the comfort which he himself enjoys in residing in a manse free from debt."

This sketch speaks to all laymen in the Church of Christ, whether they be wealthy or poor, invested with office or not. Are you in the service of Christ? Are you improving your position and opportunity to advance the cause of Christ? If in office as an elder or deacon, or churchwarden, or manager, are you moved by such a love to the Lord Jesus as to labour for his sake? Are you unwearied in well-doing, always abounding in the work of the Lord? This is necessary to your proper discharge of office. Have you a small district to cultivate in the congregation or parish? Do you know the people, and are you earnestly endeavouring to be useful to their souls? How great a blessing might you be were the families you visit influenced by you for good, and won to the Lord Jesus!

This sketch appeals to those who have time and means at their disposal. Mr. Hog consecrated these to the service of God, the advancement of the cause of Christ and the spiritual good of men. Has the reader anything which he can lay upon the altar? Let him bring his gift, and, like the devoted man whose career we have just sketched, let the dedication of time and talent and money be the result of a sincere surrender of the soul to Jesus.

“Christ, of all my hopes the ground,  
Christ, the spring of all my joy!  
Still in thee let me be found,  
Still for thee my powers employ.  
Let thy love my heart inflame;  
Keep thy fears before my sight;  
Be thy praise my highest aim,  
Be thy smile my chief delight!”

WARDLAW.



## CHAPTER IV.


JONAS SUGDEN, THE CHRISTIAN MANUFACTURER.

*"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you ; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing."*—I THESS. iv. 11, 12.

"What is our duty here ? To tend  
From good to better,—thence to best ;  
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend  
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;  
To pluck the flowers that round us blow  
Scattering our fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun  
Of our existence sinks in night,  
Memorials sweet of mercies done  
May shrine our names in memory's light,  
And the blest seeds we scattered bloom  
A hundredfold in days to come !"

BOWRING.

HE English merchant occupies a distinguished position in the commerce of the world. Truthfulness, integrity, and honesty have been the great characteristics of many of the most successful in our ranks of business. To these late years have witnessed, more than former periods, the addition of a decided Christianity in some of the merchant princes and employers of labour in the land. In foreign countries the name of an English merchant is the guarantee for

integrity. At the same time, there are those among us who are devoid of uprightness and honesty, and who, by unscrupulous means, seek to advance their interests. There are also not a few who profess no more than commercial integrity, and are not under the influence of a religious principle. Recent commercial crises unveiled many a fair worldly appearance, and disclosed its hypocritical wealth. They have brought many speculators to light, and revealed an amount of false credit, and an extent of disastrous consequences, that few were prepared to anticipate. But they have also exhibited the strong and the trustworthy, and led many to prefer those who make least show, but possess most respectability.

JONAS SUGDEN was born on the 13th February, 1800, at Dockroyd, near the village of Oakworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His ancestry were Christian people through several generations. From the time that the excellent Grimshaw laboured in the neighbourhood, they possessed the truth, and exemplified its excellence by walking in the fear of the Lord. His father was a man of God, mighty in the Scriptures, and who could say, on his dying day, "This is the happiest day I have ever experienced on earth. I shall soon be where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." His mother was the daughter of a devoted Christian—one of the first to follow Robert Raikes in establishing Sabbath schools, and was awakened in her seventeenth year to seek the Lord, whom she served for fifty-six years. Jonas was the eldest son in a family of six sons and three daughters. He received from his parents a godly upbringing, and never failed to reap advantage from that priceless blessing. His parents were strict in their dis-

cipline, and they reaped fruit in their son's well-doing. "Blessed be God," said he, "I can now look back at the things I then thought severe, as being instrumental, in his hand, of my conversion; for though I was not converted immediately through the instructions or warnings of my parents, yet by being habituated to the house of God, it became as my meat and my drink to attend all the means of grace, and by these the Lord convinced me of sin."

His education was first carried on at the dame's school in the village, and afterwards at places of more pretension as Syke's Head, near Keighley, and at Harehill. But there were not then in rural or manufacturing districts the opportunities which may now be enjoyed; however, Jonas made many acquisitions, and got a groundwork for future reflection and self-improvement.

In his seventeenth year an event of the highest importance to his future welfare occurred. He *became an anxious inquirer*. But he had many fears, and passed through a bitter experience. The light, however, dawned upon his soul; he was led to believe on Christ, and to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. This is the crisis of being, the most essential element in education, the best fitness for entering upon life. It is proper to be physically trained to use limb and muscle, sinew and nerve; it is good to be intellectually educated, to think, and reason, and judge; it is well to be morally influenced, so as to know and prefer the right to the wrong, the pure to the vile; but the most blessed of all is to be taught of God, and to be renewed in soul. This, added to the other elements, gives a high finish to education. It fits not only for the world that is passing away, but for that which is to come. Has the reader graduated in this school?

Mr. Sugden thus describes the experience of his soul as he was struggling in prayer to obtain peace: "Whilst I was thus engaged, I felt the Holy Spirit empowering me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and whilst in the exercise of faith, the Lord was manifested to me in such a manner as to remove all darkness, guilt, and condemnation, and fill me with joy and peace. Here a glorious change took place. My understanding became so enlightened as clearly to behold Christ who died for me. My will was sweetly lost in his will. My affections were spiritualized, and placed upon their proper object. Indeed, all the powers of my mind seemed to become harmonized, and to be concentrated in God. All within me, and all without me, seemed to conduce to make me happy, and to conspire to raise a graceful tribute of praise to him who had done so much for me. But language fails to express the happiness of my mind at the time of my espousals to Christ. IT WAS ALL GLORY."

He felt that he had still indwelling corruption to contend with after he had passed the strait gate. The fear of death rose to darken his hope, and Satan assaulted his soul. Grace, however, triumphed, and he regained peace. To aid his progress he joined his father's class, where he experienced much quickening and enlightenment. Instruction is greatly needed by new converts in order that they may be established in the faith and that they may learn how to feed upon the word. This becomes the means of their edification. Jonas Sugden found it to be so, and so will the reader who uses this more excellent way. Impressions are not enough. Past experience is not sufficient. We must live by the Word of God.

The choice of a profession or business is a momentous

question to a young man. Jonas Sugden had scarcely a choice. As soon as he left school he was obliged "to put on the long slip that gives to men about the worsted mills so singular an appearance. He had to learn all the branches of the trade, combing, spinning, and weaving." His father was a manufacturer of worsted stuffs, and had, in company with a Mr. Hay, a small mill where their combers and weavers worked. They afterwards built a mill near Oakworth, to which they removed their work-people. They carried their goods, according to the custom of the time, to Halifax, where they had two cells in the magnificent Piece Hall. Jonas was early sent to market to do business for his father. His active mind was given to the work, and he sought to master all its details. He soon discovered that the affairs of the firm were very unsatisfactory, and resolved to get a dissolution of partnership, that he might give his energies solely to his father's interests. In this he succeeded in 1824, but his difficulties then commenced. However, he was resolute, persevering, and patient. He gave up manufacture for a time, and spun by commission. He resolved never to purchase raw material unless he had cash to pay for it. He would never deal with bills. He would never lend himself to any deception. He watched the market and sought every honest advantage. Slowly but steadily he prospered, gradually enlarged his mill, and in 1838, the year before his father's death, he got an engine put in. Along with his brothers, he prosecuted the business until their works covered two acres; their reservoirs and water-courses six and half acres; their power of water or steam was sufficient to turn 17,000 spindles, and their productions gained prize medals at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The rise

of Mr. Sugden was the result of deep thought, a settled plan, and invincible determination." He gave his thoughts and energies to his work, and he succeeded in creating a business of the first rank. His integrity was well known. The inexperienced, when sent to market, had a mark affixed by their superiors to Mr. Sugden's name, "safe here;" and one remarked of him, "His transactions are always as broad as daylight; we never had any misgivings when dealing with him: just as he represented it, everything was found."

This is as it ought to be. Business is under law to God as much as our piety, and should be strictly conformed to righteousness, and pushed to its highest end. *The iniquity of her traffic* is recorded in Scripture as the occasion of the judgment of Tyre. That sin wrought at length the ruin of Tyre's commercial greatness, and the fishermen's nets on the rocks, where once navies anchored, tell in scenes of desolation the truth of the prophet's words. Let all young men in business have a principle of integrity—a principle never to be abandoned for a moment; and, with the satisfaction of a good conscience, and the blessing of God, they may rise, if not to wealth, yet to respectability and honour, to worth and usefulness.

Jonas Sugden was a Christian man, and *he attended to personal piety as part of his daily duty*. He was frequent in study of the divine word, and in prayer: and therefore exhibited, in a marked manner, the graces of the Spirit. In the diary, which he kept from the 7th January 1822, to July 1856, there are abundant proofs of his spiritual-mindedness, his careful self-examination, and his earnest endeavour after conformity to Christ. He entered into solemn covenant with God, and impressed the resolutions

of his soul on the pages of his journal, that he might refer to them. "I have been reading over my short memoranda," he wrote on January 24th, 1829, "and I have been so profited by them, that I purpose writing more frequently. I have renewed my covenant with the Lord in private, and have felt it to be very profitable; while I avouched the Lord to be my God, I felt that he avouched me to be his child; and I could say, 'O Lord, I will praise thee, for thine anger is turned away!'"

He was scrupulously exact in securing time for spiritual improvement. He generally rose at four o'clock, and spent two hours in reading, meditation, and prayer. *His Christian usefulness was eminent and fruitful.* Mr. Sugden made his house a Bethel. Joined to a Christian lady in marriage, he began his wedded life with the worship of God. "My wife and I," he said on the 15th January, 1836, "have resolved to give ourselves afresh to God. The Lord help us, so that we may not only resolve, but be wholly given up to him." At set times in each week they prayed together, and held Christian intercourse relative to each other's spiritual state. He cared "for those of his own house." A servant of his testifies that she was "often aroused from her slumbers by hearing him, at an early hour, plead aloud and earnestly for the blessing of the Lord." She calls him "a saint at home."

In *his business, as a master and a merchant, his Christian character and usefulness were conspicuous.* Holding this twofold office, his influence had extensive range; but he endeavoured conscientiously to use it for the glory of God, and the welfare of men. He had a real regard for his men. He was exact and precise; but he was kind and considerate. He would not allow any known impro-

priety, or keep the frequenters of the public-house at his work. He gave encouragement to his work-people to improve their taste, and sent the most intelligent of them to the Crystal Palace in 1851. He enforced punctuality, and forbade waste. These three maxims were rules in his mill : “ Do everything at its appointed time ; put everything in its appointed place ; use everything for its appointed use.” To a man, who, in first coming into his mill, threw some waste on the ground, he said, “ Never throw on the ground what you will have again to take up.” He had no pride, and was easily approached by any of his people. He delighted to promote the frugality, the health, and the mutual benefit clubs of his men. His mill was sprinkled and swept every day, and washed once a month. He had a separate room for the use of those who brought their meals with them, and Bibles for their leisure moments when there. Christian sympathy, help in need, and a kindly visit, were readily afforded. He loved his hands too well to afford strikes. “ I had rather close the firm,” he would say, “ than that peace should be broken between us and our workpeople.” He was ready to explain the circumstances which necessitated reduction of wages. Thus he was beloved by his people. The following announcement, on the walls of the mill, speaks for itself:—

NOTICE.—Jonas Sugden and Brothers wish and expect—1st, That every person in their employ attend some place of Divine worship every Lord’s day. 2nd, That every youth dependent on those whom they employ, attend some Sunday and day schools, from the age of six and upwards. 3d, That those who are of proper age, and the parents and guardians of the young, make choice of their own school and place of worship.”

Were ties of this sort to bind master and men, how



much happier would the relation be which subsists between them; how much it would elevate the working man; how many it might save to society and the Church of God!

*In the Church Mr. Sugden was very useful.* He belonged to Wesleyan Methodism, which has a place for every talent, and which soon found a sphere for the exercise of his abilities. He became a *class-leader*, when little more than twenty years of age, and had a large attendance, and happy results. He watched over them all with great interest; and, though he would sometimes have three classes in different hamlets, he was not deterred from his work. He was intensely anxious for the salvation of souls, and laboured in that manner to secure this object.

In his twenty-fourth year he became a *local preacher*. He was much pressed in spirit about this; but he did not shrink. It led him to pray more, and to prepare with care. In his diary, January 4th, 1824, he thus wrote:—"I have been much pressed upon to take up my cross, and begin and preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. But, oh! the tremendous task! Who is sufficient for it? I have been often urged to it both by the people of God and by one of his public servants; yet I have refused to comply. O Lord, thou knowest whether it is my duty or not. If it be, strive with me more powerfully, and by some way or other bring me to it. Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I would do all thy will. Lord, help me!" Shortly after we find him recording the experience of his first public effort. "Last Friday fortnight, having been long entreated by the people, and thinking myself to be called by God to preach, I made the effort; and that which had appeared an impossibility became quite

easy. The Lord was with me and gave me perfect liberty; blessed be his name! Through him strengthening me, I can do all things." His preaching was very effective. His labours were not confined to the chapels, but extended to occasional meetings in the cottages, and sometimes he went to distances most cheerfully, that he might address words of light and of love to the people. Like the devoted Alleine, "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls." He grudged no labour to aid in a spiritual revival. For it he prayed with the deepest intensity, and preached with much energy. He was a preacher of the gospel, though employed in manufacture. While giving bread to thousands by means of his mill, he dispensed the word of life extensively by his labours of love.

He was long the steward of the Keighley circuit, and occupied himself in the financial affairs of the Church, as if they had his sole attention. Such men are of greatest value. They secure a solid basis for the framework of the Church, and a sufficient maintenance as a means to get an efficient ministry, and to extend the gospel throughout the world.

*Sabbath schools* were much valued by Mr. Sugden. He assisted in their establishment; gave them his patronage and liberal support; visited them whenever an opportunity was presented, and watched over them with all constancy and kindness. He set apart a room in his mill for a Sabbath school. He did likewise for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. Day schools received his anxious care and liberal aid. He built schools for the children of his workpeople, and gave rewards to the most diligent scholars. Having Bibles in his mill, when any of the young people had leisure he called them in to read,

and to be instructed by himself. A chapel at Oakworth was built at his expense, though finished since his death.

The *circulation of a pure and religious literature* was an object of much interest to Mr. Sugden. A Tract Society was early formed for the neighbourhood ; he gave frequent donations of books to the school libraries, and occasionally presented copies of suggestive or impressive works to ministers and local preachers—a means of doing good which is of highest value, and might be far more largely acted upon by persons possessed of wealth.

Jonas Sugden was a liberal giver, who rejoiced in the opportunity afforded him of extending his influence for good. To the Wesleyan Methodist Relief and Extension Fund in 1853, he gave £200 for his family offering, and the firm gave £100 for their wives. He felt a warm interest in the missionary cause, and gave of his substance as he could afford. Besides his annual subscription, the following appeared in the Wesleyan Mission Report for 1857, and it is an example of previous years:—

A "Family Offering," by Messrs. Jonas Sugden		
and Brothers .....	£100	0 0
Sunday Morning Offerings for the year, by Mrs J.		
Sugden.....	26	0 0
For the China Mission, by Messrs. J. Sugden and		
Brothers .....	20	0 0
Missionary Box, by ditto .....	4	4 3
	<hr/>	
	£150	4 3

Mr. Sugden's health began to fail in 1854. He had overtasked his strength by his various labours. Business engagements are of themselves in our day stretching mind and energy to their utmost limit, and inducing premature old age in many of our merchants. There are more excitement and more feverish uncertainty now in our com-

mercial transactions, and these affect the constitutions of the strongest men. Mr. Sugden got the business of his father under his management at a time when the affairs of the firm were in danger; but by dint of forethought, energy, and perseverance, he created a business and a fortune, both for himself and his brothers. He was determined in all that he undertook. Added to these was his Christian work. Sabbath brought no rest to him. He was almost always employed in preparing for the pulpit or in preaching on the Lord's day. It was cheerfully performed; but its effects were apparent ere he reached a ripe old age. "As regards the brain," said one of his medical advisers, "during every day of the week, and every week in the year, it was work, work, work, and this for a long series of years, with scarcely any intermission, until, at last,—and the wonder is that the sad event did not occur at an earlier period—those marks of a broken down constitution presented themselves, which eventually ended in—I will not say—premature death. Whether in business or in the Church, he did the work of at least two ordinary men." Again he says that Mr. Sugden "had done the work of forty years in twenty." He had overwrought his mind, and the brain and nervous system became diseased.

During his last illness, his faith rose with his troubles. He walked with God. "Religion," he said, "appears to me, more than ever, the great business of life." "I give up all hopes of real enjoyment from the creature, but I see there is all I need in my blessed Saviour." His last entry is striking, and shows his state of mind on being fully aware of his case. "We feel our obligations to be unspeakable. Yet the reaction is awful. I have lost my

speech, and have become as weak as infancy. . . . God has taken my all ; so that my all belongs to my gracious Saviour, and I hope to glorify my blessed Saviour." When he had lost much of his power of speech, he still had a pleasure in visiting the poor that he might relieve their wants, and afford them his sympathy. His "ruling passion was strong in death." He would say, "Tell them (meaning his brothers) to be liberal in God's cause, to his ministers, and to the poor of his Church." What he regretted most was that he could be no longer useful. But he gave his acquiescence to his Master's will, and sought to habituate his mind to spiritual contemplation, and to the anticipation of heaven. "I am going," he said, "to join them (his beloved friends) in my Father's house, and to unite with all the blood-washed throng; but, pleasing and rapturous as those prospects are to my soul, my greatest bliss will be to behold Him who has redeemed my soul from death and hell." On the 1st of February, 1857, he fell asleep in Jesus, and was buried in the cemetery attached to the chapel which he built. Hundreds of his workpeople shed their tears over his grave, as they lamented the master who, while he encouraged and rewarded their industry, sought their salvation,—

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

This man rose by his own industry and perseverance, along with his integrity and discretion. He is, therefore, an example to young men in business, to be thorough masters of their work, and painstaking in its fulfilment. More or less they will be successful. As a worker he wrought hard, and as a master was generous.

This man dedicated his soul to the Lord, and made his spiritual consecration sanctify his business, intensify his

philanthropy, and promote the salvation of others. He was "not slothful in business; but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He would not neglect prayer. "The gray of the morning," says his biographer, "saw him preparing, in the secrecy of his closet, for the duties of the day. Amid the silence of the night-watch the voice of his prayer was heard, as he pleaded with God for preservation from evil, and for purity of heart. In the market, he was the prudent prosperous man of business; at the mill, the kind master; in the domestic circle its life and joy; in the school, the patient instructor; in the more private means of grace, 'the flame of fire'; in the pulpit, the earnest and eloquent preacher of the word; in the Church court, the wise steward; in the cottage, a frequent almoner; and to the whole neighbourhood a loved and liberal man. The cry of the heathen was heard by him, as well as the appeal for charity at his own door. In little more than half a century he lived an era of the lives of common men." May we not, therefore, learn from Jonas Sugden what our merchants and operatives all might be, had they such Christian decision, such benevolent affection, such untiring industry, and such strict integrity?

"Religion's all. Descending from the skies  
To wretched man, the goddess, in her left,  
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next  
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;  
Supporter sole of man above himself:  
Even in this night of frailty, change, and death,  
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.  
Religion! Providence! an after-state!  
Here is firm-footing; here is solid rock!  
This can support us; all is sea besides;  
Sinks under us—bestows and then devours.  
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."—YOUNG.

## CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM ALLEN, THE CHRISTIAN CHEMIST.

*"He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."*—JOHN iii. 21.

"Philosophy baptized  
In the pure fountain of eternal love  
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees  
As meant to indicate a God to man,  
Gives *him* the praise, and forfeits not her own.  
Learning has borne such fruit in other days  
On all her branches; piety has found  
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer  
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.  
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage!  
Sagacious reader of the works of God,  
And in HIS WORD sagacious."

COWPER.



THE cultivation of science has sometimes been linked with impiety, and the ardent student of Nature has neglected Revelation. But there is no opposition between the truths of God in his works and the truths in his word. Science and theology can agree together, and will be seen in happy union when we attain a perfect knowledge. They have been often harmonized already, but in no way more attractively than when the distinguished votary of the one has been the meek disciple of the other. Such a case we now present.

"Few men," says the Rev. James Sherman, "have deserved to have their character and efforts more widely diffused than William Allen. He was a man greatly beloved by a large circle of scientific, benevolent, and religious persons who, during the period in which he lived, took the lead in endeavouring to emancipate the human mind from the shackles of ignorance and bigotry. His time and his heart were devoted for a long series of years, to obtain freedom for the slave, education for the children of the poor, relief for consciences oppressed by ecclesiastical rule, and discipline calculated to reform as well as to punish the guilty. His chemical experiments and philosophical lectures contributed greatly to banish erroneous notions, and to enlarge the circle of sound knowledge among professional and studious persons; while his industry, self-denial, and piety, shed a lustre on his character, furnish an example to all, and show how much may be accomplished for the good of others by one ardent, intelligent mind!"

WILLIAM ALLEN was born in London on the 29th August, 1770, and was brought up by his excellent parents under "a system of tender, yet judicious restraint, and of wise and cheerful instruction, which made religion attractive" to his youthful mind. "I well remember," he said in after years, "the deep religious solicitude which my honoured and beloved mother felt for her children; how she used to collect us round her in her chamber, when we were very young, and talk to us, in terms adapted to our capacity, of the things which belong to the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus." His first teacher aided to strengthen this parental influence, and left upon the opening mind of the boy



many solemn and sanctifying memories. It is of the greatest consequence to the young to receive good impressions in early life. "In the morning sow thy seed," is the counsel of Solomon; and wherever it is practised with discretion, and followed up in a becoming way, early buds and hopeful blossoms do not fail to appear. It rarely happens that such labour is lost. There is a golden harvest in the well-doing of grown-up families to repay parental toil and care spent on the morning of their days. William Allen is an illustrious and most encouraging example; and, in his filial piety and honourable career, amply repaid his mother's care.

His education was greatly promoted by his thirst for knowledge. Scientific genius, which afterwards enabled him to enlarge the circle of knowledge was early developed. He had a taste for chemistry, and made most painstaking efforts to obtain a practical acquaintance with its mysteries. Astronomy attracted him at the age of fourteen, when he constructed a telescope with which he could discern the moons of Jupiter! His manner of doing this may be worth recording for the sake of our young readers. "'Not being strong in cash,' he was obliged to go economically to work; he accordingly purchased an eye-piece and object-glass, for which he paid one shilling; he then bought a sheet of pasteboard, which cost twopence; and, having made his tubes and adjusted his glasses, he found to his great delight that the moons were visible. Thus, for fourteenpence, he obtained a source of enjoyment, the recollection of which always afforded him pleasure.

Scientific pursuit did not tempt him from the Bible. He never found the works of God to disagree with his

word. He cultivated the study of the one as well as the other, and watched over the process of grace in his heart with as great diligence as a chemical experiment. At the age of seventeen he began a diary, which he carried on for more than fifty years. In this we learn how God wrought with his soul, and how humbly he walked before God. From that period he became an intelligent and decided Christian, loving the society of the people of God, and regarding with peculiar favour the ministers of the communion to which he belonged. He chose, as his parents had done, the Society of Friends, and among that small portion of the Christian family he was ever found. But his was no narrow sectarianism. Decided enough to make a choice, he was catholic enough to love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some of his experiences at that time are noticed in his diary. They illustrate how much an anxious young man is aided by the faithful counsels of some mentor. Samuel Emlen, a devoted minister of the Society of Friends, was resident for six months in his father's house, and proved of great use to the ingenuous student. "His company," he says, "and friendly notice have been very reviving and consolatory to me. He spoke as closely to my state as if I had unbosomed myself to him. . . . Yesterday, Samuel Emlen, in his kind solicitude for my best interests, exhorted me to dare to do right. I accompanied him to Ratcliff Meeting, and had great satisfaction in it. He preached for a considerable time, dwelling much on the words, 'My people shall never be ashamed.' After meeting he secretly desired me to remember his text, and said he believed that Jesus loved me. I was almost overwhelmed under a humiliating sense of

my great unworthiness, yet comforted in the evidence of infinite condescension and love."

Such a counsellor as this friend acts most influentially upon a young man whose principles are being formed. William Allen early acquired the noble courage "to dare to do right," and he proved the happy consequences both to himself and to others. It contributed to form a manliness of character; one of the most important acquisitions which aid the independence of the mind, and the virtues of the soul. In William Allen's case, the true model of manliness was exhibited and followed—Jesus of Nazareth, who is the highest expression of man on earth, and the pattern of what we may become by his sanctifying grace.

Not relishing his father's business as a silk manufacturer, William Allen chose to be a chemist, and at the age of twenty-one entered the establishment of Joseph Gurney Bevan, in Plough Court, London. In addition to this, he attended classes and scientific seminaries, studying medicine, chemistry, and other physical sciences. The principle with which he set out in life was this:—"Resolved to endeavour, by all means, to acquire more firmness of character, and more indifference to what even my nearest friends may think of me, in the pursuit of what I believe to be right,—to do nothing to be seen of men,—to avoid every species of craft or dissimulation,—to spend more time in my own room, in reading and retirement." *He was enabled to keep this resolution.* Mutual improvement societies have done much to develop the talents of young men, and to discipline them to usefulness. Not a few of the most illustrious men of our day can trace their healthful impressions to the con-

genial intercourse of kindred spirits in these societies. William Allen had the happiness to be enrolled early in a philosophical society composed of young men. The name given to this association was the "Askesian Society," to indicate the object of its members to improve themselves by their mutual efforts at philosophy. They aimed at experimentally elucidating the facts of science already discovered, or to test the novelties which were then being rapidly disclosed. They met twice a month in winter. Each member was expected to produce a paper in rotation on some subject of scientific inquiry. The society continued to exist for twenty years, and embraced some persons who afterwards rose to eminence. William Allen, William Phillips, Luke Howard, and Joseph Fox, were among the early members. Astley Cooper, Dr. Babington, and others, afterwards joined it. The age was an active one. Mind had received a mighty impulse by the French Revolution, and awoke to new pursuits. Some, it is true, lost their balance, and adopted wild opinions in politics and religion; but many were stirred up to greater desire after knowledge, and to use their acquirements for good and noble purposes.

In 1796, he entered into a marriage relation, and found a congenial spirit in the partner of his choice; but she was taken away by death in less than a year, leaving him with a motherless child as the pledge of their affection and the solace of his sorrow. The bereavement was sanctified to him, and he was enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." As soon as he commenced house-keeping, he daily assembled his domestics for the reading of the word of God. When joining in family worship

among the Society of Friends, those who have been accustomed to the prayer led by the head of the house, feel somewhat lacking in the silence which succeeds the reading of the Scriptures. This silence always followed in Mr. Allen's exercise, "for recollectedness of mind, and lifting up the heart to God." He watched over his servants with much care, and gave to each, "when needed, reproof, counsel, and encouragement, with much feeling and tenderness." He was as anxious to discharge his religious duties at home as in meeting, in business as in the closet. He often put up prayers for every member of his household, while he sought divine grace for his own soul, and the guidance of his conduct.

During this time he pursued his scientific studies with great assiduity, and attended the lectures of the chief men of the day. He was as earnest in making experiments by himself as with some of his friends. These are a few of his notes:—

"I am making great progress in chemical experiments—fused platina with oxygen on charcoal." "Resolved to study pharmacy, regularly making all the experiments one by one, two or three experiments in a week." "Freezing experiments with W. H. Pepys; we attempted to freeze fifty-six pounds of quicksilver. I am not sure it was all solid, though some present seem to think it was."

His talents and experiments soon made him known beyond the first circle of his friends, and he was solicited to perform chemical analysis which required great accuracy and skill. Chemistry was then in its infancy, but discoveries were being made so rapidly as scarcely to

allow time to wonder at them. In the end of year 1801, Mr. Allen began a series of chemical lectures to the members of the Askesian Society and a few other friends. These became so popular that it was not easy to accommodate the auditors. His ability at lecturing soon increased his labours. Dr. Babington, lecturer on chemistry at Guy's Hospital, offered him a partnership in his work. Mr. Allen hesitated for a week, but then agreed, and for upwards of twenty years did he continue to lecture there. Sir Humphrey Davy, "then a rising man in chemical science," also wished his aid. But the modesty of Mr. Allen prevented his consent for four months. Dr. Babington, of London, and Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, urged him to undertake the task, which he agreed to do. The audience at the Royal Institution was fashionable, but Mr. Allen's course of lectures was so popular, that he was requested to deliver another course the next year.

Throughout many years, Mr. Allen's studies embraced the circle of the sciences. He studied medicine, botany, mathematics, and natural philosophy, with such diligence and success, as to be hailed to the fellowship of almost all the scientific societies of the metropolis. His talents and acquirements were not self-contained. He gave lectures to increase the information of others, and became so great an adept in this exercise, that many learned societies earnestly sought his services. The most eminent men were ready to listen to his discourses and to witness his experiments, and few of the *savans* of the day had more brilliant auditors. The following entry will show his labours during one year:—"Lectures given this season: Hospital, first course, 46; second course,

chemistry, 26 ; ditto, natural philosophy, 15 ; Royal Institution, 21 ; total, 108." That a man of marked and devoted Christian character should be the public exponent of science, was of the greatest importance to the proper harmonizing of these two studies in the estimate of men, and did much to rebuke the sceptical sciolist, and to encourage the timorous Christian. Religion has nothing to fear from science. They cannot be antagonistic. If we do not always see their accordance, it is not because of any radical disagreement, but simply because of our imperfect knowledge.

Mr. Allen was a living illustration of their harmony. His studies embraced spiritual as well as natural truth. "My soul," he wrote in his diary, "longs for more of the sensible feeling of the divine Master's countenance and support, that so I may hold on my way with firmness, and not only experience preservation myself, but be useful in my day, to excite others to attend to their best interests." His great motto was, "Make temporals give way to spirituals." When we consider the numerous studies in which he was engaged, the attention he was receiving, the temptations which were presented to him, the decision of character is all the more remarkable

Philanthropic works early engaged the benevolence and untiring zeal of William Allen. The religious society to which he belonged has attained a pre-eminence for the social reformations which they have laboured to secure ; and they have had their reward in the removal of cruel laws from our statute-book, in the improvement of prison discipline, the abolition of slavery, the extension of education, and the promotion of temperance. In most of these William Allen employed a large amount of

his leisure, and for success thereon earnestly sought the blessing of God. His philanthropy, like his science, was entirely consecrated. The love of God in Christ Jesus, and a warm sympathy for the souls of men, dictated his benevolence, which might truly in his case be called a "work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father."

*Slavery* and all its horrors early excited his opposition. In 1790 he resolved to abstain from the use of sugar until slavery was abolished in the British dominions. To this resolution he adhered for forty-three years, and then resumed the use of sugar. But his was no sentimental sympathy. He gave energetic support to Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, and the noble men who, in parliament and out of it, laboured so resolutely in the cause of freedom. He was one of the most active members of the Anti-Slavery Society, and used all his influence, which was gradually extending, to further its objects. When only twenty years of age, his views were thus expressed: "I think it may be safely asserted, and clearly proved, that those who enslave men, or are accessory to it, are neither moralists nor Christians; for we know in the first place, that to drag innocent people from their near and dear connections, and from their native land, to consign them to slavery, to wear out their lives in continual hardships, is unjust; and all this injustice has been fully *proved* upon the enslavers of men; consequently they are unjust, and if unjust, of course immoral. In the next place, we know that none can be Christians but such as are followers of Christ; and none can be followers of Christ without observing his precepts, espe-



cially the fundamental ones; but the enslavers of men act directly contrary to the precepts of Christ, for our Lord says, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' And when the advocates of slavery can reconcile this with the murdering of one hundred and fifty thousand of our fellow-creatures annually, then we will allow that they are Christians indeed; but if they cannot, as it is impossible, let them join with the friends of humanity, let them rank with the followers of Christ, and abandon a traffic so utterly inconsistent with the profession they are making, and so offensive to the common Father of mankind; for surely the blood of the innocent has been found upon our nation, and that not by secret search."

Holding such right principles as these, he could not stand idly by in the great controversy about the emancipation of the slave. He must be in the front, and give his influence and effort to the great philanthropic cause. He lived to see the object of his solicitude gained in the British dominions, and when the 1st of August, 1834, arrived, it was a jubilee to his soul; his spirit was "clothed with thankfulness." It has been long ere the same mind has swayed the councils of the United States. A quarter of a century has elapsed since British emancipation; but slavery still prevails in North America, and there are statesmen and clergymen misanthropic enough to defend it. Recent events, however, show that right must prevail.

The cause of *popular education* owes much to William Allen. In the year 1808, he became acquainted with Joseph Lancaster, who was then making most laudable efforts to improve and extend education. Mr. Lancaster's zeal was greater than his discretion; but his merits were

not slighted by those who could look at them with unjaundiced eye. William Allen, along with Joseph Fox and other names "to memory dear," took the financial responsibility of Lancaster's affairs, which involved them in a debt of £4000, and put the system on a safe footing. It was necessary, in a few years, to separate Mr. Lancaster from the school; but the British and Foreign School Society continued to prosper under the fostering care of its liberal patrons. Schools on the most approved plans were established in London and throughout the provinces, and an impetus given to education which is felt to this day, and operates more extensively and effectively than ever in the normal seminary in Borough Road, and in the numerous schools connected with it throughout England. Mr. Allen and his friends established the society from which so many thousands have reaped lasting benefits. A single purpose and earnest prayer united with their efforts, and God has crowned their labour with marvellous success.

Some have been indiscreet enough to accuse this society of giving a godless education, but if they were acquainted with the lives and character of the chief men who promoted it, or of their labours in the work, they would be undeceived. Mr. Allen stuck fast to the Bible, and sought the aid of God by prayer for assistance in the defence of the truth.

When the affairs of the Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, became embarrassed, his Royal Highness consulted Mr. Allen on the best means to be adopted to meet the just claims of his creditors. The prince had been defrauded of his money by the exactions of his military tutor, the Baron Wangenheim, who only allowed

him £1000 a year out of the £6000 appropriated to his establishment. The changes to which the duke was exposed made his expenses great; but he was most willing to meet all demands. Under Mr. Allen's economy he paid all his creditors in full, "though the interest alone swallowed up one fifth of his income." This good prince acted with great wisdom and desire to promote public good, wherever he held appointments. When governor of Gibraltar, he resolutely attempted to put down drunkenness which abounded in the garrison. He reduced the number of wine houses, though his own income was derived from licenses. It was not easy for even a prince to be a reformer, and he was recalled. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen the following passage occurs:—"I am happy to find that you are perfectly convinced of my adherence to the spirit of my original agreement, and I will venture to say that nothing shall divert me from it. Indeed, when every three months I have the satisfaction of seeing between four and five thousand pounds wiped off, no other stimulus can be wanting to induce me to go on, even if I were not bound by that most sacred of all ties, a promise to my friends. Upon the other point to which you have so delicately alluded, I shall only say that I trust Providence will direct my proceedings for the best, and that I shall never deviate from the line which I conscientiously believe it is my duty to pursue."

In 1814, along with Joseph Fox and Robert Walker, he joined *Robert Owen* in the purchase of the cotton-mills at New Lanark, for the purpose of carrying out the pious intentions of the benevolent David Dale. The articles of partnership provided for the religious education of all the children of the labourers employed in the works; and

“that nothing should be introduced tending to disparage the Christian religion, or undervalue the authority of the Holy Scriptures.” It was not long before he and his Christian partners found that Robert Owen, with all his cleverness and benevolence, wanted the *one thing*, without which parts, acquirements, and benevolence are unavailing. But what was their dismay to learn that infidel principles were being propagated among their workmen! In 1818, Mr. Allen and Mr. Foster went to New Lanark and addressed the people, declaring their faith in the Scriptures, and their anxiety to promote the salvation of their work-people. In 1824, Mr. Owen’s infidelity was evident, and was being taught in the schools. Mr. Allen and his London copartners determined to oppose this, and insisted that the children should be taught on Christian principles. Mr. Owen gave way; but who that has traced the career of that misguided man is ignorant of his sad influence for evil? Mr. Allen continued longer in the partnership than he wished, simply from an earnest desire to counteract the poisonous teaching of Robert Owen.

Not a little of William Allen’s life was occupied in *visits to foreign lands*. These were generally undertaken after the manner of the Society of Friends, and were for the purpose of promoting religion and social reformation. His way was open in a remarkable manner to introduce his views to persons of highest distinction, by whom he was received as an angel from God. The Emperor Alexander, of Russia, whose character was decidedly Christian, valued his counsels and sought his prayers. He first met that illustrious individual in London, in 1814, where he sought an interview for the purpose of pleading

with him on behalf of peace and education. The emperor was much interested, and asked permission to attend one of the religious meetings of Friends. Mr. Allen visited Russia in 1819, in company with a pious friend, Stephen Grellet. The emperor sought an interview, and during it, says Mr. Allen, "desired that we might have a little pause for mental retirement and inward prayer; and we had a short but solemn time of silence. Dear Stephen at length kneeled down, and was sweetly engaged in supplication; the emperor also knelt, and I thought Divine goodness was near us." The two friends endeavoured to interest the czar and his nobility in the circulation of the Bible, in prison reform, in education and peace, and were very warmly received. Mr. Allen again met the emperor at Vienna, in 1822, and, after pressing upon him the various philanthropic objects which had induced him to seek an interview, he was asked to speak a spiritual word, with which he complied in a manner that kings seldom experience. He concluded with prayer. Three days afterwards, he was invited to appear. At this time he was asked to take tea with the emperor. Before Mr. Allen rose to depart, they had a religious exercise. How interesting a feature is this in a Russian emperor! How beautiful a trait in the Christian fidelity of William Allen! Few will doubt that they have now met before the throne. So great was the emperor's regard for Mr. Allen, that he offered him a most lucrative position, as Purveyor of Drugs to the Russian Army; but philanthropy was superior to lucre in the soul of this good man.

Mr. Allen journeyed through Norway and Sweden, Prussia, Italy, France, and Spain, in order to promote objects of usefulness. *His travels had always an object,*

*and wherever he went he left blessed memories behind him.* Among the Mennonites and Malakans in the south of Russia, he was useful. For the prisons and the enslaved throughout Europe and all its colonies, he always spoke with effect to kings and courtiers. Some have thought that the missions which he undertook to kings at the time of war were failures; but though he did not gain the immediate object which he had in view, he secured others. His opportunity of addressing personages in high positions was seldom lost.

At home he had his trials, no less than successes. He was thrice bereaved of amiable and Christian women, to whom he was successively united in marriage. His daughter, a very pious young lady, was also taken from him. The friends of his early days passed away before him. But, in the evening of his life, he still pursued works of usefulness. Like the palm, he brought forth fruit to an old age.

At Stoke Newington he made efforts to benefit by his scientific as well as religious knowledge, the pupils of a Friends' boarding-school. "He went through a course of lectures, which he annually repeated, on mechanics, chemistry, and natural and experimental philosophy, and spared no pains to make these lectures an efficient channel of conveying information to the minds of his juvenile auditors, by familiar explanations, and by a variety of experiments with his extensive and valuable apparatus. He occasionally enjoyed exhibiting to them the beauties of the heavens through his excellent telescope."

He also established a school of industry for the benefit of the labouring classes at Lindfield, in Sussex. He had three schools, one for boys, one for girls, and one for

infants. He got a teacher for each, and a lending library. The pupils were instructed on the plan of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a daily lesson was given from the Holy Scriptures. He also promoted the allotment system among the labourers there. His plans were considered by some to be too impracticable, and he was blamed with enthusiasm. Perhaps, at this distance of time from his efforts, there is ground for the belief; but he acted in all good conscience, and with consideration. "It is very possible," he said, "that I am too sanguine. I remember what Charles James Fox said in the House of Commons, when the friends of slave merchants within those walls charged the abolitionists with enthusiasm; turning to the speaker, he exclaimed, 'Enthusiasm, sir! why there never was any good done in the world *without* enthusiasm? We must feel warm upon our projects; otherwise, from the discouragements we are sure to meet with here, they will drop through.'"

Retired to Stoke Newington in his declining days, his soul grew in the divine life. He had long been in the habit of rising early, and of devoting the most precious time to communion with God. His house was indeed a Bethel, and as Mr. Sherman says, "very much resembled that of Lazarus at Bethany." His two nieces resided with him, and the Saviour's presence was oft felt and enjoyed by the three favoured spirits, "who communed together of His love and grace." He never lost his interest in philanthropic works, and was glad when Lord Brougham would drop in, uninvited, to dinner, and tell him the news, or when Samuel Gurney would join his circle, with his heart full of his expansive benevolence, or when a letter would arrive from some young man of colour, in-

tending to labour for the education and conversion of negroes.

As he advanced in years, he grew in grace. In the beginning of 1842 he wrote:—"I am much oftener than the returning day looking towards the end of all things here, and fervent prayers arise for an increase of faith and love. O Lord, make me and keep me thine, in time and in eternity!" Again, he remarked, "I feel deeply that I have nothing to trust to in going out of life but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." He loved the word of God, and rejoiced in the hope of heaven. At length, on 30th December, 1843, his gentle spirit glided away,—repeating as his last words, "Oh, how often I think of those gracious words of the Saviour, 'That they may be where I am.'"

Remarkable filial piety, rare Christian consistency, untiring benevolence, combined with a devotion to science and a diligence in business, make the character of William Allen a model to many.

At *home* he exhibited a beautiful example of Christian affection. His affection for his mother was, says Mr. Sherman, "more like the romantic ardour of a youthful lover to one whom he intended to make his bride, than the mere expression of filial piety. Her letters were treasured as oracles. One or more of them had a place in a pocket-book, which was his constant companion, ready to be used as occasion required. Her counsels were not only listened to, but obeyed, with the deference of a child. Before he undertook any important embassy



his mother's advice was sought and followed, not only when a youth, but when advanced in years." This is always lovely, and as beneficent as it is beautiful. The young reader is commended to a similar course. It promotes true prosperity, stimulates manly virtue, draws forth the tender feelings of our nature, and is eminently favourable to godliness.

In *benevolence* William Allen was untiring. His prosecution of science earned for him the plaudits of the learned and the courtly, but he subordinated all his abilities and influence to schemes of benevolence. "I can humbly say," was his confession, "in the multitude of things which harass my mind, the main object is the good of others; for this I have in great measure given up my own gratification; for if, instead of these things my time were devoted to philosophical pursuits and experiments, to which I am naturally prone, the path to honour and distinction stands fair before me. May the sacrifice be accepted above." No scheme of usefulness was too insignificant for him, and the most difficult did not make him shrink back. We have seen how he entered into the abolition of slavery, education, and social reformation; let us glance at an instance of unobtrusive benevolence in a letter to a young man. It may be a useful piece of advice to some of our readers:—

"DEAR E—,

"I feel anxious for thy welfare in every respect, and especially in thy going among perfect strangers; but if thou art careful to attend to the Divine Monitor in thy own mind—the Spirit of Christ—thou wilt be under the notice and protection of the greatest of beings, and will be favoured with that sweet peace in thy own soul, which is far beyond all other enjoyments. Accept,

dear E——, the following hints, from thy friend and well-wisher. I reserve this letter, and peruse it occasionally:—

“1. Devote some portion of the day to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, alone in thy chamber; and pray constantly to the Almighty that he would enlighten thy mind to understand them.

“2. Endeavour to keep thy mind in such a state that thou mayest turn it to think upon God many times in the course of the day; and pour out thy petitions to him in secret for thy preservation.

“3. Never do anything privately which thou wouldst be ashamed of if made public; and if evil thoughts come into thy mind, endeavour to turn from them, and not follow up the train of them, or indulge them for a moment; always endeavour that thy very thoughts may be acceptable in the sight of God, to whom they are always open.

“4. Be careful not to read books of an immoral tendency, as novels, romances, &c., and endeavour to discourage it in others—they are poison to the mind.

“5. Be punctual in attending a place of worship.

“6. Be very careful what company thou keepest; have few intimates, and let them be persons of the most virtuous character: for if a young man associate with those of a bad character, he will infallibly lose his own.

“7. Be very circumspect in all thy conduct, particularly towards females.

“8. Study the interest of thy employer, and endeavour to promote it by all fair and honourable means in thy power. Study the duties expected from thee, and fulfil them faithfully, as in the sight of God.

“9. Endeavour to improve thyself in thy studies in the intervals of leisure.

“10. Never do anything against thy conscience.

“I have not time to add more than that my prayers are put up for thy preservation, and that as long as thou continuest to conduct thyself in a virtuous and honourable manner, thou wilt find a steady friend in

WILLIAM ALLEN.”

All Mr. Allen's journeys abroad were undertaken with a philanthropic purpose. He could enjoy nature and art; but he had something else in view than personal gratification. Like John Howard's travels, which were all benevolent, so Willam Allen had a holy purpose when

he went into foreign lands. He sought to do good, to leave a blessing behind him, and to have the satisfaction that he had not spent his money or his time in vain. Mr. Ruskin, in one of his very able and brilliant works on art, refers to the number of English Protestants who visit the continent, and who purchase a cameo in one place and a painting in another, and who bring home relics of Rome or Naples, of Herculaneum and Pompeii, but who do nothing for the incipient and struggling Protestantism of benighted Italy; and he says that there will be an inquisition for this spending. Mr. Allen acted under a conviction of a judgment, and from a motive of pure benevolence. "My desire is," he said, "to be preserved from taking any part in political matters, further than as a good subject of the government, by which, under Providence, I am protected; and that, whatever happens, I may be found in my lot, doing all the good I can to everybody, and being diligent in such good as my Master may give me to do."

Of course, he did not believe that Christians should abstain from politics, and that these matters should be left to the men of the world, "whose portion is in this life." That would be most unchristian, unbrotherly, and sinful. The Christian ought to seek the consecration of all secular pursuits, and to endeavour to baptize even politics. We want Christian men in Parliament, where so much that effects the welfare of this country and so large a portion of the world is planned. If we want such in high places, then much more do we want them at the polling booths and in common business. The representatives of the people will never rise higher than their electors. The devoted Christian will, therefore, do all he can to infuse the spirit of his religion into the secularities with

which he is connected. William Allen did this, as a chemist and a philosopher, and hence he became so eminent a philanthropist.

His piety was not sectarian. Though he was sincerely attached to his own communion, yet he illustrated the beauty of a Christian's grace in a holy life. There are many things in the religious practice of the Friends which we believe to be unscriptural; but, admitting this, no one can refuse to recognise a life of faith and labour of love as indicating discipleship to Jesus. Mr. Allen was an Evangelical Christian. He believed in the Godhead of the Saviour, and in the atonement. He recognised the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the necessity of the new birth by the Spirit of God. He preached these truths, for he was set apart by the Society as a minister, and often exercised his gifts for the edification of others. The following statement may be interesting, as showing the view which he took of the Spirit's guidance to Christian duty:—"Those who are in the spirit of the world are so apt to ask, How do you know whether what you take for a Divine impulse may not be the working of your own imagination? It sweetly occurred that it might be known by the same test that our Lord gave, to distinguish his followers from those of the world—by *the fruits*. I would say, I have a right to conclude that I am under Divine influence, when I feel my heart filled with love to God, and love to all men, with a desire that all, without exception, may be eternally happy; when I feel an abhorrence of all vice and sin; when I feel the peace of God which passes all understanding. This to me is evidence as conclusive as any demonstration in Euclid; and under this influence, the Holy Scriptures are felt to be precious. It

is only under this influence that we *know* that we have not followed ‘cunningly-devised fables;’ and it is only under this influence that we can bring forth the fruits of the Spirit; but they who are busying themselves with external and sensible objects, can have no idea of this state, and even we ourselves, who, in some favoured moments, have experienced it, are liable by degrees to lose our sense of it, if we suffer external and sensible things to engross too much of our attention; hence the necessity of frequent retirement and introversion of mind.”

The Spirit’s aid is promised to believing prayer, to open up the Scriptures, and to enlighten the mind. His agency is far more mighty and more direct than many believe. It were well that the readers sought it for guidance into truth and saving knowledge, for thorough transformation into the image of Christ and the faithful discharge of Christian duty. Then common life would become an epistle of Christ, and the engagements of business be made services of faith, and ministrations of philanthropy.

“The world’s a room of sickness, where each heart  
 Knows its own anguish and unrest;  
 The truest wisdom there and noblest art,  
 Is his, who skills of comfort best;  
 Whom, by the softest step and gentlest tone,  
 Enfeebled spirits own,  
 And love to raise the languid eye,  
 When like an angel’s wing, they feel him fleeting by:—  
*Feel* only—for in silence gently gliding  
 Fain would he show both ear and sight,  
 ’Twixt Prayer and watchful Love his heart dividing,  
 A nursing father day and night.”

## CHAPTER VI.

HUGH MILLER, THE CHRISTIAN GEOLOGIST.

*"If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."*—LUKE xix. 40.

“Seamy coal,  
Limestone, or oolite, and other sections,  
Give us strange tidings of our old connections;  
Our arborescent ferns, of climate torrid,  
With unknown shapes of names and natures horrid:  
Strange ichthyosaurus, or iguanodon,  
With many more I cannot verse upon,  
Lost species and lost genera; some whose bias  
Is chalk, marl, sandstone, gravel, or blue lias;  
Birds, beasts, fish, insects, reptiles; fresh marine.  
Perfect as yesterday, among us seen,  
In rock or cave; 'tis passing strange to me  
How such incongruous mixture e'er could be,  
And yet no medley was it; each its station  
Once occupied in wise and meet location,  
God is a God of order, though to scan  
His works may pose the feeble powers of man.”

WILKS.



RECENT biographer of the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this chapter, has claimed for his hero the title of “Scotland’s representative man.” This is, indeed, a high claim, when we reflect on the many illustrious men that have shone north of the Tweed. Burns and Scott will at once occur to many readers as embodying the national character. But these are not ignored by this writer. He admits

Burns to have been "the foremost man of all his time," and to have gathered up much of the Scotland of his day; but there was a fatal want,—there was a "discord between the poet and the man;" there was a sad want of the religious element in his character. Sir Walter, again, rather embodied the past than the present. He was "rather a relic of feudalism than a representative of modern times." He, too, was wanting in the true appreciation of the religion of his country. Hugh Miller, however, had all that was chivalric in love of the past, all that was homely and cultivated in embodying the present, and all that was godly in realizing and expressing the national faith. Whether the "man of Cromarty" be entitled to this high glory, we shall not at present further inquire; but he certainly presented an example of so much that was manly, excellent, and godly, as to make him one of the brightest examples of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and of the consecration of genius and toil to the service of Christ.

Hugh Miller was born at Cromarty, in the year 1802, and was descended from a family of buccaneers who came to England with William the Conqueror. They had acquired much glory in sea-faring life, and seem to have communicated to their sons a love of the same. Hugh's father was an able seamen; but he perished in a storm in 1807. It was long before hope of his return died in the heart of the widow and her son. Many a day did Hugh climb the coast line behind his mother's house to look for "the sloop with the two strips of white and the two square top-sails;" but they never met his eye. Hope at length died in the bosom of the boy, and the grief that succeeded it was bitter and long.

After his father's loss, Hugh was cared for by two maternal uncles—"a pair of noble brothers." He has embalmed their characters in one of his own volumes,—where he has recorded, in a most fascinating manner, the story of his education. They were men of superior intellect, of considerable cultivation, fond of reading, and of scientific pursuits; and, what is more than all, they were both men of strict integrity and rare piety. They exercised an influence on the mind of their nephew, which mainly formed his character and directed his pursuits. Under their superintendence he attended a dame's school, where he was initiated into the Shorter Catechism, the Proverbs of Solomon, the New Testament, and the Bible. Fond of inquiring into the reason of things, the youthful scholar made there a grand discovery, which became his joy throughout all his future life. He found out that "the art of reading was the art of finding stories in books." The drudgery of tasks then fled away. Reading was made easy, and a source of infinite delight. Hebrew tales of patriarchs and prophets, romantic stories, the Pilgrim's Progress, the venerable books of Scottish martyrology—familiar to every home, and Blind Harry's "Wallace," were greedily perused, and aided much to mould his mind. He found also books of theology which he eagerly read. How much depends on the tone which a young man gets from the first works he peruses with interest! These go far to form the man. With what care should proper works be presented to the inquiring youth! Were books that are fitted to excite the love of reading, and to improve the mind put in a young man's way, what noble, manly, and Christian characters might be the happy result! Such was the case with



Hugh Miller, and he is but a type of what might be in many others.

From the dame's school Hugh went to the grammar school of Cromarty. The master had more learning than aptness to teach, and Hugh did not make great progress under him. His Uncle James wished to see his nephew in the pulpit of the Scottish Church, so he got him into the Latin class; but Hugh failed to acquire a taste for the language of ancient Rome. "I laboured," says he, "with tolerable diligence for a day or two, but there was no one to tell me what the rules meant, or whether they really meant anything; and when I got as far as *penna*, a pen, and saw how the changes were rung on one poor word that did not seem to me of more importance in the old language than the modern, I began miserably to flag, and to long for my English reading, with its amusing stories and picture-like descriptions." By-and-by Hugh was transferred to a subscription school, where the good citizens of Cromarty hoped to get a better education for their children than at the grammar school. Unfortunately the teachers were not of the best order, and there were frequent changes and some unhappy scenes. In one of the latter Hugh Miller left the school.

There was no hope of making the rough boy, notwithstanding all his intelligence, a minister; and much to the chagrin of his uncles, he wished to become a stone-mason. He was, therefore, bound to a master, and sent to the quarry. Now commenced a new school, in which the scholar was singularly precocious. He acquired skill in his art, and was soon equal to his master. He also began to study the wonderful rocks which abound around his native Cromarty, and soon found a vast library open to

his view. The descriptions he has given of these days and of his studies are remarkably interesting. He had his dangers, too, as every one has, in setting out in life. "When over-wrought," he says, "and in my depressed moods, I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shops as high luxuries; they gave lightness and energy to both body and mind, and substituted for a state of dulness and gloom, one of exhilaration and enjoyment. Usquebaugh was simply happiness doled out by the glass, and sold by the gill." One night, after drinking rather too freely, he found the letters of a favourite author dancing before him. From that hour he resolved never "to sacrifice his capacity for intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage, and through God's help he was enabled to hold by the determination." That was manly, and it was safe. Would that others would make a trial of the same!

During his labour as a mason, Hugh Miller made many advances in knowledge. The winter was very much a leisure time from labour, and he employed it in forming an acquaintance with the standard writers of English literature. His occupation took him over districts of country where natural science opened up to him her stores. It introduced him to many people, from whom he picked up the legends of his native north. He also formed a companionship with a young man who contributed much to improve his character, and direct his studies. Friendship has preserved a beautiful memorial of William Ross in Hugh Miller's tribute of affection to the friend of these halcyon days, who fell an early victim to consumption.

After attaining his majority, the young mason proceeded to Edinburgh, where he soon got work, and where he had

rare opportunities of mental improvement. But the dust of the fine sandstone of Edinburgh is fatal to masons, and, after two years' labour, our hero had to return to Cromarty in enfeebled health.

On his return, he met one of his old school-fellows, with whom he had been wont, in former days, to make excursions to the caves and rocks of Cromarty. This friend was then a student for the ministry ; and he was the means of aiding Hugh Miller in one of the best services which one man can render to another—that is, of leading him to Jesus. “I was,” said Hugh, “led to see at that time (1825), *through the instrumentality of my friend*, that my theological system had previously wanted a central object to which the heart could attach itself ; and that the true centre of an efficient Christianity is, as the name ought of itself to import, the ‘Word made flesh.’” Around this central sun of the Christian system—appreciated, however, not as a *doctrine* which is mere abstraction, but as a divine person—so truly man, that the affections of the human heart can lay hold upon him, and so truly God, that the mind, through faith, can at all times be brought into contact with him ; all that is truly religious, takes its place in a subsidiary and subordinate relation. I say subsidiary and subordinate. The Divine man is the great attractive centre—the sole gravitating point of a system which owes to him all its coherency, and which would be but a chaos were he away. It seems to be the existence of the human nature in this central and paramount object, that imparts to Christianity, in its subjective character, its peculiar power of influencing and controlling the human mind. There may be men, who through a peculiar idiosyncrasy of constitution, are capable of loving, after

a sort, a mere abstract God, unseen and inconceivable, though, as shown by the air of sickly sentimentality borne by almost all that has been said and written upon the subject, the feeling in its true form must be a very rare and exceptional one. In all my experience of men, I never knew a genuine instance of it. The love of an abstract God seems to be as little natural to the ordinary human constitution as the love of an abstract lunar planet. The true humanity and true divinity of the adorable Saviour, is a truth equally receivable by, at once, the humblest and the loftiest intellects. Poor dying children, possessed of but a few simple ideas, and men of the most robust intellects, such as the Chalmerses, Fosters, and Halls, of the Christian Church, find themselves equally able to rest upon the *Man* Christ, who is over all, *God* blessed for ever.

“Of this fundamental truth of the two natures, that condensed enumeration of the gospel which forms the watchword of our faith,—‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,’—is a direct and palpable embodiment, and Christianity is but a name without it. How, or on what principle, the Father was satisfied, I know not; and may never know. The enunciation regarding vicarious satisfaction may be properly received in faith as a fact, but I suspect not properly reasoned upon until we shall be able to bring the moral sense of the Deity, with its requirements, within the limits of a small and trivial logic. But the thorough adaptation of the scheme to man’s nature is greatly more appreciable, and lies fully within the reach of observation and experience.”

This evinces a most thorough and practical apprehension of the redemption of the sinner by Christ Jesus. He

found what met his own case. From that time he became a practical Christian. He rested on the personal Redeemer. He gave his life to the service of his Lord. Reader, thus only can your life be blessed. Rest your soul on the God-man, and, by faith and the aid of the Spirit, you will grow up into his likeness. During the delicacy of his health, the young mason put his thoughts in verse, and he was vain enough to imagine that a little volume of poetry might aid his success in cutting inscriptions on grave stones in Inverness. But he was disappointed, and he never again sought a patron. "Poems by a Journeyman Mason" did not meet with success. Some descriptive sketches in the *Inverness Courier* were more popular, and opened his way to future literary fame.

Shortly after this some friends, interested in him, procured a situation for him as accountant in a Cromarty bank. He was also fortunate enough to secure the affections and the hand of a young lady of good family, whose curiosity to see him ripened into love.

On the eve of their marriage he presented to his bride a pocket Bible with the following verses inscribed upon the blank page. They are a specimen of his poetical powers:—

“ Lydia, since ill by sordid gift  
Were love like mine expressed,  
Take Heaven’s best boon, this Sacred Book,  
From him who loves thee best.  
Love strong as that I bear to thee  
Were sure unaptly told  
By dying flowers, or lifeless gems,  
Or soul-ensnaring gold.

I know ’twas He who formed this heart  
Who seeks this heart to guide;  
For why?—He bids me love thee more  
Than all on earth beside—

Yes, Lydia, bids me cleave to thee,  
As long this heart has cleaved;  
Would, dearest, that his other laws  
Were half so well received!

Full many a change, my only love,  
On human life attends;  
And at the old sepulchral stone  
Th' uncertain vista ends.  
How best to bear each various change,  
Should weal or woe befall,  
To love, live, die, this Sacred Book,  
Lydia, it tells us all.

O much-beloved, our coming day  
To us is all unknown;  
But sure we stand a broader mark  
Than those who stand alone.  
One knows it all: not His an eye,  
Like ours, obscure and dim;  
And knowing us, He gives this book  
That we may know of Him.

His words, my love, are gracious words,  
And gracious thoughts express;  
He cares e'en for each little bird  
That wings the blue abyss.  
Of coming wants and woes he thought,  
Ere want or woe began;  
And took to Him a human heart,  
That he might feel for man.

Then, O my first, my only love,  
The kindest, dearest, best;  
On him may all our hopes repose,—  
On Him our wishes rest.  
His be the future's doubtful day,  
Let joy or grief befall:  
In life or death, in weal or woe,  
Our God, our guide, our all."

There is more in these lines than amorous sentiment;

there are intelligent faith and reverend devotion. He entered upon his nuptial state with the fear of God before his eyes, and a blessed understanding of this established with his partner. Thus could the one comfort the other with mutual faith and common love to the same Lord.

In his new situation Hugh Miller had only one hundred pounds a year. He occupied some of his leisure time in writing for periodicals that he might add a little to his income. He contributed to Wilson's *Tales of the Border*—then being published—some very admirable tales. But the remuneration was small—too small for the ability displayed in the literary work. He, therefore, made offer of his pen to Mr. Robert Chambers, whose *Edinburgh Journal* was then rising into celebrity. He wrote for that paper during two years. Messrs. Chambers sought to encourage talent by adequate reward, and many have been aided by them in their early struggles into fame. It is pleasing to know that they have realized their own fortunes while they benefited others.

The struggle of Church and State was then agitating Scotland, and deeply interested the mind of the accountant. Amidst his scientific studies, which he never omitted, he mastered the ecclesiastical controversy, and penned a "Letter to Lord Brougham" on the subject. This took the literary world by surprise, and gave intimation that an able defender of the liberties of the Church had appeared. Mr. Gladstone bestowed a high encomium on Mr. Hugh Miller's pamphlet, in his book on Church and State.

Hugh had then published his volume of "Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland,"—a book full of splendid description in most classical English. He was at once fixed upon, by the intuitive sagacity of Dr. Candlish, as a

fit person to edit the *Witness* newspaper, about to be started by the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland.

On the 15th January, 1840, the first number of the *Witness* appeared. It was most ably edited, and proved a grand success. Its influence on the controversy in the Church was immense. Its literary ability secured for it everywhere a respectful perusal. The chapters of the "Old Red Sandstone," which appeared in its pages, gave it entrance into circles where no sectarian paper would have been admitted. The service which Hugh Miller rendered to the Church of Scotland, to Christian science, and to pure literature, by that valuable paper, cannot be overestimated. The stone-mason of Cromarty proved a match for all antagonists, theological and literary and scientific. He was emphatically one of the heroes of the disruption Church, of which he was also an elder, in the congregation of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh.

His usefulness to Christian science was great. When the "Natural History of the Vestiges of Creation" appeared, it received a masterly answer in Hugh Miller's "Footprints of the Creator," a work which is a text-book in the universities of England ; as is also his "Old Red Sandstone." It was the great aim of his later years to show the harmony between revealed religion and geology. This pervades all his volumes, seven in number ; but he made it the subject of a special volume, the chapters of which had been popular lectures—one of them delivered in Exeter Hall. While engaged in finishing that work—"The Testimony of the Rocks," his noble intellect gave way. His strong mind was two severely stretched ; and in one of his seasons of eclipse he fell, by his own hand, on the 24th



of December 1856. This work was published posthumously; yet it received its final corrections from its lamented author's own hand on the very day of his mysterious end. It has all the sacredness of a legacy to the science and religion of his affection: and will long be cherished as the gift of one whom "posterity will not willingly let die." Distinguished by the ripe science, calm philosophy, elegant diction, perspicuous argument, and popular address which marked his former works,—it advances more fully into religious truth, and discusses more closely vital questions which, though they lie on the confines of dogmatic truth, yet have most important bearings on the authority of Scripture and on the reverence which its inspired statements demand. Into this investigation Hugh Miller entered with all the solemnity which his early instruction had instilled, and which his own intelligent piety had fostered. He never advanced as a philosopher where he could not also go as a Christian. However secular the subject, abstract the science, political or literary the disquisition, he connected all with "the theologies, the natural and revealed." Here emphatically, as purposely, it is done. On rising from the perusal of a work like this, and recalling the sad event which so suddenly swept its eminent author away, we cannot but regret that one endowed with so pure a love of science, one so patient in investigation, so sound and philosophical in his conclusions, so able to express himself in the most classical and intelligible English, so literary in his tastes, and withal so Christian in his spirit, should now be no more among us. Raised by his own industry from the ranks of labour, filling a place which secured him the respect of the philosopher, of the statesman, of the litterateur, and

of the divine, he presented one of the noblest examples, which young men in common life can have presented to their minds, of the earnest pursuit of truth, and of the right use of talents.

Few literary men are scientific; fewer still are ready to confess the gospel of Christ. Few scientific men possess the "pen of a ready writer;" and it has been confessed by some of the most eminent publishers (among others by the late Frederick Perthes) that purely scientific works do not obtain a large circulation, or prove remunerative to the trade. Few men of scientific attainment of the first rank are qualified to discuss theological questions, or to do so satisfactorily when they make the attempt. But Hugh Miller was eminent in the three departments. His literary articles would form, if collected, as we trust they will be, a series of essays worthy of a place among British classics. His scientific abilities were second to none in his own department, while his theology, grounded on the logical system of his national catechism, cultivated by thoughtful study, and constantly occupying his mind and pen in the semi-ecclesiastical position which he held as editor of the *Witness* newspaper—devoted to the interest of the Free Church of Scotland, was so ripe and reverent as could be trusted with the defence of our common faith against adversaries from the sciolists of his day. It is rare to find one gifted with commanding talents in these three fields; but Hugh Miller was so endowed by God; and had it been the Divine will to spare his life, and what is of far more consequence—his reason, many who knew his ability and admired his talents, expected much from his pen which would give a charm to the details of geological science, would ensure a more devout study of its

suggestive subjects, and would aid in reconciling the findings of the volume of nature with the findings of Revelation. But he is gone ; and we may not repine. God can raise up workers and warriors ; and while teaching us not to trust in an arm of flesh, would lead us to give the glory to Him to whom all is due.

It is a saying of the poet, each "man is immortal till his work is done," and it agrees with the doctrine of the Scripture, which puts life in the hand of God. Perhaps Hugh Miller has accomplished that which we profess to desiderate—and, with the volume just finished at his death, has given all that would subserve the end which he was fitted to accomplish. His intended work on the Geology of Scotland might possibly have been so full of pure science, and of a difficult nomenclature, as to put it out of reach of the large class, comparatively uninformed, by whom his other works have been appreciated, and whose acquaintance with geology and with right principles of research they have so materially promoted. He has made popular the science of his study, and thrown the halo of genius around the *Old Red Sandstone*. He has made the world acquainted with his life of ardent struggle and bright example. He has dispelled the sophistries of scientific pretenders, and calmed the fears of Biblical expounders. And his work *is* done. Deep, universal, and bitter was the regret at the dark eclipse and sudden setting of his light ; but when the citizens of Edinburgh bore him to his grave beside their honoured dead, though—to adapt a sentence of his own, written with reference to a similar scene—it was but the stone-mason of Cromarty that they buried, "they were burying him amidst the tears of a nation, and with more than kingly honours."

The "Testimony of the Rocks" made a great sensation at the time of its publication, and the reader may be gratified by a brief abstract of it. It consists of twelve lectures delivered in various places to large audiences. The first lecture is on "the Palæontological History of Plants," and commences thus:—

"Palæontology, or the science of ancient organisms, deals, as its subject, with the plants and animals of all the geologic period. It bears nearly the same sort of relation to the *physical* history of the past that biography does to the civil and political history of the past. For just as a complete biographic system would include every name known to the historian, a complete palæontologic system would include every fossil known to the geologist. It enumerates and describes all the organic existences of all the extinct creations,—all the existences, too, of the present creation that occur in the fossil or semi-fossil form; and, thus co-extensive in space with the earth's surface,—nay, greatly more than co-extensive with the earth's surface,—for in the hieroglyphic record which our globe composes, page lies beneath page and inscription covers over inscription,—co-extensive, too, in time with every period in the terrestrial history since being first began upon our planet,—it presents to the student a theme so vast and multifarious, that it seems but the result, on his part, of a proper modesty, conscious of the limited range of his powers, and of the brief and fleeting term of his life, were he to despair of being ever able effectually to grapple with it."

By the aid of the principle of classification, according to an intelligent and scientific system, plants alike of the pre-adamite earth and of the present earth may be

arranged. Not without many blunders, which now look ridiculous, was the arrangement at present in use adopted. Taking the system of Lindley as the most recent and most exact, Hugh Miller remarks, that the geologic arrangements correspond, in almost all particulars, to that of the modern naturalist. The order seems to have been remarkably graduated, to suit the advancing scale of creation, and man as the culminating point of all. Plants of the Rosaceæ, which include the apple, pear, plum, &c., appear "only a short time previous to the introduction of man." The grasses and corn-bearing plants are scarcely found in fossils; for they also appeared with reference to man. Flowers, yielding perfume, seem specially provided for man; and Mr. Miller remarks, that though Pascal and the nuns of Port Royal refused to gaze on a lovely landscape, and deemed it a merit to deny themselves, yet "the great Creator, who has provided so wisely and abundantly for all his creatures, knows what is best for us, infinitely better than we do ourselves; and there is neither sense nor merit, surely, in churlishly refusing to partake of that ample entertainment, sprinkled with delicate perfumes, garnished with roses, and crowned with the most delicious fruit, which we know was not only specially prepared for us but also got ready as nearly as we can judge, for the appointed hour of our appearance at the feast. This we also know, that when the Divine Man came into the world, unlike the Port Royalists, he did not refuse the temperate use of any of these luxuries, not even of the 'ointment of spikenard, very precious' (a product of the labiate family), with which Mary anointed his feet."

Lecture Second is on the "Palæontological History of

Animals," and is very valuable as a *resumé* of this subject. Beginning with a remark on the "master-types of animal life," which as leading ideas pervade all nature, Mr. Miller thus proceeds:—

"And these leading ideas are four in number. *First*, there is the *star-like* type of life,—life embodied in a form that, as in the corals, the sea-anemones, the sea-urchins, and the star-fishes, radiates outwards from a centre; *second*, there is the *articulated* type of life,—life embodied in a form composed, as in the worms, crustaceans, and insects, of a series of rings united at their edges, but more or less movable on each other; *third*, there is the bilateral or *molluscan* type of life,—life embodied in a form in which there is a duality of corresponding parts, ranged, as in the cuttle-fishes, the clams, and the snails, on the sides of a central axis or plane; and *fourth*, there is the *vertebrate* type of life,—life embodied in a form in which an internal skeleton is built up into two cavities placed the one over the other; the upper for the reception of the nervous centres, cerebral and spinal,—the lower for the lodgment of the respiratory, circulatory, and digestive organs. Such have been the four central ideas of the faunas of every succeeding creation, except perhaps the earliest of all, that of the Lower Silurian System, in which, so far as is yet known, only three of the number existed,—the radiated, articulated, and molluscan ideas or types. That Omnipotent Creator, infinite in his resources,—who, in at least the details of his workings, seems never yet to have repeated himself, but, as Lyell well expresses it, breaks when the parents of a species have been moulded, the die in which they were cast,—manifests himself, in these four great ideas, as the unchanging and unchange-

able One. They serve to bind together the present with all the past; and determine the unity of the authorship of a wonderfully complicated design, executed on a groundwork broad as time, and whose scope and bearing are deep as eternity."

In the animals, as well as in the plants of geology, the arrangement agrees with that which modern philosophers have adopted for creatures now existent. In the course of this lecture a most crushing argument is advanced against such a development of creation as the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" propounds. Evidences of distinct and new creation of animals occur at the close of every great period.

The Third Lecture is on "the Two Records, Mosaic and Geological. It was originally prepared for the Exeter Hall series of Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association in 1854, and was then published. It obtained an extensive circulation in this country and America, besides a translation into German. Few lectures have been so influential on thought, or so often quoted as the one before us. It is a masterly review of the Record of the Rocks compared with the Record of Revelation. For some time, Mr. Miller held the view propounded by Dr. Chalmers so early as 1814, that "the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe," and that between the preface and narrative of the first chapter of Genesis, there was abundant room for any period of ages. The succeeding days were then reckoned to be natural, of twenty-four hours each. Twenty-five years later, Dr. Pye Smith added to the view of Dr. Chalmers, that, while the narrative of the six days is to be reckoned literal, it was confined to a small portion of the earth's surface. Mr.

Miller, in the course of his studies in geology, was obliged to give up these views, and to adopt another, namely, that *the days are indefinite periods of time*—corresponding exactly in their main features to the “Testimony of the Rocks.” In the preface to the work before us, a *resumé* of the reasons of his change of mind are thus given by the author:—

“During the last nine years, however, I have spent a few weeks every autumn in exploring the later formations, and acquainting myself with their peculiar organism. I have traced them upwards from the raised beaches and old coast lines of the human period, to the brick clays, Clyde beds, and drift and boulder deposits of the Pleistocene era, and again from these, with the help of museums and collections, up through the mammaliferous crag of England, to its red and coral crags. And the conclusion at which I have been compelled to arrive is, that for many long days ere man was ushered into being, not a few of his humbler contemporaries of the fields and woods enjoyed life in their present haunts, and that for thousands of years anterior to even *their* appearance, many of the existing molluscs lived in our seas. That *day* during which the present creation came into being, and in which God, when He had made ‘the beast of the earth after his kind, and the cattle after their kind,’ at length terminated the work of moulding a creature in His own image, to whom he gave dominion over all, was not a brief period of a few hours’ duration, but extended over mayhap millenniums of centuries. No blank chaotic gap of death and darkness separated the creation to which man belongs from that of the old extinct elephant, hippopotamus, and hyæna; for familiar animals, such as the red deer, the



roe, the fox, the wild-cat, and the badger, lived throughout the period which connected their times with our own; and so I have been compelled to hold, that the days of creation were not natural, but *prophetic* days, and stretched far back into the bygone eternity."

In the lecture this is more elaborately argued, and the days compared. Our readers will at once ask, how does this view agree with the reason for keeping holy the Sabbath-day? Hugh Miller felt that objection, and discussed it. He argues that what are called six days in the first chapter of Genesis, are called one day in the second—that the fourth commandment is analogical—from the work of God in six periods and rest on the seventh, to the labour of man during six periods and resting on the seventh, and that the limitation of time is a *positive express enactment*. It is striking to observe that the reason annexed to the fourth commandment, does not fix the seventh day in the week, in arguing from God's rest, but the Sabbath which had, by a positive consecration, been set apart. On philological grounds the question has also been considered by a very able divine, the Rev. D. Macdonald, in a masterly and exhaustive treatise on "Creation and the Fall." This writer argues that though nothing can be made of the "one day" in Genesis ii. 4, which is equivalent to *when*, or *at the time when*, yet, in the narrative of the six days, "the cardinal *one* is employed, and not the ordinal *first*." We must refer our readers to the work, as we have not space for introducing the criticism here.

Hugh Miller also argues, that, as the work of God now is to elevate peccable and sinful man to an impeccable and perfect state, the work of redemption may be called

his Sabbath-day, and that the Sabbath is made for man that he may *raise* himself by the grace of God to a fitness for the glory of God. The following remarks cannot fail to interest all students of prophecy:—

“One other remark, ere I conclude. In the history of the earth which we inhabit, molluscs, fishes, reptiles, mammals, had each in succession their periods of vast duration; and then the human period began,—the period of a fellow-worker with God, created in God’s own image. What is to be the next advance? Is there to be merely a repetition of the past?—an introduction, a second time, of man in the image of God? No. The geologist, in those tables of stone which form his records, finds no example of dynasties once passed away again returning. There has been no repetition of the dynasty of the fish, of the reptile, of the mammal. The dynasty of the future is to have glorified man for its inhabitant; but it is to be the dynasty—‘*the kingdom*’—not of glorified man made in the image of God, but of God himself in the form of man. In the doctrine of the two conjoined natures, human and divine, and in the further doctrine of the terminal dynasty of HIM in whom the natures are united, we find that required progression beyond which progress cannot go. We find the point of elevation never to be exceeded, meetly coincident with the final period never to be terminated—the infinite in height harmoniously associated with the eternal in duration. Creation and the Creator meet at one point, and in one person. The long ascending line from dead matter to man has been a progress Godwards,—not an asymptotical progress, but destined from the beginning to furnish a point of union; and occupying that point as true God and true man,—as

Creator and created,—we recognise the adorable Monarch of all the future."

The Fourth Lecture on "the Mosaic Vision of Creation" is finely conceived, poetically described, and most ingeniously argued. Though the original idea is not Mr. Miller's, yet his adoption of it in the mode he has, associates it for ever with his name. The idea is this—that Moses wrote the first chapter of Genesis not as a historian but as a prophet—that the vision of creation rose before his enraptured eye, and that he describes the things which he beheld.

The Fifth and Sixth Lectures, on "Geology in its bearings on the Two Theologies," are a dissertation of profoundest thought, lucidly expressed, and radiant throughout with a glow of Christian feeling which cannot fail to win for them the serious consideration of all who peruse them with intelligence, or to impress them with deeper reverence for God, who in all his ways are one. They demolish the Lamarckian hypothesis, blunt the edge of the infidel sneer of Bolingbroke, Pope, and others, as to the insignificance of man. Hugh Miller shows, and is supported by the greatest naturalists in his view, that man is the great "antetypical existence—the being in whom all the types meet and are fulfilled." The "Testimony of the Rocks" is full of "*geologic prophecies*" of man as the representative form of creation. He gathers up into himself the life and matter of the earth, and was fitted to be the lord of creation under God. The Divine Man, Jesus Christ, who has all that we have—that creation has, in his physical frame, has also all that belongs to God, and is the representative of creation to God, and of God to creation—the archetype of all.

The second part of this argument we wish our readers fully to peruse. It is all worthy of extract. It propounds the view which is beautifully illustrated, that man is the great worker with God, and that in all works alike of the Divine hand and the human, there is manifest fulfilment of a preordained purpose:—

“In looking abroad on that great history of life, of which the latter portions are recorded in the pages of Revelation and the earlier in the rocks, I feel my grasp of a doctrine first taught me by our Calvinistic catechism at my mother’s knee, tightening instead of relaxing. ‘The decrees of God are his eternal purposes,’ I was told, ‘according to the counsel of his own will, whereby for his own glory he hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass.’ And what I was told early I still believe. The programme of creation and providence, in all its successive periods, is of God, not of man. With the arrangements of the old geologic periods it is obvious man could have nothing to do; the primeval ages of wondrous plants and monster animals ran their course without counsel taken of him; and in reading their records in the bowels of the earth, and in learning from their strange characters that such ages there were, and what they produced, we are better enabled to appreciate the impressive directness of the sublime message to Job, when ‘the Lord announced to him out of the whirlwind, and said, Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding.’ And I can as little regard the present scene of things as an ultimate consequence of what man had willed or wrought, as even any of the Adamic age. It is simply one scene in a preordained series,—a scene intermediate in place between

the age of the irresponsible mammal and of glorified man, and to provide for the upward passage to the ultimate state, we know that in reference to the purposes of the Eternal, He through whom the work of restoration has been effected, was in reality what He is designated in that remarkable text, 'the Lamb slain from the *foundation* of the world.' First in the course of things, man in the image of God, and next in meet sequence, God in the form of man, have been equally from all eternity pre-determined actors in the same great scheme."

At the close of this lecture, the outline and materials of a great poem on creation are sketched. The conception and filling up are grand; and, were the man arrived who could fashion it with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," it would be the noblest epic which poesy has yet produced. Mr. Miller reiterates the truth that the influences of the geologist cannot militate against those of the theologian. They are, as Dr. Chalmers once said, "not conflicting but conspiring forces." "Science has a foundation," says Dr. M'Cosh, quoted by our author, "and so has religion. Let them unite their foundations, and the basis will be broader, and they will be two compartments of one great fabric reared to the glory of God. Let the one be the outer and the other the inner court. In the one let all look, and admire, and adore; and in the other let all those who have faith kneel, and pray, and praise. Let the one be the sanctuary where human learning may present its richest incense as an offering to God, and the other the holiest of all, separated from it by a veil now rent in twain, and in which on a blood-sprinkled mercy seat, we pour out the love of a reconciled heart, and hear the oracles of the living God."

The Seventh and Eighth Lectures on the "Noachian Deluge" present views which may startle some. First, the able author proves, by a large induction, that the deluge was *universal as man*. All nations who have any traditions, or writings, or memorials of the past, have a version of it agreeing in the chief particulars with the Biblical account. He then as conclusively, we think, proves that the deluge was local in its effect. There is no question here involving doctrine, but simply of interpretation. The universal terms of the narrative do not necessitate that all and every place was submerged; the judgment itself did not; the ark could not have held specimens of all existent creatures on the earth, and there is no geologic proof of a deluge over the world. The early abode of the race was in the most depressed portion of the earth, where a local miracle by the temporary depression still more of that region would submerge all that was necessary for the destruction of the race. There are to be found tokens of a deluge in the incrustation of salt and marine animals in that Caucasian territory.

The Ninth Lecture, on "the Discoverable and Revealed," shows that false science has been generally associated with false religions, and is their chief vulnerable point. Not satisfied with that which they may naturally discover, ancient theorists speculated about that which was undiscoverable. Hence their cosmogonies were fanciful and untrue. The Bible avoids the error of all pretended revelations. It is not committed to any system of the universe. Though its inspired authors were not men of science, nor belonged to a scientific people, the language of Holy Scripture is not inconsistent with the most advanced science of the day—astronomical and

geological,—whereas the nations who cultivated these branches of human knowledge, and propounded their cosmogonies of the world, have done so in language that is at once ludicrous and absurd. We have often thought that this *is one of the strongest presumptive arguments for the divinity of the Bible—for inspiration, which could be well adduced.* That discoveries in natural science should have been made for centuries, without once impinging upon the statements of Scripture is a strong claim for the common authorship of nature and of revelation. But what the author of Scripture has been careful to avoid, the professed interpreters of the sacred record have been rash to indulge. Romish and Protestant divines have both fallen into the error of condemning scientific facts by Scriptural quotation. In the one case, however, the judgment of a professed infallible Church was in the wrong, but, in the other, the opinion of an individual divine. But with the exception of the titular Archbishop of Dublin, few divines now argue against the Newtonian theory, or aver that perhaps the sun is only a *fathom* in diameter! Against geology there are still some divines arrayed. But, after the terrible disclosure of their absurdities given by Hugh Miller in his Tenth Lecture, few will have the courage to avow or at least to publish their opinions. Several clergymen are instanced as having accused geologists of infidelity and unscriptural doctrines regarding the age, experience, and contents of the earth.\* Their zeal, we fear, has gone beyond their discretion, and their piety unhappily been disfigured by their ignorance. We sincerely wish that such as are unprepared to admit

\* See also "First Impressions of England and its people," Chap. XVII.

the facts of geology—facts indisputable, and especially the reasonings upon these facts with regard to the days of creation and the Noachian deluge, would be content to suspend their judgment. Difficulties, apparently insurmountable at one time, have been solved in unexpected ways; and the patient waiting of those who revered the Scripture on the one hand and who respected the records of history on the other, has been abundantly rewarded. It was, for instance, long an undecided point whether Scripture or Herodotus was right with regard to the reign of Belshazzar in Babylon, during its capture by Darius. Scripture says the king was in the city; Herodotus declares that he was absent on an expedition in which he was defeated, and that he had been obliged to retire into honourable privacy. Thus the case stood, each view having its supporters. Sir Henry Rawlinson unintentionally solved the difficulty. Reading the arrow-headed inscriptions on the Babylonian cylinders, he came to a statement which declared that the monarch preparatory to his absence on an expedition, appointed his son Belshazzar regent with the title of king. Thus, both records were true.

We deeply deplore that any clergyman who reverences the Bible, should pronounce the reconciliation of its statements with the "Testimony of the Rocks" to be impossible—whether he stand on the geologic or anti-geologic side. Nature and revelation cannot be antagonistic. God cannot be divided against himself. This Hugh Miller has shown most clearly, and has earned the deep gratitude to God of all intelligent and Christian men, that one so gifted for the work was enabled to dedicate himself to the sacred task of defending alike the schemes



of nature and of grace. Further research and thought may lead to the abandonment of some of his conclusions; but that cannot diminish the value of his science.

The two last lectures, on "The less known Fossil Floras of Scotland," read at the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, in 1855, are a laborious induction, both from his own experience and from that of other geologists, of all the Fossil Floras yet discovered in the old red sandstone and oolite deposits. The few specimens found of a period rich in its flora, led this humble philosopher to observe that "mere fragments of the past history of our country we have yet been able to recover from the rocks, and how very much in the work of exploration and discovery still remains for us to do." Thus all great inquirers, when their season of toil is over, are ready to confess with Newton, that they have only gathered their few pebbles on the shore, and left the expanse of ocean yet to be discovered; and with Chalmers that, "the greater the diameter of light, the greater is the circumference of darkness;" and with Miller, "we stand on the further edge of the great floras of by-past creations, and have gathered but a few handfuls of faded leaves, a few broken branches, a few decayed cones."

This eloquent volume has been followed by another, edited since his death by his widow—who wields a gifted pen. It contains a few lectures on popular geology, and fully sustains the fame of their illustrious author.

Some time before his death, several of his friends wished to put him in a position of comparative independence, that he might be able to devote himself more fully to the studies of his favourite science, without the drudgery of editing a newspaper. Through the Marquis

of Breadalbane, he was offered a government situation "very similar to the situation Wordsworth so long held." The duties were nominal, and the salary about £800 a year. He was almost persuaded to accept. But when his friends, the Rev. Drs. Guthrie and Hanna accompanied him to the office of the agent, he hesitated, and asked leave to think a little alone about it. He soon said to Dr. Hanna, "Doctor, I have made up my mind to refuse. I find my memory not now so good as it was formerly. I am not clear in such circumstances about taking upon me any money responsibility." He was resolved and declined the appointment. He was also once offered a place on the staff of the *Times*, with a high salary; but he was too high principled to accept it.

We have stated that his reason gave way. This was growing upon him for several months before his tragic end. "He became the prey of false and exaggerated alarms. He fancied—if indeed it was a fancy—that occasionally, and for brief intervals, his faculties quite failed him—that his mind broke down. He was engaged at this time with a treatise on the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' upon which he was putting out all his strength—working at his topmost pitch of intensity. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer, which within the same eventful week, was to witness the close of the volume, and the close of the writer's life. This overworking of the brain began to tell upon his mental health." He fancied that his museum was to be attacked by robbers, and he had a loaded weapon beside his bed. The idea that his brain "was deeply and hopelessly diseased—that his mind was on the verge of ruin—took hold of him, and stood out before his eye in all that appalling

magnitude in which such an imagination as his alone could picture out." He mentioned this to a medical man, and said, "My brain is giving way. I cannot put two thoughts together to-day; I have had such a dreadful night of it; I cannot face another such; I was impressed with the idea that my museum was attacked by robbers, and that I had got up, put on my clothes, and gone out with a loaded pistol to shoot them. Immediately after that I became unconscious. How long that continued I cannot say; but when I awoke in the morning I was trembling all over, and quite confused in my brain. On rising, I felt as if a stiletto was suddenly, and as quickly as an electric shock, passed through my brain from front to back, and left a burning sensation on the top of the brain, just below the bone. So thoroughly convinced was I that I must have been out through the night, that I examined my trousers to see if they were wet, or covered with mud, but could find none." He had a few more of such experiences, when his face wore the picture of horror. In one of these paroxysms, he drew the fatal revolver, and in the wreck of that mighty intellect, his life too passed away. It was a sad eclipse.

None have doubted the piety of Hugh Miller. It was too marked to be suspected. His life illustrated it throughout his whole career since the illumination of his soul, by means of the friend of his youth. None knew him better than Dr. Guthrie, and his testimony to his piety was most decided in the pathetic funeral sermon which he preached after the death of his friend and fellow-labourer. His life is a lesson which many an aspiring youth may study with advantage. It will teach him that natural powers, well cultivated, will raise the

mind and the man; that all study may be Christian, and connected with "the two theologies—natural and revealed." But this life teaches also this other lesson—that there is a limit to the power of the mind. A sound mind must be kept within a sound body. Whenever there is injury done to the physical frame by the pursuit of mental study, there is danger of a sad reaction on the mind itself.

"He is gone who seemed so great—  
Gone! but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own,  
Being here; and we believe him  
Something far advanced in state,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

## CHAPTER VII.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B., THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

*‘ There was a certain man in Cæsarea, named Cornelius, a centurion of the band, called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway.’—ACTS x. 1, 2.*

Unheard by all but angel ears  
The good Cornelius knelt alone,  
Nor dreamed his prayers and tears  
Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terraced roof,  
The loved apostle to his Lord  
In silent thought aloof,  
For heavenly vision soared.

The saint beside the ocean prayed,  
The soldier in his chosen bower,  
Where all his eye surveyed  
Seemed sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother’s prayer,  
Yet brethren true in dearest love  
Were they—and now they share  
Fraternal joys above.

There daily through Christ’s open gate  
They see the Gentile spirits press,  
Brightening their high estate  
With clearer happiness.

What civic wreath for comrades saved  
Shone ever with such deathless gleam,  
Or when did perils braved  
So sweet to veterans seem ?”

KEBLE

**T**HE Indian revolt brought into prominence not a few men who distinguished themselves not less by their Christian character than by their heroic conduct. Though known to their friends to be devoted Christians, they were not known to the country. But since war and suffering, cruelty and murder have removed so many, we now learn how great has been our bereavement. It is recorded of one of the Covenanters in Scotland, that as the enemy was about to attack the devoted band, he lifted up his prayer in these striking words:—"Lord, spare the *green* and take the *ripe*!" The request was granted; and when the conflict was ended, some of the saintliest of the faithful lay among the dead. Not a few of the "*ripe*" have fallen in India, while many of the "*green*" are spared. Devoted missionaries, Christian soldiers, exemplary women, and innocent infants, have been taken to their rest by means of the sepoy's arm or the toils of war, while many who were unprepared to die, have been allowed to live.

Among these the name of Sir Henry Havelock stands conspicuous, as his memory must outlive them all. For long-trying Christian consistency, earnest philanthropy, unflinching courage, strict discipline, rare tactics, and marvellous success in perilous warfare, he stands pre-eminent. His "*march of fire*" from Cawnpore to Lucknow, and his Christian devotedness, will long abide in the gratitude and admiration of the British nation.

To those who risked and sacrificed their lives for the sake of delivering others, there must be unutterable satisfaction when they behold the end attained for which they toiled and bled and died. The honours of the world are poor compared with this high emotion, nor do they

shine with a splendour so bright as the memory of their deeds of bravery and of endurance. Much more must be the gladness of the Christian hero who spends his life, and it may be surrenders it, that he may win souls to the Redeemer. The earthly loss becomes incalculable gain. In such the last verse of the poet quoted above, has its most happy illustration. The gallant Havelock realized this in its amplest meaning. In him prayer and courage went hand in hand, while he gave himself to danger and to death to save his imperiled countrymen in Lucknow, and when he laboured to win his soldiers to the service of the Saviour. The consciousness that he accomplished the one was the highest happiness of his military career, and that he fulfilled the other was his crowning glory as a captain in the host of God. The story of his life is a most striking instance of the power of unconquerable courage and prevailing prayer.

HENRY HAVELOCK was born at Bishop-Wearmouth on the 5th April 1795. In early life he evinced the same want of fear as distinguished the hero of Trafalgar. When he was seven or eight years of age, he climbed a high tree in search of a bird's nest. As soon as he seized his prize, the branch on which he hung snapped, and he fell to the ground. When he had recovered consciousness, his father asked him if he was not afraid when the branch gave way? "No!" said the brave adventurer, "I did not think of being frightened, I had too much to do in thinking of the eggs; for I was sure they would be smashed to pieces." This resembles the carefulness of a woman in Staffordshire, who was carrying her husband's and son's dinners to the mouth of a coal-pit. By some mischance she fell into the pit. Not thinking of herself,

she still held a tight grasp of the bottles, and, providentially, her stretched-out arms made her expanded clothes like the parachute of a balloon, so that her fall was considerably broken, and she was saved with only a few bruises. Her first exclamation on reaching the bottom was, "*There, the bottles be safe!*"

Young Havelock displayed on other occasions the cool judgment and dauntless courage which afterwards distinguished him. When he was about twelve years old, we are informed that he saw a dog worrying his father's sheep. "Instead of beating the brute off, he ran to a hay-stack in the field and pulled out sufficient hay to make a strong band or rope of hay, which he threw round the dog's neck, and fairly choked him, and then flung his carcase into a pond, walking off, as if nothing had happened." This was certainly very cool, but it was most thoughtful. There is no remedy for sheep-stealing dogs. They are assigned to death by all good shepherds.

Henry Havelock was educated at the Charter-house, London. He afterwards entered the Middle Temple, to study law; but it had no attraction for his dauntless spirit. He had a brother in the army, who was honourably mentioned for his bravery in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo, so Henry burned to obtain a commission, which, in 1815, he got, as second lieutenant to the 96th Rifle Brigade. After eight years' service in the United Kingdom, he exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and sailed for India in 1823.

Before this occurred he had become a decided Christian, and had made it the purpose of his life to be useful to souls while serving his country. He had been religiously disposed ere this time, knew the Scriptures, and



was fond of reading religious books. Even at the Charter house school, along with some like-minded youths, he had practised this exercise, the fruit of which he reaped in after life.

While on his voyage to India his thoughtful mind received a great enlargement. He has preserved the following account of it in his narrative :—"A far more important event, as regarded the interests of the writer, ought to have been recorded whilst narrating the events of 1823 ; for it was while he was sailing across the wide Atlantic towards Bengal, that the Spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love, which, though for yet some time resisted, were received, and at length prevailed. There was wrought that great change in his soul which has been productive of unspeakable happiness to him in time, and he trusts has secured him happiness through eternity." The *General Kyd* in which he was embarked, conveyed to India Major Sale, destined thereafter to defend Jellalabad ; but she also carried out a humble, unpretending man,—James Gardner, then a lieutenant in the 13th, now a retired captain, engaged in home missionary objects and other works of Christian benevolence at Bath. This excellent person was most influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal, by his works of Christianity, in earnest.

The leisure of the long voyage afforded him opportunity for serious thought, study of the Scriptures, and Christian conversation with the friend to whom he was so much indebted ; so that when he landed in India he was a confirmed Christian. He sought the acquaintance of the godly in Calcutta, and became attached to missionaries of Christ, features which marked all his subse-

quent career. He also now began Christian usefulness among the men—a work that resulted in saving good to many souls. Long connected with one regiment, he never ceased to meet with as many of them as chose to associate with him for Scripture reading, praise, and prayer. A very interesting account of his meeting with them in peculiar circumstances is told by the Rev. W. Brock. During the Burmese war, in 1824, they were at Rangoon. In a chamber of one of the great pagodas, with idols surrounding them, Havelock was accustomed, with permission of Sir Archibald Campbell, to assemble his men for worship. Thus influenced, his soldiers were always ready for action. In this war, on an emergency, a regiment was called out to take a post of danger; the answer was, they were *drunk*. “Call out Havelock’s saints,” said the general; “he is always ready, and his men are never drunk!” It was at this time that Dr. Judson was imprisoned by the King of Burmah, and underwent the many cruelties which were practised upon him, and which have been told with such pathos in his life. His wife, though not in prison, waited upon him with a devotedness almost unparalleled in the history of heroic women. After his release, Dr. Judson, along with his wife, found a temporary asylum and much kindness in the British camp.

Havelock published the “Memoirs of the Campaign in Ava” in the year 1828. In 1829, he married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, one of the most learned of missionaries, and one who did so much to give celebrity to the institution at Serampore. In 1830, the religious views of the soldier underwent some change, by his adoption of principles which led to his

being baptized at Serampore by the Rev. John Mack. These convictions did not originate from his relationship to Dr. Marshman, he had entertained them on his voyage in the *General Kyd*. But attachment to the peculiarities which mark one section of the Church, did not make him less a member of the universal brotherhood of believers. He could say after nearly twenty years' experience that, "whilst he should part with his Baptist principles only with his life, he declared his willingness cordially to fraternize with every Christian who held by the Head, and was serving the Redeemer in sincerity and truth. And here he would protest against it being alleged, as adversaries would insinuate, that where men of various denominations met, as this evening, in a feeling of brotherhood, they could only do this, by paring down to the smallest portion the mass of his religion ; on the contrary, he conceived that all brought with them their faith in all its strength and vitality. They left, indeed, he thought, at the door of the place of assembly, the husks and shell of their creed, but brought into the midst of their brethren the precious kernel. They laid aside for a moment, at the threshold, the canons, and articles, and formularies of their section of Christianity ; but carried along with them, up the table at which he was speaking, the very essence and quintessence of their religion."

This is what all Christians who love the Lord Jesus truly feel, though some find it difficult to act it out. The union with persons of other communions does not make us less faithful to our professions, but more faithful to our Master. As Brutus apologized for his conduct in the death of Cæsar, "Not that he loved Cæsar less, but that he loved Rome more," the true Christian may say when

he is accused of putting aside his denomination, "Not that he loves his Church less, but that he loves Christ more."

Having passed several examinations in the native languages, Havelock was appointed in the year 1834, acting interpreter to the 16th foot, then stationed at Cawnpore. Lord William Bentinck appointed him to the adjufancy of his regiment in 1835. Some complained of this ; but the Governor-General found out, on inquiry, that his men were the best behaved in the regiment. "He is a Baptist," said the detractor. "I only wish the whole regiment were Baptists too," replied his lordship.

In 1836, his family were residing at Landour, in the Himalayas, when an accident occurred which seriously imperiled their lives. The bungalow took fire, and was speedily reduced to ashes. Two servants were burnt to death. Mrs. Havelock, who had been recently confined, was very seriously injured, and her little daughter, so lately born into the world, was so much burnt, that she died in a few days. It took years before Mrs. Havelock recovered the injuries she received in rescuing her boys. The adjutant received the intelligence of this calamity when at table with his brother-officers, and was overpowered by the tidings. He got most generous proof of sympathy from his men, who "came in a body to their adjutant, begging him to allow each man to devote one month's pay, to help him to sustain the loss of property." He did not accept their generosity, but esteemed the offer as indicative of their regard. He lost no time in reaching his wife, to unite his sorrow and thanksgiving with her, and to watch the course of his partner's injuries, which for several weeks left her life in danger.

Notwithstanding his merit, he served twenty-three years before he got his company; but in 1838, he was promoted to a captaincy. Shortly afterwards he joined the Affghan campaign, on the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton. He was at the storming of Ghuznee, where he acted with his wonted bravery. He published a memoir of this campaign in 1840, when he returned to India. He obtained leave of absence for the purpose of furthering this.

Havelock set his face against intemperance, which is the curse of the British army. He found that alcoholic drinks were specially dangerous in India, and it was his earnest effort to keep his men from using them. In 1837, he made a successful attempt to promote temperate habits among soldiers of his regiment. And in his "Narrative of the War with Affghanistan," he informs us, that owing to no spirits being served out to the troops in the storming of Ghuznee, there was no cruelty offered to surrendering Affghans, and no insults to the women. He thus wrote:—"No candid man of any military experience will deny that the character of this scene in the citadel and the fortress would have been far different if individual soldiers had entered the town primed with arrack, or if spirituous liquors had been discovered in the Affghan depôts." He adds: "Since, then, it has been proved that the troops can make forced marches of forty miles, and storm a fortress in twenty-five minutes, without the aid of rum, behaving after success with a forbearance and humanity unparalleled in history, let it not henceforth be argued that distilled spirits are an indispensable portion of a soldier's ration." This is valuable testimony, and such is needed. We trust that soon the

rations of spirits may cease in the army, and that grog-shops, which tempt the soldier, may be prohibited by law. The Crimean experience of open and prohibited traffic is sufficient to guide future action. As an abstainer, Have-lock gave efficacy to his counsels of temperance ; and herein is an example which expediency, if not principle, ought to induce us all to imitate, for the sake of the tempted on every side.

In 1841, he was removed to the staff of General Elphinstone, as Persian interpreter, for some time ; but was afterwards sent to join Sir Robert Sale, and was present at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass, Tezeen, and Jellalabad. He suggested to General Sale the propriety of having a religious service, thanking God for the victory, and he conducted it. During this campaign, he “invariably secured two hours in the morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six, he rose at four ; if at four, he rose at two.” “Is it any wonder,” asks the correspondent of the *Daily News*, in recording this, “is it any wonder that he was raised up as a deliverer to our people, almost like one of the judges of Israel ?” Here was the secret of his strength. He knew the power of prayer, and secured its blessing.

For his services he was promoted to a brevet majority, and made a C.B. In 1842 he was major and Persian interpreter to Sir Hugh Gough, commander-in-chief, under whom he served at the battle of Maharajpore. In 1844, he became lieutenant-colonel by brevet. In 1845, we find him in the Sikh war, and at the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon. At the first he had two horses shot under him, and one at the last engagement. When the campaign was over, he received an appointment as

deputy adjutant-general of the Queen's troops in Bombay. There he joined the people of God, and assisted missionary labours. He was never ashamed of his profession, or unwilling to labour for Christ. As catholic as he was evangelical, he could enjoy the fellowship of all Christians, and it was his delight to have it. He partook of the Lord's Supper on this occasion with the Presbyterians of the Free Church of Scotland, "with much pleasure," as he states, "and he would humbly hope not without profit."

Colonel Havelock proceeded to take part in the second Sikh war, where his elder brother fell, but the order was countermanded. He had now been *twenty-five* years in India, and the state of his health made it necessary that he should rest and recruit himself in his native land for a season. He therefore spent two years in Europe. He resided for some time at Plymouth, and afterwards at Ems, in Germany. At the former place he soon found opportunities of doing good. He was able to pour consolation into the soul of the sorrowful, as well as to command troops at a battle. An Irish girl said with tears, "Oh, Misther, dear, you're not fit for a soldier. It's too tinder hearted you are. Sure you was born a praist, and a praist it is you ought to be."

In 1851, he left his family at Bonn, in Germany, and returned to India as brevet colonel, and was soon after made quartermaster-general, and then adjutant-general of the Queen's troops in India.

His letters to his family were frequent, and full of affection. After arriving at Bombay in 1851, he addressed the following to his son George :—

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—This is your birth-day, and here I sit in sight of the house in which you were born, five years ago, to write

you a letter. My office is gone down to Poonah, and I have nothing to do but to think of you; but your brother J. is very busy in the next room reading Mahratta with his pundit. . . . Now, though a little boy, you ought to have wisdom enough, when you get these lines, to call to mind how very good God was to you on this day in preserving the life of your dear mamma, who was so sick that no one thought she could recover. At that time, too, I was in very poor health, but am now so much better by God's mercy that I have not had any suffering to complain of since I returned to India; indeed, since I saw you last, when I got on board of my steamer at Bonn to go up to Mainz on my way to India. They tell me that now-a-days it is the fashion for little boys like you to do no work until they are seven years old. So, if you are spared, you have two more years of holiday, but then you must begin to labour in earnest. And I will tell you what you will have to learn: the first thing is to love God, and to understand his law, and obey it; and to believe in and love Jesus Christ, since he was sent into the world to do good to all people who will believe in Him. Then, as it is likely you will be brought up to be a soldier in India, you will have to be taught to ride very well, and a little Latin, and a great deal of mathematics, which are not very easy, and arithmetic, and English history, and French, and German, and Hindustanee, and drawing, and fortification. Now, you will say this is a great deal—quite a burden, and a cart-load of learning. But if you are from the first very industrious, and never let any day but the Sabbath pass over without four hours' diligent study at least, you will soon find that the mountain of learning before you is cut down into a very little hill indeed.

“Now, you must ask your mamma to read this letter to you, and explain to you all the words you do not understand; and you must keep it and read it over every birth-day until you are twenty-one years old; and year after year you will be astonished at the little which you knew when you first received the letter, and how clearly you can comprehend that which then appeared so difficult and strange to you. Moreover, you must on this day always read (that is, as soon as you have learned to read) the forty-sixth Psalm and the third chapter of the First Epistle of John; and though at first, perhaps for some years, you may not comprehend much of them, yet at the last their meaning will be plain to you, and by the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, you will learn much good from them. Love always your affectionate papa,

“HENRY HAVELOCK.”



The following was addressed to his little girl :—

“ MY DEAR LITTLE N——,—I am almost an idle man to-day, so you shall at length have the benefit of my empty-handedness. I have been much pleased with all that you have written me since my return to India, and still more with the intelligence that your mamma has conveyed to me of your progress in your studies, and most of all, with the account I have had of your attention to the lessons in Divine wisdom given you by Mr G.\* You can never be sufficiently thankful for all the pains that good man has bestowed on you, nor half grateful enough to Almighty God for having put it into his heart thus to labour for the good of your soul and the souls of others, and for having brought him to Bonn as the scene of his Christian exertions. I pray daily that you may profit in heavenly things, and learn to regard Jesus Christ as personally your friend and benefactor; to come to him for all that you need; to feel assured that all your sins are laid on him; and that he will willingly and abundantly bestow on you, if you ask it diligently and in faith, the Holy Spirit, which he is commissioned to obtain for single human creatures. . . . This place is charming, but how much more lovely must Germany now be, with its budding spring blossoms, its orchards, its lilacs, laburnums, and chestnut trees! Be thankful for all its beauties, which no one would more delight to share than

“ Your affectionate papa, .

“ H. H.”

Many letters continued to pass and repass, and at length it was arranged that Mrs. Havelock and one or two of her children should rejoin the general at Bombay in the year 1857. They were all looking forward to this meeting with pleasure, but in the providence of God they never met again.

In the commencement of 1857 war broke out with Persia, and he was offered the command of a division under Sir James Outram. He accepted the appointment,

\* The Rev. Dr. Graham, Presbyterian clergyman there, who, besides conducting divine service for the English residents, was labouring devotedly as a missionary among the Jews. The family attended his ministry while they resided at Bonn

and immediately prepared for the voyage. The offer came by telegraph, and the answer of acceptance travelled immediately back along the wires. He had the happiness to have the company of his son Henry, who held an appointment in this expedition. From Bushire he wrote—"H. and I are, thank God, well. Our operations will soon extend to Mohammerah, a place below the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates. An expedition against this point will sail in a few days, but steamers will carry letters from it to the presidency. Pray that I may faithfully discharge to the end every duty. I have got troops and cannon under my command, but my heart is in the Lord Jesus, my tried and merciful friend, to him all power is entrusted in heaven and on earth. Him daily seek for me, as I seek him without the shadow of doubting." The reader will be struck with this unwavering faith, but it is encouraged in the Word of God, and is the guaranteed way to obtain promised blessings. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering" (James i. 5, 6). This faith in the word of the living God gives power to prayer, and enables the believer to possess his soul in patience. Such was Havelock!

During this period he exhibited remarkable courage. "An instance," says the Rev. W. Brock, "of the personal bravery for which Havelock was famous occurred during this Persian expedition. As the steamer which conveyed his men was mooring upwards, he saw that they must be exposed to a heavy cannonade when they passed a fort that was bristling with cannon. He ordered his men

to lie down flat on the deck, and then took his own station on the paddle-box that he might act on the emergency required. The danger to himself was imminent, for there came all around him a perfect shower of balls, but he escaped unhurt. He was not touched."

The war was brought to a close in March by the signing of a treaty. General Havelock returned to Bombay in May. There was new work for him in India. The insurrection had just broken out. Europeans were being butchered, and the native soldiery rising up in arms against the rulers in the Bengal presidency. Delhi, with its vast treasure, ammunition, and historic *prestige*, had fallen into the hands of the mutineers. The deeds of darkness done there have been made known to all our readers. General Havelock lost no time in going to the assistance of the endangered. He took a passage in the *Erin* for Galle, where he hoped to get the steamer for Calcutta. A storm came on at the close of the fourth day, which soon ended disastrously. Next day the ship struck, and she became a total wreck. The Lascar crew were so afraid that they were helpless. Havelock sought to reassure them. "Now, my men," said he, "if you will but obey orders, and keep from the spirit cask, we shall all be saved." His word availed, and the men were calmer. By his firmness and presence of mind all on board were saved. "When all were gone ashore," said the Rev. W. Brock in his funeral sermon for the gallant hero, "what should be heard but an earnest call upon them as they stood there but barely escaped to land—an earnest call upon them to render all together their hearty thanks to God for their escape. Whose earnest call was that?

Havelock's! Who would lead their exercise of thanksgiving? He would, and he did."

He secured a passage in the *Fire Queen* for Calcutta. After reaching the capital he was sent with the movable column to Allahabad. Who has not heard of that memorable march to Cawnpore, and of the brilliant successes of Havelock's little army? On the 12th, 15th, 16th, and 29th July, he engaged the enemy and beat them back. On the 16th he captured Cawnpore. His victories were achieved against fearful odds. He had only a small band, composed of one thousand British troops and three hundred Sikhs, all of whom had been harassed by marches under a broiling sun, and by fighting as they advanced. His British forces were made up of rare men, as the event proved. He had a detachment of the 78th Highlanders—men of undaunted courage—he had also detachments of the 64th and 84th, who did their part nobly. Their commander said to them after the capture of Cawnpore:—

"Soldiers! Your general is satisfied, and more than satisfied with you. He has never seen steadier or more celebrated troops, but your labours are only beginning. Between the 7th and the 16th, you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched 126 miles, and fought four actions, but your comrades in Lucknow are in peril. Agra is besieged; Delhi still the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices if you would obtain great results. Three cities have to be saved; two strong places to be disblockaded. Your general is confident that he can effect all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you only second him with your efforts, and if your discipline is equal to your valour."

Terrible had been the deeds of Nana Sahib in Cawnpore. The little garrison of two hundred and fifty men, which wrought prodigies of valour against vast numbers, at length agreed to surrender on condition of being sent to Allahabad in boats. But when they were in the boats, along with the women and children, cannon were immediately opened upon them. The most of the men were shot, the women and children were cruelly massacred. The most inhuman barbarities were perpetrated.

At Lucknow, the capital of Oude, matters were more alarming. Sir Henry Lawrence had only about five hundred European troops when the mutiny broke out. He was obliged to withdraw all women and children along with the soldiers into the residency, and to fortify it against the tens of thousands that were without thirsting for their blood. On the 2d of July Sir Henry was mortally wounded in his own chamber by the bursting of a shell. Without their leader the gallant little band were now shut up in the building. For nearly one hundred days had they to struggle against battle, disease, and death. Having heard of Havelock's successes, how they longed for his advance! Day after day passed, but no sign of the column of deliverance. They scarcely knew the thousands of armed sepoy that lay between them and the select band. Thinned by frequent fighting, Havelock's company had to put back to Cawnpore for reinforcements. Recruited by a few troops, "the march of fire" began anew. Every inch of the way was won by severe conflict, especially when they came to the city itself. On the 25th Havelock reached the residency, after a struggle almost unmatched in warfare, just as the enemy was about to fire a mine which would have destroyed them

all. Their "reception was enthusiastic ; and old men, and women, and wan infants, poured down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers."

No sooner had he augmented the strength of the garrison with his band of conquerors than he was immediately surrounded by the enemy, but he continued to hold his position until the reinforcements under Sir Colin Campbell arrived on the 17th November 1857. When tidings of his brilliant exploits reached England, honours were rapidly showered upon the brave Havelock. He was made a general officer, a K.C.B., and promised an annual pension of £1000, with a baronetcy. But alas ! ere the patent had been made out, and on the day before the notice appeared in the *Gazette*, Sir Henry Havelock was dying of fatigue and dysentery at Lucknow. His son was with him in these last hours, and was privileged to hear his testimony to the grace of God. "Come, my son," said he, "and see how a Christian man can die." "*For more than forty years,*" he said to Sir James Outram, his brave companion in arms, "*I have so ruled my life that when death comes I might face it without fear.*" Thus prepared he fell asleep, and without receiving the dignities of earth, he was advanced to the higher honours and amaranthine laurels of the good soldier of Jesus Christ in the kingdom of glory.

When the news came that Havelock was no more, the whole nation mourned. It was at a time that he could least be spared. But his example remains.

"As a general," wrote the *Times'* correspondent in Calcutta, "he was the best tactician we have had in India, and as an officer, though stern and sometimes exacting, he was the idol of his men. He was, indeed,

perhaps, the bravest man in his own army, and was never so chatty or agreeable as under fire. Like most of our Indian statesmen and soldiers, the Lawrences, Edwardses, Nicholsons, Montgomerys, and many others, he was a Christian of the old stamp—a strong, God-fearing Puritan man, who thought often in Scriptural phrase, and deemed it no shame to teach his soldiers to pray.” He was emphatically what the late Lord Hardinge once said of him, “*Every inch a soldier, but every inch a Christian.*” His was a thorough Christianity, whose faith governed his life. He cared for no honours that he could not hold with a clear conscience, and did not fear to risk his commission in the discharge of Christian duty. He was ready to confess his faith at all times ; and when he took Cawnpore, he made the news of his victory a thanksgiving to God as these words trembled along the telegraphic wires—“*By the blessing of God I have taken Cawnpore.*”

Havelock was a liberal Christian, and regularly gave a *tenth* of his income to the Lord’s cause. His will was proven under £1500 ; but God returned the gifts laid upon his altar, in the ample provision of £1000 a year each, to Lady Havelock, and her brave son, the present Sir Henry, granted by the Parliament of his country in gratitude for his deeds.

What a noble specimen of a manly and devoted Christian is the hero we have just sketched ! He was a military man ; but he was none the less conscientious, none the less moral, none the less godly, none the less philanthropic because of this. The fact of his life disperses all the theories of those who, because of their antagonism to war in any circumstances, refuse to see goodness in

any person belonging to the army. Our Lord saw faith in the Roman officer, and expressed his view of it—"that he had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." The first convert to the Christian Church from among the Gentiles, was Cornelius the centurion—a man whose prayers and alms deeds and family piety had their record in heaven, even before he knew of Christ, or was baptized by the Holy Ghost. So we follow the highest examples when we recognise the faith of Havelock the soldier, and point out his bright illustration of Christian virtue to the admiration of all, whether in the army or in quieter life.

If we want to learn how to live, this sketch will reveal to us a man living by the faith of the Son of God. If we want to see religion and profession go always together, Havelock is a brilliant instance. The piety of his soul did not daunt his courage, but enabled him to commit his soul to God while he was in danger of men. If we would gaze on a Christian's death-bed, we have here better than that which the dying Addison referred to, when he invited the youth to draw near to his bed of death to see how a Christian could die. Havelock died in the faith which sustained his life, and left an immortal halo upon his memory and his name.

The following lines, amidst many other poetic effusions, were penned to his memory :—

"There gleams a coronet of light around our Hero's brow,  
But of far purer radiance than England can bestow;  
He takes his place among his peers. His peers! And who are  
they?  
Princes of Zion's celestial spheres, whom angel hosts obey.  
The heralds have made search; and found his lineage of the best.  
He stands amid the sons of God, a son of God confessed!  
He wears a glittering starry cross, called by a monarch's name,  
That monarch whose 'Well done' confers a more than mortal fame



Victorious first at Futteypore, victorious at Lucknow,  
The gallant chief of gallant men is more than conqueror now.  
For his whole life was one stern fight against so fierce a foe,  
That only super-human might avails to lay him low.  
And he possessed a talisman, through which he won the day ;  
A blood-red signature which kept the hosts of hell at bay.  
The banner under which he served can never know defeat,  
And so he laid his laurels down at his great Captain's feet.  
There rest thee, Christian warrior,—rest from the two-fold strife—  
The battle-field of India, and the battle-field of life !  
Rest in the presence of thy Lord, where trouble may not come,  
Nor thy repose be broken through by sound of hostile drum ;  
*There*, where no scorching sun beats down on th' unsheltered head ;  
Where no pale moon keeps mournful watch over the silent dead !  
And when in God's good time, this page of history shall be turned,  
And the bright stars be reckoned up which in its midnight burned,  
Then shall the name of Havelock, the saintly, sage, and bold,  
Shine forth engraven thereupon in characters of gold !” \*

\* This piece is taken from the Rev. W. Brock's Biographical Sketch, where it has been inserted.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN W. THORNTON BATE, THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

*“ They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters : these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”—Ps. cvii. 23, 24.*

“ Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
Seems at its outer rim to rise  
And climb the crystal walls of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
And sinking into the depths of ocean.  
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear.”—LONGFELLOW.



THE living epistle of Christ is not a stereotype, cast only in one form, and fixed only in one sphere. He can be as varied as there are types of men and spheres of labour. Recent years have

brought to light most distinguished Christian witnesses in circles usually considered dark—in the ranks of warfare—in our army and navy. In the former service, Vicars, and Hammond, and Havelock were epistles of Christ, known and read of all. In the latter, Allen Gardiner and Sir Edward Parry were as marked in their Christian character; and to these was lately added, by the memoir of a naval officer, another who, though long away from home, and separate from congenial society, was a living epistle—pre-eminently Christ-like. A sketch of his character and conduct may stimulate young men to serious inquiry and decision.

WILLIAM THORNTON BATE was born about the year 1820. His father was governor of the island of Ascension, and early designed his boy for the naval service. With this end in view, he was sent to the Royal Naval College, at Portsmouth, in his thirteenth year, where he made the usual progress, and was noted for his sportive and playful character. He entered the flag-ship of Admiral Warren, after two years' study, and sailed for the coast of Africa. He threw his whole soul into his work, and became an active officer.

He spent five years on that station, and amidst the grand and rolling breakers that stud the sea around the island of Ascension, his character was formed for danger and for bravery. He did not fear to breast the billows in their highest swell, or to risk his life to aid another. The last feature was very strikingly exemplified. "One day, the frigate was cruising in the Bight of Benin; and as she swept along at eight knots an hour, suddenly a shout was heard, 'a man overboard'! The place was known to be infested by sharks; and just before, some

had been seen prowling about the ship. A paleness gathered on some faces, as the man was seen struggling in the waves ; but one bold spirit did not shrink. A few moments, and Bate was in the waves at his side, seized the drowning man, and succeeded in keeping him above water, until the boat reached them, when both, nearly exhausted, were rescued." This was as generous as it was brave. Without waiting to ask others, or to argue about the safety of the venture, he sprung into the water, and was at the endangered mariner, ere other men had made up their minds whether to help, or suffer their comrade to sink.

The death of his father was made a means of his saving change. Having, while under the solemn feeling of his bereavement, been transferred to another ship, he found a companion who aided his spiritual birth to God. The two cadets met together to speak of Christ. This influence never lost its effect. He then decided to accept the Saviour, and ever after followed the Lord fully.

After passing for his lieutenancy, he was ordered out to China, where the first war was then raging. "On the voyage out," says his biographer, "he had the fellowship of a young officer, who united with him in daily reading and prayer." When he reached the Chinese sea, he was made mate in the *Blenheim*. One of the officers of this vessel records the circumstance in his journal thus :—"1841, March 19.—William Thornton Bate exchanged into our ship from the *Melville*, 74. We were rejoiced to find he was on the Lord's side ; and he soon made one in our midst." In this vessel there were a few Christian officers, who, every night, for eight months, assembled together to pray and study the Scriptures. They

were in the habit of fixing beforehand the subject of conversation ; and, having individually considered it, they brought their wisdom, ripened by the study of the lively oracles, to aid their common faith. In the ship this little company were called "the blue lights," but it did not disconcert them. They bore the cross, and in patience possessed their souls. "Outside their cabin-door was the ship's prison, where the oaths and ribaldry of the culprits in irons not seldom disturbed the holy converse within ; but only the more thankful did it make them for that grace which had made themselves to differ ; and often, too, did it teach them to lift their eyes upward with a fresh intenseness of longing, and sing,—

‘ World of spirits, bright and lovely,  
Where the wearied find their rest ;  
Where no sin, no danger enters,  
Where no cruel foes molest.’ ”

One of this praying company was a special trophy of grace. He had been a wild swearing fellow, who could scarcely speak without an oath. One morning, after he had uttered some most awful imprecations, a young officer spoke to him in a tone of tenderness, and said in the language of Scripture, "Swear not at all." It was a voice of God to the sinner's soul, and the lips that had loved to utter blasphemy, began to pray. Thus went on the work of God, in a sphere where usually sin and ungodliness abounded. Souls were born from above, and enabled to pursue their course of Christian consistency until they were suddenly summoned to the better land.

In the Chinese war of 1841, young Bate was noted for his bravery. He was not the less faithful to his calling that he was devoted to Christ. Danger seemed to have

attractions for the young hero. On one occasion he scaled a wall alone, and, by his sudden appearance, sent trepidation into the Chinese, so that, unmolested, he went round and opened the gates to the British troops! This act of heroism had very nearly cost him his life. As he was about to stand on the captured encampment, a ball struck him below the chin. "Immediately his whole chest was covered with blood, and it was thought the wound was mortal. But the gallant fellow pushed on pistol in hand; and the next moment his pistol was struck by another ball, which cut it in two." His wound was found, on examination, to be merely in the flesh, and it soon healed. But though preserved on this occasion, he fell very near the same spot sixteen years afterwards. He had work meanwhile to do for God and man.

This was not the only occasion on which he precipitated himself upon an opportunity to seize a fort, and he was generally successful. Once he did so alone, and the Chinese, thinking he was the leader of a party, hastily abandoned their position, and left him, to the astonishment of his comrades in the ships, master of the situation.

Proposals for peace were made shortly after this by the Chinese emperor. Bate was in temporary command when the emissary arrived with the overture for peace. He was also honoured to command when the first instalment of the ransom was conveyed to the fleet.

When peace was established with China, Bate did not receive his appropriate reward; but he was appointed, at his own request, to assist Captain Collinson in surveying the Chinese waters. His superior officer bore the highest testimony to the value of his services, but promo

tion did not soon come. In 1846, his vessel was ordered home, where he availed himself of this opportunity to pursue his studies at the Naval College at Portsmouth, for two years. There are some who, when they do not meet with the encouragement or reward which they are entitled to expect, lose heart, or abandon their profession. But it was otherwise with Thornton Bate. He pursued his studies all the more intensely that he seemed to be neglected, and resolved to push his way into notice and usefulness. He addicted himself to his studies with all the zeal of a youth who had not tasted public life. The integral and differential calculus, astronomy, optics, and navigation, were pursued with great assiduity. He was no superficial scholar in mathematics; but having examined fully the reasons for all his problems, stood upon the firm ground of accurate knowledge. "It was his aim to master thoroughly whatever he took in hand."

When at length he was made commander, in 1849, he was commissioned to resume the survey in the Chinese Archipelago. He got but a sorry vessel; but he entered upon his duties with great zeal. During the five years of his work he performed a survey attended with many difficulties, in a manner which has made him the benefactor of many a navigator in those seas, which were very difficult to traverse, on account of want of accurate charts. Commerce has been turning attention to these islands, and it was of the greatest consequence that a person of skill and fidelity should undertake the survey. This was the work of Captain Bate, and he did it well.

His attention to the spiritual interests of his men was worthy of the devotion of his own soul to the Lord. He not only read the service on the Sabbath, but he preached

to the sailors, and eagerly sought their salvation. How important was it to these rough men to have a God-fearing commander, whose influence would "allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way." Among the natives of these islands he always conducted himself in such a way as to secure a welcome on his return, and also to leave a good impression of his desire to benefit them. How much is effected by the impressions of a casual visit,—a conversation, a business transaction! Some men can act so Christianly in all of these, as to convey to others, without any formal speech, the conviction that they serve the Lord. Such a man was Captain Bate, and such might we all be if we were alive to our high privileges, and faithful to Jesus.

The same generosity which led him to spring into the water that he might save the man overboard among the sharks in the Bight of Benin, led him to perform an act of devotion which as seriously risked his life. While his vessel lay off Hong-Kong in the spring of 1852, small-pox seized one of his men—the clerk. Captain Bate removed him to his own cabin; but as he was recovering, the captain himself was seized. He at once desired to be removed ashore to the hospital. While he was taken away by the boat, his men were in tears. They esteemed the sacrifice, and now feared that it had been paid too dearly. However, he recovered, and during his convalescence had the comfort of spiritual quickening to sustain his soul. "I feel," he said, in writing to a young friend in England, "I feel my sickness has been a great blessing to me, and I would not have been without it for worlds. I trust it has made me a better man, and led me to consider more seriously how little we are profited



if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls; for what is there in the *world* which we would barter our souls for? Let me entreat you to remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and not to put it off, as many do, till a more convenient season. God is better pleased when *young people* dedicate themselves to him, than he is when they only give the mutilated fragments of old age to him. God bless you."

One of his comforts in affliction was a letter from his valued Christian friend, the late Sir Edward Parry, in which were these words: "Although the current of life, and its necessary business, go so fast as to allow us little time for correspondence, we (at Haslar) beg you to believe that we ever and very often think of you with sentiments of affectionate esteem. As time goes on, and eternity is nearer at hand, we cling more closely to the 'little flock,' the 'household of faith,' the faithful followers of a crucified and risen Redeemer. May the Lord be ever with you to bless and keep you!" The letter contained an enclosure about a "Proposed Union for Prayer for the promotion of Religion in Her Majesty's Navy." This was a matter on which the heart of Sir Edward Parry was set, and he corresponded with many officers in the service for its adoption. This plan suggested, "That every Sunday morning betwixt seven and eleven the spiritual wants of the navy should be brought before the throne of grace, that all orders of men in the naval service, from the highest to the lowest, might be led to a serious concern for their souls, and for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men; and in particular that officers might entertain a just sense of their high responsibility as regards the spiritual as well as temporal interests of those

over whom they are placed, exercising a spirit of wisdom, justice, love, and a sound mind."

This was a noble scheme of usefulness. When officers are interested in the salvation of their men, pray to God on their behalf, and take opportunity to speak to them on the importance of turning from sin to the Saviour, there cannot fail to be an improvement in the ranks, and many may be savingly won to the Lord Jesus. Captain Bate entered most heartily into the proposal, acted upon it privately and publicly. The motto which he chose for his conduct, and which he placed upon the fly-leaf of his journals was this:—

"And is this all? Can reason do no more,  
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?  
Sweet moralist! Afloat on life's rough sea,  
The Christian has an art unknown to thee:  
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;  
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,  
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

Frequently exposed to danger, he knew where to look for aid. He had his soul resting on Christ, and did not fear. In such times, he could say to his comrades, "Always live, so that when death approaches, you can look him in the face; then there is nothing to fear." One of the perils to which his company was exposed was the following:—An officer and four men went ashore on an island in the Eastern Archipelago, to make observations. They ascended a hill where long grass abounded, and as they pursued their way, "found themselves suddenly pursued by a conflagration which had been kindled by the lighting of a pipe. So rapidly did the flames spread, that the party, as a last resource, struck over the land to the

left, threw themselves down a deep gorge, thickly clothed with jungle, and were carried to the base of the hill. One poor fellow was overtaken by the fire, and after running through it till nature was exhausted, fell and rolled over the burning embers down the steep incline." Thus comes the doom of woe upon the unprepared. Sin is hastening the judgment. Let not the sinner delay while Christ is waiting to save from the wrath to come.

"Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee,  
And wrath is preparing, flee, lingerer, flee."

During these years, Captain Bate carried on his surveying operations with great assiduity, and often under many difficulties. The heat was most intense, and the vessel was leaky, which exposed him to damp. It was a relief, therefore, when a despatch was received from the Admiral in July 1853, ordering him to suspend his survey, and to sell the vessel. But on arriving at Hong-Kong the little craft was pronounced fit for the voyage to England, after receiving some repairs. During the passage, he prepared the observations and charts for the Admiralty.

In May 1854, he anchored at Spithead, having been five years away from home. Though he had surveyed an island of three hundred miles in length, with all its harbours and circumjacent waters, he received no promotion. He felt this bitterly, as he had done much, and had received recommendations from his admirals. In 1856, he was allowed to exchange from the surveying department into the general service, and received an appointment to the *Bittern*, a vessel of only sixteen guns, then in China. He lost no time in starting, and journeyed overland to

India,—arriving at Hong-Kong in the end of March. When he took his command he at once established a religious service. But his own growth in grace was not now satisfied with the Sabbath only, he commenced daily prayer. The men were at first astonished, but as they marked his holy walk and strict attention to duty, they were thankful. They felt that they had not a man with whom they could trifle. He inflicted punishment whenever it was necessary, though his own soul bled as he administered the “cat” to any transgressor. It grieved him especially that, when any of his men got liberty, they returned intoxicated. What an awful evil is drunkenness ! And how full of evil is the drink, since so many cannot be trusted with the smallest quantity. Once tasted, it is their master, and they are degraded into worse than beasts. It were indeed a blessing, were the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as beverages, abolished.

Though Commander Bate’s discipline was strict, and his piety marked, his men were remarkably attached to him. They confided in him. He dealt kindly with them, and made his correction salutary. This is the most likely way for a master to recommend his Christianity, and to win his servants to the gospel. It is the more excellent way of beneficence. It is the way of charity. “One could see in a moment,” said one of the colonial chaplains, “the remarkable attachment of his officers and ship’s company to him. He had in a strong degree the power of attaching to him all who were under his command, and of inspiring them with confidence in him. I remember accompanying him in a visit to the hospital ships ; and in going amongst the sick, he recognised one or two of his former ship’s company, who had been with

him by the *Royalist*. I was struck by the way in which they mutually greeted each other as old friends, the eyes of the poor invalids brightening up as they listened to his words of kindness and consolation."

In company, Bate was decided. He sought that society which recognised Christ, and he was able often to testify for the Lord, without alienating a friend. Missionaries and colonial chaplains were always taken into his fellowship. Wherever he cast anchor he sought the resident missionary, and found sweet refreshing to his soul in his Christian society, while he cheered the heart of the faithful labourer for Christ. It was the deep regret of his soul to observe Englishmen so careless when abroad, and English ministers of Christ so neglected. On one occasion he wrote:—"Moored off Canton, August 14.—Performed divine service on board, and then attended church on shore. Mr. Gray is an extempore preacher,—very fluent and energetic,—doctrine sound,—full of Christ. In the afternoon the congregation was very small. Five persons were present at the evening sermon, which commenced at five to-day. This is very discouraging to Mr. Gray, who, I believe, does all in his power to bring them under the secret influences of the gospel. *I fear that money, wine, and women, are the besetting sins* of the majority of the foreign community at Canton. In fact, I have been *told* they are. The number of prostitutes that hang on outside the boat-house, is an evidence of it, if anything else were wanted to convince one. Alas! who hath made us to differ?"

In 1856, hostilities broke out at Canton, in reference to the Chinese lorcha, the *Arrow*, which was made such a subject of controversy at home. Captain Bate had a

part to bear in the negotiations, and in the assault on Canton which followed. In the warfare, which resulted in the capture of the city, and taking Commissioner Yeh prisoner, he conducted a principal part, and was exposed to much hardship. "For *four months*," he wrote, "I have not taken off my clothes to turn into bed." But though busy and always watching, he did not neglect his spiritual exercises. They formed part of his life, and were as essential as his meals. He instituted daily prayer in the fort, and conducted worship. He was thus made a means of blessing, and he knew of souls who had reason to give God thanks for his servant's faithful witness-bearing.

In 1857, his captain's commission came, and he received with it the hearty congratulations of all his brother-officers, and of civilians in China.

The Indian mutiny caused a lull in Chinese activities for six months; and when they were resumed, Captain Bate was among the first to fall. But when the sudden deathblow came, as he led the brave band who volunteered to scale the rampart, it found him ready. On the Sabbath before, he had remarked, as he walked with a friend, who had been with him remembering the dying love of Jesus, "I *know* that I am safe in the arms of my Saviour, in life or in death." His last address to his ship's company was from the words, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Before landing for the last time, he read, with one of his men, the 91st Psalm for their comfort. That night, he read and prayed along with his coxswain; the next morning he did the same. Thus from fellowship with God, Captain Bate went forth to the conflict which was to usher

him into his heavenly triumph. As he was taking the distance from the ground to the top of the wall with his sextant, a shot from a gingall struck him in the breast, and he never spoke again; but he had taken the distance of the eternal heights, and by faith in the Redeemer, reached the tower of victory,—safe for ever! It was on 29th Dec., 1857, and he was only thirty-six years of age.

“No evil shall befall thee.

Blest parting words!

I hear the echo of their music now:

Still he lives; for near Christ's burning throne

His spirit dwells, and tastes eternal joy:

Undaunted soldier—martyr!”

“When he fell at Canton,” says his biographer, “there was found in his pocket, all stained with blood, a little book of ‘Scripture Promises,’ with these two texts hastily marked, evidently that very morning—‘We know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;’ and, ‘*Through God* we shall do valiantly.’ That field of promise—

‘How it flings abroad

Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!

The soul reposing on assured relief,

Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,

Forgets her labours as she toils along,

Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song!”

The sudden death of an officer so respected and beloved drew forth much lamentation. “Men spoke of him,” writes one of his lieutenants, “with faltering tongues and swimming eyes. The loss was *felt*—felt by all, by men and officers, by the highest and the lowest.”

One of his midshipmen gave a similar testimony: "You people at home," he writes, "cannot imagine, not even his sisters, how universally dear Captain Bate was loved and respected, from the admiral down to the youngest boy in the fleet. This is without exaggeration; for I really never knew a man who enjoyed a more well-deserved affection and popularity. His officers and men have lost a kind friend and a patient adviser, who never tired of doing good, who entered into all their pleasures, and assisted them to the utmost of his power in all their difficulties. He was firmness itself, but so kind withal, that his most severe reproof was better received, and better attended to, than most men's praises.

'All felt his loss, his virtues we'd tried;  
And knew not how we loved him till he died.'

Wrapt in the bloody dress in which he fell, he was buried in the grave-yard of the "Happy Valley," Hong-Kong, near the veteran Dr. Gutzlaff, a spot selected by his friend, the Bishop of Victoria, who read the service over his remains. "The scene," says one who beheld it, "was painful and mournful to a degree; and the not unmanly tear of sorrow fell unrestrainable from the eye of not a few of whom it might be said, 'Behold, how they loved him!' The governor, and his many friends, followed the chief mourners in the solemn procession; whilst the road was lined with other civilians, who stood with uncovered heads while passed the mortal remains of that heroic man whom all Hong-Kong mourns.

The Bishop referred to his death on the succeeding Sunday, in his sermon, in these words: "The loss which we have sustained, is the loss of no common man.



Private intercourse of the most confidential kind, during an intimate acquaintance of more than twelve years, revealed to me, in no common measure, the excellent qualities of the friend in whose death, not only the service, but the whole foreign community in China, have experienced a heavy calamity. It is a blessed solace, amid the more than ordinary mourning caused by this melancholy event, to be privileged to cherish no doubt as to that state of glorious immortality into which our departed friend has entered. He fell in the service of his Queen and his country. He has been taken earlier to his reward. He has received from the King of kings the highest promotion which a glorified spirit can receive. He is now singing the new song in the courts of paradise. He is now with that Saviour whom he long served on earth. He has departed, and is with Christ, which is far better."

This was high testimony, but it was spontaneous, and was drawn forth by the decided and consistent course of Captain Bate, who, while busy in the service to which he was devoted, served the Lord, and his own generation by the will of God. Thus he was prepared to die, and to enter into rest with Jesus for ever.

Reader, are you on the Lord's side in the warfare of Christ? Is it not time for you to decide? Captain Bate was in the height of strong life when the death-call came; but he had decided, and was in the service of Christ, and was ready. Delay not. The salvation of your soul is momentous, and the danger of perdition is imminent. "Behold now is the accepted time, and this is the day of salvation."

"Busy, O Death, thou art, thou and the brave  
Have formed a fast alliance. Forth from our midst,

Daily some victim goes to thy embrace ;  
While thou relentest not.

Yet one,—ah ! ONE  
Loved for his honour and his Christian heart,  
The hero, and the man—has gone to rest ;  
Passed through thy portals, Death, and smiled at thee,  
For he feared not thy terrors.  
Many a sailor on the pathless deep,  
Whene'er he nears the coast of treacherous shoals,  
Will bless the name and memory of him  
Whose toil and science chartered out their track.  
Not on the couch where lingering sickness lies,  
Not by decay of old and honoured age,  
He passed to glory ;—but, in the duty-hour  
Where England's chieftains are at all times found—  
Beneath the battlement—before the foe—  
There sighed he out a brave and glorious life !”\*

\* Written to his memory, and dedicated to the “board-room officers of H.M.S. *Actæon*.”


## CHAPTER IX.

JAMES STIRLING, THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

*“Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?”—ZECH. iii. 2.*

“Oh madness, to think the use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the limpid brook.”

MILTON.

HE Temperance Reformation in this country had its origin among working men. Drunkenness had in their ranks its most numerous victims, and was continually advancing in its career of destruction. It therefore occurred to seven men of Preston, whose names will be ever memorable, to form a Total Abstinence Society—the members of which were to give up the entire use of alcoholic liquors. These men were—Messrs King, Livesey, Gratrix, Dickenson, Broadbelt, Smith, and Anderton,—names worthy of lasting memory and honour. As the cause sprung from the ranks of labour, so did it derive its earliest advocates from the same class. Some of them were men of natural genius and eloquence ; several had been themselves rescued from the brink of ruin ; they were all enthusiastic in their philanthropic work, and they laboured with untiring zeal to spread their principles and to increase the

number of abstainers. Without patronage, and with small means, they prosecuted their mission at great self-sacrifice and with noble energy, until thousands took the pledge, and were rescued from intemperance and restored to sobriety, comfort, and usefulness. Their simple but powerful antidote to drunkenness was—abstain from drinking; and one of the most valuable auxiliaries to this resolution in the case of the individual, was the association of like-minded men. Hence personal pledge to abstain, and membership of a temperance society, formed the two practical aims of the advocate in his labour of love.

One of the ablest and most useful advocates of the abstinence movement in Scotland, was a man in humble life, whose biography we propose to lay before our readers. He was long a victim to intemperance, but when reformed, became an eminent and successful labourer in the reformation of others.

JAMES STIRLING was born in the parish of Strathblane, Dumbartonshire, on the 6th March 1774. On the same day, as it was a Sabbath, the new-born infant was hurried away to the parish church and baptized. It was deemed at that time to be singularly fortunate if birth and baptism could take place on the same day. The parents of Stirling were respectively ploughman and dairymaid on a farm in the parish. After his marriage the ploughman became a country jobber, and could put his hand to any kind of work. He laboured hard to give his children support and education. James was sent to the parish school, where he learned to read the Scriptures and to repeat the Catechism. He was not very fortunate in his teachers, and customs—now happily altered for the better—

then prevailed, which counteracted much good obtained in the school. On Shrove Tuesday cock-fighting was a lawful exercise, patronized by the master. "Every boy," says Stirling, "who could, was commanded to bring a fighting-cock to school, when all who did so drew tickets, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c., from the master, for which they paid 2d. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 were pitted together, however unequally matched. The cocks that would not fight were the master's portion, and also those who died in battle. He had a number of bottles of cold punch prepared for the occasion, so that there is no wonder some of us became dram-drinking and pugnacious chaps." Our readers will be startled at such proceedings prompted by a teacher of youth ; but this, varied in some of its details, was by no means uncommon. The writer of this can remember a parish school where on a certain day—New Year's day—each scholar was expected to make a present of a few shillings to the teacher, and when he in return treated them to fruit and whisky-toddy ! These days are gone, and the customs too ; but we may imagine the low tone of moral sentiment which permitted them.

Stirling was not long allowed to remain at school. He was only seven years old when he was sent to herd cattle at a public-house, where a few fields were also rented by the landlord. He there beheld sad scenes of drunkenness. The squire, the packman, and the butcher, were the noted tipplers of the place. "When these three," he said, "were seen by me going from the Kirk-house (the name of the tavern, as it was near the church), staggering, swearing, and tumbling all three over each other, it was at the time my fear that they were all going down to the 'ill place,' little thinking that I and my boon

companions would be exhibiting the same awful picture forty years afterwards." In his early days, however, young Stirling does not seem to have shared in the drinking carried on in the house. He remained there five years, after which he went to be a shepherd and drover of cattle on the neighbouring moors. It is interesting to know his mental occupation at that time. He has preserved a record of his reading which we give in his own words :—" While I was at my sheep and cattle herding, I always took such books as came in my way to the moors with me ; and read them there. Amongst them were the ' Pilgrim's Progress ;' Sir David Lindsay of the Mount's four books of ' Monarchy,' ' Experience and the Courtier,' ' Complaint of the Papingos,' and ' the Curate and Kitty,' all in rhyme ; ' The Scottish Worthies,' Flavel's ' Husbandry Spiritualized,' ' History of Britain,' by Stackhouse, ' Wallace' and ' Bruce,' ' Robinson Crusoe,' ' The Gentle Shepherd,' ' Robin Hood,' ' Æsop's Fables,' together with what history and geography fell into my hands, all of which were eagerly devoured. When reading ' Wallace,' and some passages in the ' Scottish Worthies,' my heart swelled to my throat. Then would I read aloud to give vent to my feelings, until the tears flowed in streams from my eyes. Sometimes I thought the sheep and the cows were listening, but, be that as it may, my honest collie (his dog) was no inattentive hearer. When he heard me become loud, and saw the tears falling, he howled most piteously along with me for a while, and if I did not stop soon after he began, he would bark and snap at my face till silence was restored ; then he would look ' blythe' and cheerful, and fawn on me and lick my ' hackit' feet—(that is, the open sores of his feet

caused by exposure to the weather). Thus, though among beasts all day, far away from the dwellings of men, and often cold, wet, and hungry, sources of purely natural enjoyment and improvement were not wanting. The volumes of revelation and nature, history and poetry, beguiled the tedious hours, sweetened the toils, and calmed the bitterness of mind arising from poverty and servitude; elevating me in my own estimation, to be one of nature's own nobility."

This extract will elevate the herd-boy in the reader's estimate also. He had only been two years at school, yet what efforts has he made at self-improvement. All that was pious in the Bible and books of devotion; all that was patriotic in lives of heroes of the land and martyrs of the Church; all that was poetic in some of the finest specimens of fancy and fiction; all that was instructive in history and geography, formed the study and the mind of the peasant boy. How few with such small schooling have ever in the course of a life-time perused so many books! How few hinds in England could record a similar range of reading! But Stirling was no ordinary person. A mind such as his, favoured with education and proper cultivation, and saved from the temptations and vice which afterwards befell him, might have taken a high position in learned professions, or among public benefactors. His religious feelings were at this period in lively exercise. Encouraged by the good example of two farm-servants who slept in the same out-house with himself, and who each retired to pray—one to the barn, and another to the byre (cow-house), the lad also went regularly to the side of an old wall to commit his soul to the holy keeping of his Father in

heaven. Had he but kept at this he might have stood against temptation.

Temptation came to him, as it does in one form or another to every young man. It came in the guise of good fellowship and social custom. On one occasion four tailors were working for several days at the farm, making the homespun cloth into apparel for the men. At the same time the clock-cleaner was there removing the dust from the old clock in the kitchen. When their labours were over, the ploughmen agreed to treat the tradesmen. Several bottles of whisky were sent for, and the "spree" began. The herd was invited to partake, and, for the first time in his life, he was drunk. It was a sad experience, and his record of it might be sufficient to warn young men from indulgence in the intoxicating cup. "Oh what a day," said he, "the next one was to me! Nothing I could either eat or drink had the right taste; my whole frame, from head to foot was out of order. Though I ate bitter herbs—such as junipers, nothing could put the abominable taste out of my mouth, nor the pain out of my stomach and loins—which made me resolve never again to taste." Had he kept that resolution, he would never have become a drunkard, he would never have known the depths of poverty, domestic misery, and personal degradation. Were the reader to make and keep such a resolution, he would be spared the agonies of an insatiable appetite, the vice of intemperance, the wretchedness of the drunkard's life, and the woe of his death.

Shortly after this, his clothes having, as he informs us, "literally rotted on his back," he was under the necessity of going home for a new suit. This was not easy to pro-



cure, as his father had been off work through illness. While he was waiting for them, an accident occurred to him which changed the current of his toil. He scalded his foot, and by the delay occasioned thereby, he lost his place as a herd. When he recovered he was sent to the town of Paisley, to become apprentice to a shoemaker. He commenced in 1788, and had to pass through an ordeal of temptation from which it is a wonder that any could escape. Certainly he did not, and none that peruses his own narrative of the life in the shoe-shop can be astonished at his fall :—

“Alas, what a change, when, in April 1788, I was set down in an old garret in Paisley among eight or ten shoemakers, some of them old soldiers and man-of-war’s men: some highland, some lowland, and some Englishmen! Oh, what a change of company, language, manners, and morals! It was like a new world. I found that I had been taken from among sober, well-bred beasts, and placed among drunken, savage men. Before a week passed it was decreed by the laws of the shop that my block should be paid on the Monday following. This was a sum of money which all new comers had to pay for the purpose of getting a “grand spree” at drinking. No matter how poor and forlorn the tramp or apprentice might be, no excuse would, could, or did avail. The master had to pay a shilling, the journeymen fourpence each at every block, and thus a sum was raised which procured a large supply when the real ‘Kilbagie’ was sold at little more than a penny per gill. Remembering what whisky had made me suffer before upon the moors of Balfron, when the tailors and the clock-cleaner and the ploughmen got drunk, I stood out against it; but

all the workmen in that dingy garret told me that I would never be a good workman or a man if I did not plump my 'caulker,' and drink with the rest of them. I might bundle up and go back to the mountains and the moors among the beasts, but I could never be a fit companion for men if I did not take off my glass. The change to me was so great, that I could not help shedding many salt tears, which I tried to hide, but could not. This only increased the rude merriment of my tormentors. 'Fine him a gill,' cried one, 'for showing the white feather.' 'Send him back to his mammy's apron-strings,' said another. 'He's a green-horn,' said a third, 'but we'll soon season him, and make him turn up his little finger with the best.' I will not repeat the many coarse jokes with which my refusal to pay my block was met. I was for a time shocked and bewildered, and I could not help thinking that the beasts I had left were far better company than such men. And then the garret was so low-roofed, so ill-ventilated, so badly lighted, and so filled with the fumes of tobacco and whisky, and all so different from the mountains and the moors, and the rural loveliness of my native strath, that I thought at first I could not live in such a place. Through taunting, bantering, and entreating, however, they did prevail upon me to go to a public-house with them, and drink. Next day I was so ill I told them that I thought I would die with the poison they had caused me to drink, at which they renewed their coarse banter, and said, 'You're but a Johnny-raw yet, but we'll make a man of you. You'll never grow better; you're sure to die if you don't take a "hair of the dog that bit you."' "

"I had paid my block, and all the men in the garret

had had a night's drinking; but it did not end here, for they had no inclination to begin work next day, and every device was tried how to get more drink. For myself, poor fellow! I saw that if I was to live at peace with them, I must, however reluctantly, comply with their ways. This was evil counsel, but so I counselled with myself. They were raging mad for more drink, and some said '*kick the cork*,' or as they sometimes used to vary the expression, '*bleed the master*.' But the 'cork' would neither 'kick' nor 'bleed.' Others said, try '*Painch Bell*' (a well-known character at that time in Paisley), to 'tick' you a bottle till Saturday, but Bell would not 'tick.' The last shift was all hands to work, searching their settles for 'cabbage,' or bits of leather, and when all had mustered what they could, every one made a calculation as to what it would bring. As I was the only apprentice in the shop, I was ordered forthwith to go to a person of the name of Goosey Maxwell. I was informed that he got this name on account of a waggish painter, who, one night, when returning home as usual in a state of elevation, painted a goose above Maxwell's door, accompanied with some words that afforded no small amusement to the people when passing next day before Maxwell got out of bed. Be this as it may, I was ordered off to Goosey Maxwell with the pieces of leather, and this was the first time that I heard the word 'cabbage' applied in this way. I refused at first, but it was of no use; I must go. It was my first lesson in the wicked chicanery of drunken shoemakers, and the first time I was compelled to be an accomplice in carrying it out. My conscience smote me, but the success of the experiment, and the applause I received, drowned the

voice to which I should have listened, and emboldened me, without any hesitation, to go often afterwards upon the same errand. The 'cabbage' sold that day brought one shilling and threepence. When the result was announced, plaudits of joy rang through the shop. 'Hurrah! he's a plucky little dog. Hurrah! This will get a bottle of the real 'stingo, and two pints of Ralston's caldron ale.'

"Great praise was bestowed on me in order to tempt me to go for the drink, which I was again compelled to do, though sore against my will. Having brought it, they used every entreaty to make me take a 'heaver,' as they called it, which was no sooner done than it made me vomit as I had never done before, to the great joy of all the men, who swore that it would heal me. 'You'll be the brave hero by-and-by,' which was too truly the case. I could not bear the taste of whisky then. Repeated entreaties and tasting, however, brought me on so far that I could very soon swallow it with little remorse. By the time I was a journeyman shoemaker, it might have been truly said that I was a journeyman drunkard. I became as reckless as any of them; and so much was I reconciled to their customs, that when out on the 'spree' with them, when any one got drunk (though only sixteen years of age then), I would take him in my arms and dance about with him in the form of bag-pipes, his legs over my shoulders for drones, one arm for the chanter, the other in my mouth as the '*blaw-stick*,' making a noise like a piper playing, whilst all who were able to dance would do so along with me. Though much younger than any of them, I was much stronger. They were all afraid to attack me single-handed. Such was

the effect of drinking upon them, that they all admitted I was the strongest in the shop, but that by-and-by I would have less strength to boast of."

Poor Stirling now went down the hill. It is true he struggled to keep up his reading habits, and even went for a time to an evening school to improve his education; but intemperate habits were now forced upon him. When his father died in 1792, he could hardly procure decent clothes in which to attend the funeral, and his two grown-up sisters, who were in service, were allowed to pay all the expenses of burying their father. As he stood by the grave he inwardly resolved to give up drinking, and he was enabled to keep his resolution for twelve months. His mother came to Paisley, and endeavoured to get her living by washing and dressing, while keeping a home for her son, where he made his shoes. Her health, however, failed, and she had to return to the country. Then her boy had to return to the garret where the shoemakers wrought, and he was soon seduced back to drinking by his intemperate shopmates. He struggled against it, and left the shop, and even went to another town; but the temptation was everywhere.

"I got work in a factory, but the old adage was but too true, 'Out of the frying-pan into the fire.' I went to Greenock in hopes of better company, but I had no sooner commenced work than my block was demanded, which, as a matter of course, I had to pay; for the tyranny of custom was such that there was no escaping of this. I paid my 'block,' and every one of the workmen added a small sum to this, but it became a large sum when the time lost was taken into account. We were busy drinking my 'block' when my old master from

Paisley came in. Seeing that I could expect no better companions or customs, I agreed to return."

He was enabled some time after this to try a shop for himself in Glasgow, but the price of the leather went into the "publican's till," and he was obliged to hide himself in the village of Milngavie, where he got work as a journeyman. The period was one of intense political excitement, and Stirling became a member of a club called "The Friends of the People;" but his radicalism, which well-nigh sent him to prison, did not contribute to his own reform. Another circumstance aided him considerably. At a tent preaching on a sacramental occasion, he met with Janet Buchanan. During the time of wooing, the shoemaker did well. He got married in the beginning of 1800, and in a neat house, tolerably well furnished, set up family worship and lived happily. But the old enemy again assailed and victimized him. At a singing-class conducted by a drunken master—the precentor in a church—Stirling was induced to drink. He acquired the art of singing so thoroughly as to be able to open a class after the precentor left. The fire-water was too frequently sought as the "soul of music," to use an expression often in the lips of the old teacher. All this time, however, he kept up his religious profession, and went to pray at the bedside of his dying mother. His business increased as his steadiness continued; but next door to his shop was a public-house, and it proved his snare. He thus describes it in his own homely but graphic eloquence:—

"As business increased, my visits to the public-house increased too, for it was then thought that no business could be transacted out of it. Wages had to be paid

there, accounts settled, and orders for more work taken in. One house next door to me reaped much more advantage from my business than did my own family. The landlord told me one day that he had sold sixteen half-mutchkins on my account. But, notwithstanding, I always tried to keep in working order, although this was more at times than I could possibly manage. When I left the landlord's house at night—for all my customers were his—he would clap me on the shoulder and whisper in my ear: 'Come slipping in in the morning and I'll give you a glass; you'll be the better o't.' This practice of morning drinking was not yet begun by me, bad as I was, but it was soon learned and not soon left off. The neighbouring farmers came into the village during winter to get their implements repaired, and half-a-dozen of them would meet in a public-house and send for their tradesmen—the souter,\* the miller, the smith, the joiner—and then they would all fall to drinking. Stoup† after stoup, and story after story would go round, till all who had entered the field of conflict had either fallen or fled. Being inflamed with drink, and unfit for work, I would help some drunk farmer home, and sometimes an elder of the kirk, and, having done so, would return and raise a new whisky brigade of my own, and carry on the war as long as a shot remained in the locker. Though I was the greatest coward that ever entered the devil's battlefield at the onset, by the time that the third discharge of the drunkard's blunderbuss was over, I was bold as a lion, wiser than Solomon, stronger than Samson, richer than Cræsus, and more eloquent than Demosthenes. But ah! things were sadly changed when next morning

\* The shoemaker.

† The measure of whisky.

dawned on my trembling frame—mute as a mummy, feeble as a child, stupid as a mule, my pockets empty as a cuckoo's nest in March, a coward in my own home and to my own conscience, afraid to look my wife or children in the face, so horror-smitten that when I commenced work among the men I would cry out, 'Oh, if hell be worse than this, what will an eternity of it be?' I would resolve and pray to be kept from the temptation, but whisky and the drinking customs and my own appetite were too strong for my resolutions or my prayers at that time. It seemed as if I was to be borne down on the dark tide into hell itself."

For twenty years Stirling pursued a course of inveterate drinking. Sometimes he remained sober for months, but again fell back. His home would have been a wreck, had not a noble, virtuous, and pious woman presided in it. She did much to get work for the journeymen, and to keep on the business—though often several pounds' worth of boots and shoes would go to the public-house, and credit had to be taken which required many weeks to pay. She trained up her children in the fear of God, read the Bible with them, and prayed in their hearing to the God of heaven. How did she agonize and wrestle and cry for her intemperate husband, whose soul was in danger, and whose life was so uncertain, that in any of his fits of drinking he might die the drunkard's death! There was all the more earnestness in her soul, because her husband was in frequent remorse for his guilt. The prayer of faith at length prevailed. Waiting upon God in earnest and dependent expectancy realized their reward. And an instrumentality was employed which revealed the hand of God, as well as the fidelity of a



mother's training. One of her little children became the means of his father's conversion to God and abstinence from drink. Thus he describes it:—

“I had been all day in the public-house, and at night, when I came home, my wife, as usual, was reading a chapter to the children. When she was so engaged, I went in slipping like a condemned criminal. The portion of Scripture read was the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, in which these words occur:—‘When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.’ Our youngest boy, then about four years old, was lying with his head on his mother's lap, and just when she had read those awful words, he looked up earnestly in her face, and asked, ‘Will father be a goat then, mother?’ This was too strong to be resisted. The earnest innocent look of the child, the bewilderment of the poor mother, and above all, the question itself, smote me to the heart's core. I spent a sleepless, awfully miserable night, wishing rather to die than live such a life. I was ashamed to go to church on the following Sabbath. I stopped at home and read the ‘Six Sermons on Intemperance,’ by Beecher, which had found their way into the house, but how I never knew. But so it was, that when looking about the house for some suitable book to read on Sabbath, I laid my hands on them, and they seemed as if written, and printed, and sent there for me alone. I was now decided. My resolution was taken, as it had

never been before. All the men on earth could not tempt me to drink, clear or brown, thick or thin."

On the next day he spoke to his minister, and was directed by him to the blessed Saviour. The temperance cause was also talked of, and in the spring of 1830 a society was formed at Milngavie. The minister took the chair, and enrolled his name first on the list. The third was *James Stirling!* One of his sons was at that meeting, and as soon as he saw his father sign, he ran home to his mother, who had not been able to be present, and said, "Mother, mother, father has put down his name, and the minister has put down his, and they are all putting down their names." "Thank God," said she. "If he has signed it, he'll keep it. Thank God! he has signed it, and I'll sign it too, and ye must all sign it, for, oh, surely the time—the set time to favour us and many poor families has come at last." Tears almost choked her utterance, but she had reason for her emotion. That night her weeping was ended, and when her husband returned home, they sang together the 116th Psalm at their domestic worship until all wept. He then tried to read the parable of the prodigal son, but it was too much for him. On bended knees he poured out his soul, and God heard him. He rose from that mercy-seat a forgiven and converted man. There was joy indeed in heaven among the angels of God that a sinner had repented. And there was joy in the house of James Stirling that the grace of God had been sufficient for a case like his to change and renew his soul, and to save him from the misery of a drunkard's eternity.

Over such a scene as this the eye cannot pass without emotion in the heart; but pause a moment, gentle reader,

till you ask yourself whether you might not "go and do likewise." There was a close connection between the gospel and tee-totalism. The convert became an abstainer. The reformed drunkard was a converted sinner. Temperance was made a handmaid to religion. This is its proper function. It can be of great benefit to every one ; but it is of highest value when it fits the poor and besotted drunkard for hearing the gospel of Jesus, and, through grace, apprehending the mercy offered to the guilty.

From that night Stirling kept the pledge. Many predicted his fall. Some attempted to seduce him. Others reported his return to sin, but he held on in abstinence and in prayer, and, supported by his pious and excellent wife, advanced in happiness and in prosperity. He was enabled to lay aside the sin that easily beset him. He manfully resisted the tempter, as the following will tell:—

"On one occasion a distiller, from whom I got a good deal of work, but who had left me because I would not drink, said that he would like much if I would begin again and take a 'drappie of his big cow's milk,' and that if I did so, he would come back for all his shoes from me, as he had never been so well served since he left. My reply was—'I once heard a mason say that a man had just so many glasses of whisky to drink in his life, and the more he drank to-day he would have the less to drink to-morrow. Now, sir, if this be true, you should excuse me, for surely I have had my full share these forty years past. But though all the distillers and sellers of drunkard's drink in the land would give me employment, it would be a poor reward for a lost eternity. Experience has taught me that when the devil takes away one customer, Providence sends me two better in their room.

Yea, though none should give me employment, He that fed the young ravens will not starve old Stirling's birds."

" 'Humph,' said the distiller, taking out his box, 'will ye tak a snuff then?' and away he went, putting his spur into his horse with a vigour which showed me he was in no happy mood of mind."

Sometimes, to avoid temptation, his wife went to Glasgow for him to purchase leather. His circumstances speedily improved. "All things soon put on a new appearance," he says, "my wife, my family, my trade, my countenance, my clothing." His consistent character won him respect. His piety made him useful, and in his old age—for he had now reached his fifty-seventh year—he began to address meetings on the subject of temperance. Being a man of strong mind, good information, natural eloquence and earnestness, he soon found opportunities for usefulness increase. The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, parish minister of Strathblane—a warm friend of the temperance cause—asked him to address meetings in his parish. Even to Glasgow he was invited, and made a great impression by his first speech. On the next morning some ladies waited upon him with a parcel addressed to his wife.

"I came home," he says, "and gave it into her hands. She unfolded it, and looked at it with delight. When told how it came, oh, how her loving heart heaved her breast, and tears of joy filled her eyes! For a time she could not speak; at length she said, 'Well, James, your tippling days often caused me to want what I needed, and what I often wished; but never, never did I expect to get such a beautiful present, and on your account. If ever a poor sinful woman on earth got her prayers answered, I've got mine. When you used to be drinking, I was

praying that God would stir up some good men to unite together and try to put the evil down. Many are now engaged in the work, and, thank God, you among the rest. May He grant you a speedy victory.’”

He now entered upon temperance advocacy, and made many journeys over the length and breadth of his native land. In these he grudged no toil, and reaped much fruit. For some time he laboured as a missionary in one of the most wretched districts of Glasgow. He visited six hours every day, and addressed three meetings weekly. He next visited Perthshire on the same errand. He was at length engaged by the Scottish Temperance League as their first agent after fifteen years of his advocacy at large. About this time he was bereft of his godly wife. He writes of it thus :—“ It was so ordered by a kind Providence that I was at home for a short time previous to her death, doing all that I could to smoothe her passage to the tomb. It was a sore bereavement to me, but a happy change to her. After many years of weak health, she departed, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality through the Saviour’s blood. By her death I lost the most precious blessing I had upon earth. After sharing all my joys and sorrows, and bearing to me eight sons and two daughters, she died in the seventieth year of her age, leaving seven of her children behind to bewail the loss along with me. I had often grieved her kind heart during my drinking days, the thought of which now sends many pangs of sorrow to my own heart, which words are too weak to express—a sorrow compared with which even the loss of her, and all other sorrows that have befallen me, are but light.”

Other trials followed. He met with an accident from

a dog, which laid him aside five months. His son proved a sot, and after causing much grief to his father's old age, at last ended his life as a suicide. But these sad experiences led him more to the consolation that is in Christ; and while he laboured in his peculiar vocation, he was more thoroughly imbued with a Christian spirit. That had ever marked his advocacy, and he afforded the testimony of a godly example to his solemn counsels. These labours were arduous and untiring. He gave this account of them in 1853 :—"I may now say my travelling days are ended. It is more difficult for me to walk one mile now than it would have been a few years since to walk eight or ten. For the last fourteen years I have been lame, and have been gradually growing more and more so. I have, in the course of sixteen years, visited nearly five hundred different places in Scotland, England, and Ireland. Many of these places I have visited from six to sixteen times over, and have addressed nearly five thousand meetings in churches, halls, schools, and barns, and in the open air, and sometimes in large tents erected for the purpose, and once in a 'village smiddy,' upon the Borders. At Clunie I addressed a large assembly at a soiree in a tent, in the dead of winter, when the ground was thickly covered with snow. We spent a very happy night, and men and women of all ranks were present; ministers, magistrates, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. When in a seaport town on one occasion, I went by request on board a ship in the harbour, and lectured to a very large assembly on the quay. In 1839 I addressed the 79th Regiment in the chapel in Edinburgh Castle, then under the command of Major Young, who, at the close, came forward and told his men that he had been

for a long time in the habit of taking a glass or two of wine at the mess-table with his brother officers, but that he was now an abstainer, and that he found abstinence to be better for his constitution and his conscience. In 1842 I was again invited by Major Lawrie to address the depôt of the same regiment in Aberdeen barracks."

Though fourscore years old, he still continued at his work. He felt the great importance of the reformation he sought to promote, and deemed it worthy of all his powers so long as he could use them. "My heart," he would say, "sinks within me when I think on the part I took at one time in upholding the drinking customs, and of the number who, through my example, became victims to these, for I cannot doubt that some did. The thought, besides humbling me in the dust, has impelled me with an ever-increasing desire to devote all my powers of mind and body to heal the wounds I have inflicted upon society in bygone times." Right nobly did he fulfil this desire. In those places where he laboured for several months together, he visited from door to door; and in the town of Dumfries he conversed with no fewer than *four thousand* families on the dire evils of drinking, and earnestly counselled them to abstain. His efforts were not in vain. Every word he used, and speech he delivered, were practical. His oratory was of that nervous and impressive kind which left its healthful influence after he was gone. He aroused the laggard to action, led the hesitating to decision, and gave an impulse to many to become advocates as well as abstainers. He spoke what he knew. He was like Dante, after he published his "*Inferno*," when the people of Florence pointed at him and whispered, "That's the man who was in hell." People knew that Stirling had

been in the horrors of drunkenness, and under his powerful and withering descriptions, they feared lest they should fall into the same abyss. Not a few were thus led to give up their indulgence in strong drink, and by means of James Stirling's labours, were saved to society and the Church of God. We are told by his biographer that when prizes were offered some time ago by the proprietors of a Glasgow newspaper for sketches of the lives of working men, written by themselves, the adjudicators were astonished at the numerous expressions of gratitude to the labours of James Stirling contained in them. This was a striking testimony to the efficacy of his labours for good. We had once the pleasure of hearing "the old man eloquent" dilate upon his favourite subject. It was a treat indeed. There was no polish or pretence, but there were point, pathos, power in the description, exhortations, and appeals of his off-hand lecture. We can never forget his strong condemnation of the traffic in strong drink. Among working men the effect of his addresses can hardly be over-estimated. He received many tokens of their appreciation of his efforts for their welfare during his lifetime, and many more will be given when the secrets of all men shall be disclosed. There is scarcely a town or village of Scotland that does not bear some fruit of the philanthropic shoemaker's toil.

His advocacy of temperance principles was thoroughly Christian. This could not fail to be so in his case, for the conversion of his soul to God had been the main-spring of his own abstinence. Wherever he went his company was relished by the pious, and many a manse in Scotland retains happy impressions of his Christian character and his earnest prayers.



His working days now drew near their end. For thirty years he had advocated total abstinence. The cause was small when he began, but ere he died there were nearly *five hundred* ministers of the gospel in Scotland in the temperance ranks, and societies in almost every parish throughout the land. The Scottish Temperance League, instituted in 1844, had gained some six thousand members, and upwards of three hundred and fifty affiliated societies. They had ten agents, and conducted a publishing business which circulated twenty millions of pages of temperance literature. To the credit of this league, be it said, that when their veteran agent, Mr. Stirling, was incapacitated by age and infirmity for work, they generously allowed him his usual salary, and, by their officers, contributed not a little to comfort his last days upon earth. This is the record of a visit paid to him by two friends from Glasgow:—

“We found him confined to bed. He had had a slight paralytic stroke on the previous day, which affected his left side and also his speech. He was, however, at once able to recognise us, and said, ‘I am very glad to see you both.’ Immediately after we entered the house the Rev. A. M’Naughton, his venerable pastor, called to see him. Mr. M’Naughton’s remarks were brief and to the point, and his prayer most appropriate and impressive.”

“After the minister left, we said, ‘James, you now find Christ to be your best friend.’ In reply he said in a firm tone of voice, and with great impressiveness and fervour, ‘Christ is a friend to whom we can all go at all times. He is ever ready to receive *all* who come to him in *faith*,’ laying special emphasis on the words *all* and *faith*. That comforting passage in Isaiah xli. 10 was repeated, and

was evidently relished by our dying friend—‘Fear not thou, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’ During our visit another minister of the district called, and among other things, he asked our friend if he was now ready to give up his spirit to God who gave it. The reply, uttered in a distinct voice, was ‘Yes, I really am ready—quite ready.’ One of us said, ‘We are glad to find you trusting in Christ as your hope for heaven. We expected this; you often expressed it when in health. And now that you seem to be dying, we have no doubt you still feel some interest in that movement to which you have devoted so much of your time.’ He replied with great emphasis, ‘Yes, sirs, I feel a keener and a keener interest in the great cause of temperance than ever.’”

On the 20th March, 1856, he fell asleep in Jesus, aged eighty-two years. He had kept his pledge according to his promise until his dying hour. When he signed he was asked by his minister, “Well, James, for how long have you signed?” “For evermore, sir, with God’s help,” said he, and at the end of twenty-six years he was faithful to his vow. He was buried in the churchyard of New Kilpatrick. His funeral sermon was preached to several thousands in the City Hall, Glasgow, by the Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh. Over his remains is an obelisk, erected to his memory by a few friends. In addition to his name, age, and office, the following words are inscribed:—“His noblest monument is to be found in the many once wretched homes that he made happy; and the highest testimony to his Christian character and personal worth, his stirring eloquence and self-denying

labours, is expressed in the warm gratitude of hundreds whom he rescued from the crushing grasp of Scotland's greatest curse. The blessing of those who were ready to perish came upon him, and he caused many hearts to sing for joy."

When the monument was erected, a public meeting was held in Milngavie, the village of his residence. The reverend and venerable A. M'Naughton, his minister, who had laboured for fifty years in that parish, presided, and thus referred to the departed :—

"My mingled feelings connected with past reminiscences I shall not venture to express. From the commencement of my ministry, my connection with him has been intimate. The work to which he so earnestly and successfully devoted himself in his later years, was one in which I took an early and a deep interest. In a period of his history when he needed brotherly, Christian, and pastoral admonition, I had serious conversations with him, kindly and affectionately responded to by him, as they were kindly and affectionately tendered by me. I remember being much taken with the intelligence and good feeling with which he could express himself in these conversations. When the first temperance tracts were published, I eagerly procured and circulated some of them. Beecher's Sermons were not the earliest published here in Scotland, but on their being printed in Glasgow, I got and circulated in our neighbourhood a few copies. I have reason to believe it was one of these which came into James Stirling's hands, and left on his mind such an impression as decided his future course. The popularity and success of my friend gave me much pleasure; and often as he returned from his temperance excursions, he

had great delight in rehearsing to me, and I listening to, his graphic narratives, and these often interspersed with original and sagacious remarks. The Scottish Temperance League have done honour to themselves and to their cause in the honour they in this manner confer on the memory of a humble but meritorious, devoted, and useful servant; and all the more that they soothed, sweetened, and cheered his later years while he lived, not reserving, as the world so often does, its honorary rewards till those who have merited them are no longer alive to enjoy them."

The life of such a man—rescued from the depths, and having his feet set upon a rock, and his goings established for such a career of usefulness—could not fail to be interesting. A memoir of him was therefore prepared by the Rev. Alexander Wallace, of Glasgow, from which we have gleaned the sketch now presented to our readers. It has had a large circulation, and by it, James Stirling "being dead, yet speaketh."

"The good abides. Man dies. Die too  
The toil, the fever, and the fret;  
But the great thought—the upward view—  
The good work done—these fail not yet!  
From sire to son, from age to age,  
Goes down the growing heritage."

What does the reader think of this temperance cause? Has he regarded it with aversion? Surely that which seeks to diminish the vice of the land, and to save from misery, ruin, and crime, the unhappy drunkard, cannot deserve the scorn of any who wish well to man. Does the reader object that the moderate use is not dangerous? Have not all drunkards gone from the ranks of moderate

drinkers? Who can prescribe the limit of moderation! If the moderate would give up their little drop, the immoderate would cease. The cause is worthy of the self-denial. The gain of good citizens and of saved souls would be ample recompense. Does an objector say that he is quite content to follow the Saviour, who turned water into wine. "Ay," said Stirling once to such a man, "ye would follow him for the wine, but I'm afraid for nothing else. If ye had the wine he made ye would not find it much to your taste." But there are too many who take a drop because they like it, and who have neither the courage nor the self-denial to surrender it for the sake of rescuing a brother. Reader, what are you doing in this cause? Is it not worthy of your regard and aid? Many of the great and good are now giving it their sympathy, their effort, and their prayers; and God is blessing their adhesion and their labours to the reformation of the drunkard, and the good training of the young in sobriety. Give your example to the tempted; aid to remove the temptation, and do something for rescuing the land from its long disgrace. **HASTE TO THE RESCUE!**

"Come, ye advocates of freedom,  
 Hear again your country's call;  
 See the slaves of custom, see them,  
 Strive to rescue them from thrall;  
                                   Do your duty,  
 And your country shall be free.

Shall the distant climes invaded  
 Find a friend and help in thee,  
 While the drunkard lies unaided,  
 Held in worst of slavery?  
                                   Come and help us,  
 And the drunkard shall be free!

While you chant the peace of nations,  
And the freedom of the seas,  
Sighs, and groans, and lamentations,  
Swell the notes of every breeze.

Saviour ! help us,  
And the captive shall be free."

R. W. DUXBURY.

## CHAPTER X.

THE REV. THOMAS CHARLES, OF BALA, THE CHRISTIAN  
CATECHIST.

*'Catechise a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.'*—PROV. xxii. 6. (*Marginal Reading.*)

“ Oh ! say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain;  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,  
Taught by degrees to pray,  
By father dear and mother mild  
Instructed day by day ?

And loved he not of heaven to talk  
With children in his sight,  
To meet them in his daily walk,  
And to his arms invite ?

What though around his throne of fire  
The everlasting chant  
Be wafted from the seraph choir  
In glory-jubilant ?

Yet stoops he, ever pleased to mark  
Our rude essays of love,  
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,  
Heard by some twilight grove :

Yet is he near us, to survey  
These bright and ordered files,  
Like spring-flowers in their best array,  
All silence and all smiles.

Save that each little voice in turn  
Some glorious truth proclaims,  
What sages would have died to learn  
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false and low,  
What are all prayers beneath  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thought they breathe?

In his own words we Christ adore,  
But angels, as we speak,  
Higher above our meaning soar  
Than we o'er children weak.

And yet his words mean more than they,  
And yet he owns their praise:  
Why should we think he turns away  
From infant's simple lays?"

KEBLE.



SINCE ever the ancient Britons carried to their mountain fortresses in Wales the primitive Christianity of the island, the gospel has had its "lights" in the principality. When Augustin came to evangelize the Saxons, in the sixth century, he was astonished to find a Christian Church existing among the Britons. And he was more astonished when he learned that they disowned submission to the Pope of Rome. Though at length brought under the tyranny of Mediæval Popery, the British Church was one of the earliest to hail the Reformation. In the reign of James I., when the Established Church in Wales was sinking into that torpidity from which it has not yet recovered, there was not wanting a witness to the truth. The Vicar of Llanvaches,



in Monmouthshire—converted to the Lord by a singular providence—became the evangelist of his day, and even after his expulsion from his living, for refusing to read “the Book of Sports,” he still continued to preach. He may be said to have originated that nonconformity by which the gospel has been so well preserved and so extensively diffused among the Welsh. Some of the faithful in the reigns of the Stuarts burned and shone in Wales, and they suffered too. The story of Penry has a lasting memorial and a touching interest in our “cloud of witnesses.” In the eighteenth century a blight fell upon the Universal Church, and the mountains of Cambria shared the calamity. “In those days,” says a Welsh writer, “the land was dark indeed. Hardly any of the lower ranks could read at all. The morals of the country were very corrupt; and in this respect there was no difference between gentle and simple, laymen and clergymen. Gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness prevailed through the whole country. Nor were the operations of the Church at all calculated to repress those evils. From the pulpit the name of the Redeemer was hardly ever heard; nor was much mention made of the natural sinfulness of man, nor of the influence of the Spirit. On Sunday mornings the poor were more constant in their attendance at church than the gentry; but the Sunday evenings were spent by all in idle amusements. Every Sabbath there was what was called ‘Achwarren-gamp,’ a sort of sport in which all the young men of the neighbourhood had a trial of strength, and the people assembled from the surrounding country to see their feats. On Saturday night, particularly in the summer, the young men and maids held what they called ‘Singing-eves’

(nosweithian cann); that is, they met together and diverted themselves by singing in turns to the harp, till the dawn of the Sabbath." The people were superstitious—a characteristic of the Celtic race, and they had customs which partook of Popish origin. The children were taught the following doggrel:—

“ There are four corners to my bed,  
And four angels there are spread;  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John;  
God bless the bed that I lie on.”

This was commonly abbreviated and corrupted into the prayer:

“ Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on.”

There was then need for new evangelists to arise, to enlighten the people with the gospel of Christ, and by God's blessing to revive religion in the land. The men were raised up, and they did their work. The Rev. Griffith Jones, vicar of Llanddowr, was an eminent evangelist. He was “the most popular and indefatigable preacher in the principality.” He itinerated largely, and was the means of the conversion of many souls. He instituted a system in “circulating schools,” which did eminent service in preparing the way for the revival of religion that followed shortly after. Howel Harris and Daniel Rowland arose—the former a layman, who could not get from the bishops the ordination he earnestly desired, and the other a clergyman, who found the truth after he had been some time in the ministry. They were both able and effective preachers, and were the means of a great awakening all over South Wales. Whitfield passed like a flaming seraph over a large part of their

spheres of labour, and was greatly interested in the work of God among the Welsh. The Countess of Huntingdon had her heart opened to do something for the promotion of the gospel in the principality, and she sent preachers over the length and breadth of it, and established a college at Trevecca, for training young men for the ministry.

But one of the most illustrious of Welsh evangelists was the Rev. THOMAS CHARLES, of Bala, to whom we propose introducing the reader—as to one of the most faithful catechists that ever taught the young. He is one whose memory can never perish among the Cymri. It was his high privilege, amidst difficulties and privations which would have overwhelmed a hundred weaker men, to labour among his countrymen until the word of God was freely circulated, almost all the youth instructed in its blessed truths, and thousands born to God by that incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever.

He was born in the parish of Llanvihangel, Caermarthenshire, on the 14th October, 1755. His father was a farmer, from whom he received a good education, with a view to the Christian ministry. While about ten or twelve years of age, he had religious convictions, and was much impressed with the word of God and gospel preaching. He found his Bible a delight, and never wearied when reading good books. John Bunyan's "Treatise on the Two Covenants" was the means of his spiritual enlightenment, and as he read there the state of those who are under the covenant of works, he often cried bitterly. He would also walk considerable distances to hear the preaching of the gospel. The youth thus became an anxious inquirer, and he pursued his search with an earnest desire to find peace with God.

Conference with an experienced Christian has often aided an inquiring soul, and young Charles obtained this from an old disciple, Rees Hugh, who had been a convert of the seraphic Griffith Jones, of Llanddowr. He became a spiritual father to the youth, and offered many prayers on his behalf as well as gave him counsels suited to his case. This aided the development of Mr. Charles' piety, and led him to join the communion of the Church, and set up an altar in his father's family ere he was *fourteen* years of age.

Shortly after this he was sent to school at Caermarthen, where he joined a society of Methodists—as the followers of Rowland were called. In the year 1773, he heard that great evangelist, whose ministry was so remarkably blessed in Wales. “His text,” says Mr. Charles, “was Heb. iv. 15. A day much to be remembered by me as long as I live. Ever since that happy day I have lived in a new heaven and a new earth. The change, which a blind man who receives sight experiences, does not exceed the change which I experienced in my mind.

‘ The earth receded and disappeared ;  
Heaven opened to my eyes :  
My ears with sounds seraphic rang.’

“ It was then that I was first convinced of the sin of unbelief, or of entertaining narrow, contracted, and hard thoughts of the Almighty. I had such an view of Christ as an high priest, of his love, compassion, power, and all-sufficiency, as filled my soul with astonishment, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My mind was overwhelmed and overpowered with amazement. The truths exhibited to my view appeared for a time too wonderfully gracious to be believed. I could not believe for very joy.

The glorious scenes then opened to my eyes will abundantly satisfy my soul millions of years hence in the contemplation of them. I had some idea of gospel truths before floating in my head; but they never powerfully, and with divine energy, penetrated my heart till now. The effect of this sermon remained on my mind half a year, during which time I was generally in a comfortable and heavenly frame. Often, while walking in the fields, I looked up to heaven with joy, and called that my home; at the same time ardently longing for the appearance of the glorious Saviour to take me for ever to himself. At times doubts would come into my mind, and I would say, within myself, 'Can it be possible that these things are true?' The Lord would reply, 'I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger; I will not return to destroy Ephraim; *for I am God and not man.*' 'Praise the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits.'

"About this time, also, Luther's Exposition of Gal. i. 4, was very much and particularly blessed to me, as it has been many times since. During the whole of my stay at Caermarthen, the Lord was in general very precious to me. I enjoyed very abundantly the most powerful means of grace, and also much of the divine presence in them. At the same time I was not without great temptations and snares, which more than once had well nigh ruined me. But in *all*, God's invisible hand preserved me; the everlasting arms were underneath.

"In the year 1775, Providence very unexpectedly and very wonderfully opened my way to Oxford; what neither my parents nor myself nor any of my relations had the least idea of till just at this time. But now all obstacles were removed, and it was determined that I should go.

The manner in which the Lord opened my way to go thither, gave me great satisfaction and strong assurance that I should be kept by God's grace from being burnt in that fiery furnace; though my spirits were very often much oppressed with fear and doubtful apprehensions of my future safety. But He who can keep us in one place, can with the same ease keep us in another. There are no difficulties with God. Difficulties wholly exist in our unbelieving hearts. In May I set out on my journey thither. On the road the Lord gave me very comfortable views of himself, as my Father in Christ; yea, that Christ's Father was my Father, and his God, my God. What could I want more? Here was power sufficient, and compassion enough! The following words sounded melodiously in my ears—"I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and unto my God and your God." I was enabled through grace to commit myself to the custody of my heavenly Father and to yield myself cheerfully and submissively to the guidance of his Spirit and Providence."

He matriculated at Oxford on 31st May. Soon, however, supplies from Wales stopped, and he was reduced to great straits; but friends were raised up most unexpectedly, and he was enabled to finish his studies. During these years, he became acquainted with the good John Newton, and the devoted Romaine, then "stars in the night" in the Church of a dark era. He was ordained deacon on 14th June, 1778. His title was a curacy in Somersetshire, but his services not being required for some time, he visited Wales. He preached at Llanvihangel, his native parish, on the 16th August. Besides his father's household, his old friend, Rees Hugh, was present. He then went to his curacy, where he laboured

for several years. In 1779, he visited Oxford to take his degree of B.A. He does not seem to have had much encouragement in his labours: and he got notice that he must quit unless he would serve his curacy for £30 a year! His salary at first was only £45; it was then reduced to £40, and a still further reduction was now attempted. Mr. Charles was most unwilling to leave, and he was enabled to remain by the kindness of a neighbouring clergyman, who offered to contribute towards his support. Few of the clergy in that district knew the gospel, and the people thought his preaching “a strange thing.”

While attending to the spiritual interests of others, Mr. Charles earnestly cultivated his own piety. He could not keep the vineyards of others, without assiduously watching his own. His diary, in which he wrote for many years, exhibits the care and industry with which he sought to advance in holiness, and the zeal that he had to be useful in the Church. When he was ordained he thus wrote:—

“*May 21.*—I was this morning ordained priest,—when I most solemnly and with my whole heart devoted myself with all I have to the service of God. Time, talents, and all, I hope, I have been enabled to lay down at his feet; nor would I, on the most serious consideration and in my most deliberate moments, wish to retract one word I have spoken. I hope I can say that the constant and rooted desire of my soul is after God and his service.”—Then follows this beautiful prayer. Its glowing fervour must be perceived by all who may read it.

“O Almighty God, who hast given me the will, grant me also power to perform the same. Accomplish the

work which thou hast begun in me. Endow me with a double portion of thy Spirit, and clothe me with power from on high. Increase my love to souls. Impress my mind deeply and constantly with a sense of the solemn account I must one day render to thee of my stewardship. Enable me to exercise the gifts given to me. Lift up my hands whenever they hang down; and strengthen my feeble knees. Help me to be in thy hands as the clay in the hand of the potter, willing to be fashioned, ruled, and employed, by thy godly wisdom, in the manner and in the service thou thinkest proper. I am nothing in myself; mine eyes are directed to thee in whom the fatherless find mercy. O never leave me; thou art a faithful God, who never failest those who depend upon thee."

Mr. Charles remained in his curacy for five years. He was, however, anxious for a settlement in North Wales. To that district he was attracted by what may seem a very "earthly tie," but the holiest of men have like passions with ourselves. When visiting Bala in the year 1778, he had made the acquaintance of a lady, with whom "his friendship ripened into love." Five years elapsed ere they were enabled to join their earthly lot, and during that period they were separated by a distance not easily travelled, when coaches were expensive and curacies only £35 a-year. They corresponded, however, and the letters of Mr. Charles might be models to Christian lovers. In addition to the affection becoming the relationship subsisting, there breathed throughout all his epistles the spirit of the gospel. One of his biographers deems love far too carnal for mirth, and when quoting the following, asks with all gravity, "How is it that so



much levity has become connected with an affair of so much importance?" Let the reader judge. Mr. Charles had been letting his good and facetious friend, the Rev. John Newton, into his secret, and he received from that admirable letter-writer the following characteristic epistle:—

"I understand you have marriage in view. The Lord, I trust, has shown you the right person. May he bring you together, and bless the connection. It is a weighty business; but when put under the management of faith, prayer, and prudence, it is a happy business. A day, which will have a powerful influence on every future day and circumstance of life, may truly be deemed important. Such is the wedding-day. However, I shall be glad to hear that you are enrolled in the honourable rank of husbands. It always pleases me to hear that a minister is well married. There is something in domestic life that seems suited to improve our meetness for speaking to our people. The growing soul, when doubled in wedlock, and multiplied in children, acquires a thousand new feelings and sensibilities, of which the solitary bachelor is incapable; and these teach and dispose us to feel for others, and give us an interest both in their pleasures and in their pains. And this sympathizing temper is a happy talent for a minister to possess; it will give him a deeper place in the hearts of his people, than some more shining accomplishments." Mr. Charles adds, after quoting the above in a letter to his lady-love: "The very just thoughts of a friend not named, on the *choice of a partner* are these:—'She must be one with whom there is a prospect of bringing up children in the fear of the Lord, and also of living with, to the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have from the other. Conse

quently, it is one in whom you find these three things in the order in which they stand—1. Grace ; 2. Somewhat that engages peculiar attention ; 3. Competency, that is, together with what I have of my own ; so that we may live agreeably to our station in a due dependence on Providence. But suppose it so to be, that the person thought of has grace, and there be no peculiar affection, is it warrantable to proceed? No. Suppose grace and affection and no *competency*, what then? If it be an incompetency that is absolute and evident, the point is clear, the matter should stop ; but if it be an incompetency made out of the pride of life and unbelief, it is otherwise.” This is the levity over which the reverend biographer mourns! He wonders how Charles should make so grave a matter “a subject of laughter and merriment.” Certainly, when the incompetency amounted to £35 a-year, it is refreshing to mark how buoyant the spirit of the lover is under it. Love is blind, but love is happy. Mr. Charles felt that he had no fitness for the life of an anchorite, and he had no inclination to the gloom of an anchorite when indulging the hope of matrimony. Surely there is no great ground for spiritual censure here! However, Mr. Charles had all due solemnity when the event came round. Notwithstanding the difficulty of getting a church, the affectionate couple resolved to marry on the promise of a curacy in Wales. Mr. Charles resigned his curacy in Somerset and journeyed due north. The marriage took place on the 20th August, 1783, and his English biographer does him the credit to aver that “perhaps no man entered into that state from better motives and from higher purposes.” Thus the bridegroom wrote of it on the same day:—

“This morning I was married; and I hope I can with truth say, ‘in the Lord.’ I have seen much of the goodness of the Lord both in the person he has bestowed on me and in his manner of giving her. The person is the most suitable of any I have ever seen. And the manner, in which she has been given me, was the best calculated to bring me to ask and receive her from my heavenly Father in a right spirit. Every obstacle in the way has been abundantly useful; and the delay, though to me exceedingly tedious, was most beneficial and absolutely necessary. The Lord will not allow his people to have the little of earthly things, which he is pleased to bestow on them, in the same manner with worldly people. Trials, crosses, and disappointments shall be sent to drive them to the throne of grace, and to bring them to deny themselves, to be resigned to his sovereign will, and to believe before they possess. They shall live in everything by faith. I do not know of any one, from whom, to my apprehension, I could expect more happiness. Yet, blessed be the Lord, I hope I can say, that I expect *nothing* from *her*; but *every* thing from the Lord; at least, I endeavour to have a single eye to him. A single eye looks to the Lord *only* for everything, and has his glory principally in view in the use and enjoyment of what he receives. Every grain of comfort or happiness I hope to enjoy in the married state, I expect to come entirely from the Lord. And whatever crosses I shall meet with, I hope to receive them also from the same gracious hand. Whatever is good, is a gift that cometh from the Lord. If we continue to love and to study each other’s temporal and spiritual welfare, it is a gift which we must daily receive from him.”

About this time he had an opportunity of attending one of the great annual gatherings of the followers of Rowland, then called Methodists. It was held at Llangeitho, where the venerable evangelist laboured. There were present some twenty clergymen, and between seventy and eighty lay preachers. Many travelled great distances to be present at these reunions. They were seasons of refreshing and of high spiritual communion. Preaching was kept up for several days in succession, and there was a conference of those engaged in the work of evangelizing. During Rowland's ministry, Llangeitho was a great resort even on ordinary Sabbaths. "The word of God was precious (that is, rare), in those days," and persons thought fifty and sixty miles not too long a journey to hear the gospel. We are told that there were on some Sundays at Llangeitho—the place of his ministry—persons from almost every county in Walés. On sacrament Sundays, which were observed monthly, the multitude assembled was immense, filling an area of about *sixteen hundred* square yards. The communicants every month were between *twelve and fifteen hundred*, and sometimes nearly *two thousand*. Those from great distances could not regularly attend; and therefore, all who belonged to the communion never attended at the same time. One or two sermons from this great and good man, it seems, fully satisfied them for the toilsome journey of fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty miles, (for many of them came on foot), so that they went home rejoicing, and often made the hills and valleys echo with their halleluiahs. These facts sufficiently prove his great talents as a preacher. The late well-known Jones, of Creaton, who heard the greatest preachers in this country, often said, "that he

never heard but one Rowland," meaning thereby that he far excelled all that he had ever had the opportunity of hearing. Parties from Bala, about sixty miles or more from Llangeitho, from twenty to thirty in number, some on foot and some on horseback, were often going there.

When Mr. Charles began to preach in North Wales, a very different experience met him. He could scarcely get a hearing for the truth from the people who attended the parish churches. After he had preached two Sabbaths in the church he was to serve, he says, "A long letter was sent to me, genteelly excusing my attendance for the future." He then assisted another minister; but his experience was now worse. "Last Sunday," he wrote shortly after, "the whole parish, with two or three of the principal inhabitants at their head, came to me, and accosted me in a rougher strain than I had ever been used to before. They insisted on my preaching no more in their church; for they added, 'You have cursed us enough already.'" He was for some time idle, but found temporary employment in Shropshire.

He then obtained the curacy of Llanymawddwy, about fourteen miles from Bala, in January 1784, and though he resided at Bala, he travelled regularly on foot, through frost and snow, in the depth of winter. "He revived there," says one of his biographers, "the ancient and excellent custom of catechising the young people in the afternoon of Sunday. This gave offence to some, though it was approved by others. His faithfulness and diligence were blessed to many. Several were awakened and converted." But those who disliked his preaching sent a complaint to his rector, who, without examining the matter, or asking any explanation from him, sent him

notice to quit. His wife's friends used all their influence to get a church for him; but parties in power were afraid of his doctrine, and declined to give them their patronage.

He did not like to give up Wales. He said to a friend who encouraged him to go to England, "I feel much inclined to take Wales as I did my wife, 'for better for worse, till death us do part.'" He was much distressed as to the path of duty, and in a letter to a friend thus reveals his state of mind:—

"*June 12.*—I am in a strait between two things—between leaving the church and continuing in it. Being turned out of three churches in this country without the prospect of another, what shall I do? In the last church I served I continued three months. There the gospel was much blessed as to the present appearance of things. The people there are calling on me with tears to feed them with the bread of life. What shall I do? Christ's words continually sound in my ears—'Feed my lambs.' I think I feel my heart willing to engage in the work, be the consequences what they may. But then I ought to be certain in my own mind that God calls me to preach at large. This stimulates me to try all means to continue in the church and to wait a little longer to see what the Lord will do. I thank the Lord, I want nothing but to know his will, and strength to do the same."

He could not think of remaining idle. At last he was directed to a sphere of usefulness which exactly suited his abilities, and where he did very great service to evangelical religion in Wales. He was roused by the ignorance which prevailed among the young people of Bala, and instituted a class at his own house for their special instruction. The number willing to attend was greater

than the accommodation he could provide. Providentially, he was then offered the use of the chapel belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists in Bala, which he thankfully accepted. This was the commencement of Sunday schools in Wales, which, under Mr. Charles, spread over all the counties in the principality. About the year 1784, he began to preach in the chapel of the Methodists. These people had not then formally seceded from the Established Church. Several clergymen occasionally officiated in their chapels; but they were chiefly occupied by the lay preachers, who did great service in the revival of religion there.

The usefulness of Mr. Charles may be said to have really begun when he went among the Methodists. He had now abundant opportunities of preaching to thousands, and he made full proof of his ministry. In 1785, he attended the annual association at Llangetho, and received a cordial welcome from the venerable Rowland, who hailed him as "a gift from the Lord to North Wales." The anticipation was fully realized. No man except Rowland has been so largely blessed in the principality, or whose influence has been more perpetuated. In his earliest efforts among the people his preaching was with power, and many were awakened to spiritual concern.

The ignorance of the people greatly impressed this energetic and earnest labourer; and he devised a plan to meet it by means of *circulating schools*, similar to those originated by the excellent Griffith Jones. The plan adopted by Mr. Jones had arisen out of his practice of catechising the applicants for communion on the Saturdays before sacrament Sundays. So many attended these

catechisings and derived such profit from them, that the thought struck Mr. Jones whether he might not organize a system for the whole country. He attempted this by the institution of a circulating school in the year 1730, and a second shortly afterwards. His means of support was the sacrament money of his parish of Llanddowr. This was soon very inadequate, and he got subscriptions from liberal friends in England, one of whom left £10,000 for the purpose, and from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. In ten years after their commencement there were one hundred and twenty-eight schools in existence, and seven thousand five hundred and ninety-five persons instructed. Mr. Jones caused his teachers to instruct the people in one district to read the Scriptures, then to pass on to another district and do the same. They were to return and go over the same ground at regular intervals. This good work excited a very salutary influence; but it did not reach North Wales. Jones had died in 1761, and the schools had ceased. Mr. Charles resolved to renew the system, and he effected it with great success.

There were two difficulties at the outset: one to get teachers, and the other to get money to support them. He began with one teacher, and made appeals to friends in England for funds. He then instructed persons, whom he afterwards sent out as teachers. They were employed in teaching the young to read the Bible in the Welsh language; and received for their labours only from £8 to £15 a-year. Mr. Charles, being supported by the industry of his wife, devoted the whole income of the chapel at Bala to this great object. He also visited all the schools twice a year, and catechised them publicly. The



success was very encouraging, and led to a great enlargement, as he had originally contemplated. This was to employ the instructed to teach gratuitously on week nights, and on the Lord's day. The Sunday schools began in 1789, and increased so rapidly as to spread over all the principality. The desire to learn to read led even adults to join the schools. Parents and children sat on the same bench, and emulated each other in their efforts to read in their native language the wonderful works of God. Some, whose failing eyesight required the use of spectacles, were seen struggling with the letters. Mr. Charles made this work his *passion*. He talked to his brethren in the ministry about it. If he met a person on the road he would ask, "Can you read the Bible?" He became known by these questions, and people, suspecting who he was, would sometimes ask, "Are you Mr. Charles?" He itinerated also to catechise the young, and aided mightily by this plan the efforts of the teachers. Crowds listened to the examinations, and were thereby taught the truths of salvation. Occasionally associations of schools were gathered in one place, and the whole Sabbath spent in examinations.

Mr. Charles brought out the doctrines of Holy Scripture very clearly in these catechisings, and he applied the truth to the conscience. On the examination days special subjects were given out. The numbers in attendance were far too great for any place of worship to contain them. Stages were erected out of doors, and two or three schools came up at a time to be examined. Mr. Charles in describing them, says:—

"Every examination lasts three or four hours, and is generally concluded by an address to the children and

the congregation. In the short intervals between the examinations, the children of each school are conducted by their teachers into a room engaged for the purpose, to partake of a little refreshment; and at the appointed time they are re-conducted to the place of meeting. We have had on these occasions from fifteen to twenty schools assembled together. Hitherto these associations have been most profitable. The previous preparation gives employment for two months to all the youths of both sexes, in which they engage with great eagerness and delight. The public examinations, we have every reason to conclude, are also very profitable to the hearers assembled. This is clear from their great attention, and the feelings produced by hearing the responses of the children. I have seen great meltings and tears among them. When the work of the day is over, the children are re-conducted by their teachers to their respective homes, or committed to the care of their parents. Everything has hitherto been conducted with great order and decorum; the utility of the schools has been beyond a doubt ascertained. They acquire publicity and importance by these public exhibitions. They animate both teachers and children. They bring others in who have been hitherto negligent; and powerfully excite people to set up new schools where there are none."

Two years after the Sunday schools commenced, God was pleased to send a remarkable awakening among the people at Bala. It occurred chiefly among the young; but it extended among those of adult age, and to other localities. Convictions were very powerful, and the subsequent peace was as marked. The effect upon the manners of the people was soon apparent. The increased

interest in the things of the world to come made the present life holy. What encouragement is this to Sabbath school teachers and to ministers who take an interest in these labours! The Lord, who has so often blessed an earnest teaching of the young, will again reward the faithful labours of his devoted people.

Writing to the secretary of the Tract Society, Mr. Charles thus describes his work:—

“*Bala.*—Thousands of young people all over the country, have at this time their attention engaged about divine things. They are learning catechisms and chapters from the Bible with wonderful facility. It has been my delightful work since I left London in December last, to catechise publicly every Sunday, and to hear them repeating chapters before thousands of people; besides preaching generally twice every Sabbath, and sometimes thrice in different places. In order to give you some idea of the work, I will just mention a few particulars which are strictly true:—Whole families, young and old, the governors and the governed, learn the catechisms and chapters of the Bible together. They have appeared publicly together, and repeated alternately what they have learnt. All the grown-up young people in some of our societies have done the same. Boys and girls, from eight to sixteen, learn whole books of the Scriptures, and repeat what time permits us to hear, such as the whole Epistle to the Ephesians, Hebrews, &c.”

In some districts there was an entire change upon the habits and customs of the people by this instruction. In one town, where wickedness abounded, and where the warnings from the pulpit seemed to be of no effect, Mr. Charles resolved to reach the conscience by the lessons

of the school. About two months before the annual wakes he asked the teachers to instruct the children to be prepared with texts referring directly to drunkenness, dancing, fornication, &c. The young began to learn, people generally began to talk about the subject, and when Mr. Charles came to catechise, an unusually large concourse assembled. The catechist seized the opportunity, and brought out with such force the sinfulness of the practices so common in the town, that the people held down their heads in shame. The effect was great. The people went home resolved to keep away from the revels of the wakes. When the day of feasting came, the scenes of dissipation were forsaken. One of the harpers who had expected a profitable hire from the indulgences of sin, was seen leaving the town so early that one asked him the reason. "Some person," said he, "with a black cap on has been catechising there, and persuaded the young people not to attend the feast."

The awakening spread all over the country. In Carnarvonshire some hundreds were brought under concern during three months. In Anglesea, the congregations were singularly earnest. In most parts, the young were crying out, "What must we do to be saved?" "The effects also in the country at large," says Mr. Charles, "are very similar—a general reformation of manners—the most diligent attendance upon the means of grace, private and public—thirst after divine knowledge, such as is practical and spiritual."

In 1779, Mr. Charles was severely afflicted. While travelling on a frosty night over Mount Migneint, in Carnarvonshire, one of his thumbs was frost-bitten. It had to be amputated, and notwithstanding that severe mea-

sure, his life was in danger. His people at Bala held a prayer-meeting on his behalf, and during the exercises, one person prayed with great fervency that God would interpose, as he had done in the case of Hezekiah of old. He repeated these words in his petition: "Fifteen years more, O Lord! We beseech thee to add fifteen years more to the life of thy servant. And wilt thou not, O our God, give fifteen years more, for the sake of thy Church and thy cause?" That prayer was heard; the life of the devoted minister was spared, and fifteen years afterwards, he was removed to glory. During these years the greatest labours of his life were wrought, and that noble work was accomplished, for which millions will have reason to bless God, the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The want of Bibles was greatly felt in Wales. Mr. Charles was convinced of this by an affecting circumstance. In 1802, he inquired of a girl in the street of Bala, the subject of his sermon on Sunday. "*Can you tell me the text, my little girl?*" Instead of answering, she burst into tears. At last she said, "The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible." He learned that there was no copy in the Welsh language, to which she could get access, nearer than seven miles, which she travelled every week in order to read the text of the minister. Mr. Charles inquired further, and found that the scarcity of the Word was great. He applied to the Christian Knowledge Society, who had published a small edition in Welsh some years before, but could get no grant for them. He then resolved to commence subscriptions for a Bible fund, and went to London to consult with the Religious Tract

Society about the supply of the word of God. He met the Committee, and suggested a Bible Society for Wales, and then for England. The Rev. Joseph Hughes, of Battersea, was present, and said, "A Bible Society for Wales!—a Bible Society for England!—why not a Bible Society for the world?" Thus arose the great Society which has circulated so many millions of copies of the Scriptures, in upwards of one hundred and fifty languages, during the last half century. Wales contributed £1900 in the first year for Bibles, and in a few years after, the supply reached the principality. "When the arrival of the cart was announced, which carried the first sacred load, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, welcomed it, as the Israelites did the ark of old, drew it into the town, and eagerly bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispensed. The young people were to be seen consuming the whole night in reading it. Labourers carried it with them to the fields, that they might enjoy it during the intervals of their labours, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its sacred truths." In four years, one hundred thousand copies of Bibles and Testaments were distributed. In the first three reports of the Bible Society, now before us, Mr. Charles' name appears as a donor of £10.

Mr. Charles edited a Welsh magazine for several years, which was the first ever carried on to any extent in the principality. The newly created desire and ability to read encouraged it, and it did great good. He also compiled a *Scriptural Dictionary*, in four volumes, in the Welsh language. His time was eagerly husbanded for these labours of love. He was up every morning between four and five o'clock, and every day was fully

occupied. He attempted a concordance also, but did not live to complete it.

Mr. Charles itinerated largely in England, and frequently visited the metropolis, and was honoured to take part in some of its noble missionary and philanthropic anniversaries. In 1806, he preached one of the sermons for the London Missionary Society. He also visited Ireland in company with the Rev. Dr. Bogue, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, and S. Mills, Esq., for the purpose of "ascertaining the religious state of the country, the best means of instructing the people, and whether through the medium of the English or Irish language." He strongly urged the establishment of schools. He was consulted also with reference to Gaelic schools for the Highlands of Scotland. In his communication he gave an account of his own teaching, of his personal catechising, and of the catechisms which he composed, and which are still used in the principality. He had a strong conviction of the importance of training the young in their native tongue. These are his reasons:—

"1. The time necessary to teach them to read the Bible in their *vernacular* language is so *short*, not exceeding six months in general, that it is a great pity not to give them the key immediately which unlocks all the doors, and lays open all the divine treasures before them. Teaching them English requires two or three years' time, during which long period, they are concerned only about dry terms, without receiving one idea for their improvement.

"2. Welsh words *convey ideas* to their infant minds as soon as they can read them, which is not the case when they are taught to read a language they do not understand.

“3. When they can read Welsh, *scriptural terms* become intelligible and familiar to them, so as to enable them to understand the discourses delivered in that language, used generally in preaching through the principality.

“4. Previous instruction in their native language helps them to learn English much sooner, instead of proving in any degree an inconveniency. I took this method of instructing my own children, with a view of convincing the country of the fallacy of the general notion which prevailed.

“Having acquired *new ideas* by reading a language they understand, *excitement* is naturally produced to seek for knowledge,—and a desire to learn English, yea, and other languages, for the sake of increasing their stock of ideas. *There are twenty to one who can now read English*, to what could when the Welsh was neglected. English schools and books are everywhere called for. These considerations are equally applicable to the Irish and Highlanders as to the Welsh.”

The attempt to confine instruction to the English tongue tended greatly to alienate the Episcopal Church in Wales from the affections of the people; and the Welsh schools of Mr. Charles drew around the Calvinistic Methodists the vast majority of the young. Mr. Charles thus described the *teacher* :—

“That he should be a truly *pious* person, *moral, decent, humble*, and *engaging* in his whole deportment; not capitious, not conceited, no idle saunterer, no tattler, nor given to the indulgence of any idle habits.” Again he says, “He is charged not to introduce himself upon others, unless particularly invited into their houses; to have



*family prayers night and morning* wherever he goes for a night; to introduce conversation respecting his own work, and not to indulge himself with them in idle talk: that in him they might see how a Christian lives, and how *they ought* to live. His time is entirely at my command, and to be wholly devoted to the work. He is engaged in the *evening* as well as in the day, and that every day." Then Mr. Charles goes on to state his own *mode* of commencing the school. "In introducing a school into a place, I pay," says he, "a previous visit there, after conversing a little (on any opportunity that might offer) with some of the principal inhabitants on the subject. I convene the inhabitants together, having sent a previous message to them intimating my intention of visiting them, and specifying the time of my coming. When convened together, I publicly address them on the vast importance of having their children taught to read the word of God; afterwards I inform them of my intention of sending a teacher, to assist in instructing their children and also grown up people who cannot read, who will attend him on Sundays, and as many nights in the week as they please. I conclude in exhorting the parents to send their children into the school. I converse familiarly afterwards with the parents, and promise to assist them with books, if they should be too poor to buy any. I take *kind* notices of the children also, and thus in general we are kind friends ever *after* the first interview. Before the school is *removed*, I go there twice, if possible, and examine the children publicly . . . . This has been my mode of proceeding, subject to local variations, for above *twenty-three* years, and I have had the only satisfaction I could wish—that of seeing the work of the Lord's

*blessing prospering far beyond my most sanguine expectation.* The beginning was small ; but the little brook became an overflowing river, which has spread widely over the whole country in Sunday schools, the wholesome effects of their precious instructions fertilizing the barren soil whereon it flows."

Mr. Charles began special classes for adults in the year 1811. Of this he thus writes:—

"My maxim has been for many years past, to aim at great things; but if I cannot accomplish great things, to do what I can, and to be thankful for the best success, and still to follow on, without being discouraged at the day of small things, or by unexpected reverses. For many years I have laid it down as a maxim to guide me, never to give up a place in despair of success. If one way does not succeed, new means must be tried; and if I see no increase this year, perhaps I may the next. I almost wish to blot out the word *impossible* from my vocabulary, and obliterate it from the minds of my brethren. We had no particular school for the instruction of adults exclusively, till the summer of 1811; but many attended the Sunday schools with the children in different parts of the country, previous to that time. What induced me first to think of establishing such an institution was the aversion I found in the adults to associate with the children in their schools. The first attempt succeeded wonderfully, and far beyond my most sanguine expectations. The report of the success of this school soon spread over the country, and in many cases the illiterate adults began to call for instruction. In one county, after a public address had been delivered to them on the subject, the adult poor, even the aged,

flocked to the Sunday school in crowds; *and the shopkeepers could not immediately supply them with an adequate number of spectacles.* Our schools in general are kept in our chapels; in some districts, where there are no chapels, farmers, in the summer time, lend their barns. The adults and children are sometimes in the same room, but placed in different parts of it. When their attention is gained and fixed, they soon learn; their age makes no difference, if they are able by the help of glasses to see the letters. *As the adults have no time to lose, we endeavour (before they can read), to instruct them without delay in the first principles of Christianity.* We select a short portion of Scripture, comprising the leading doctrines, and repeat them to the learners, till they can retain them in their memories, and which they are to repeat the next time we meet."

In the course of his many journeys, he experienced many tokens of the Lord's care. God seemed to be keeping him for his service among his beloved people in Wales. The following anecdotes are told by one of his Welsh biographers:—

"Mr. Charles had a wonderful escape in one of his journeys to Liverpool. His saddle-bag was by some mistake put into a boat different from that in which he intended to go. This made it necessary for him to change his boat, even after he took his seat in it. The boat in which he meant to go, went to the bottom, and all in it were drowned. Thus God in a wonderful way preserved his servant. 'The servants of God are immortal, while he has work for them on earth.' God had a great work for his servant, and he supported and preserved him, till it was completed. Mr. Charles some time after this intended going

again to Liverpool, but his dear partner was not willing, knowing the danger in which he had been before. The night prior to the day on which he was to set off, one of the children fell down from bed on the floor, and it was at first much feared, that one of his arms was broken; which happily did not turn out to be the case. But the event had a happy effect on her mind. ‘God,’ she said, ‘can bring a judgment on us while at home as well as when we are from home; therefore,’ she added, ‘I will trust you in his hand, to do what he pleases with you, while you are doing his work either on sea or land.’”

As the connection of Calvinistic Methodists enlarged, and there were few ordained ministers to administer the sacraments, a desire was expressed by the people that several of the lay preachers should be ordained. Mr. Charles, who had left the Episcopal Church, not from any preference for Presbyterianism, hesitated a little at this proposal, but after a few years gave his consent. There are now about eight hundred congregations belonging to this communion in Wales, with regularly appointed elders and preachers, though ordained ministers are much fewer than the congregations, owing to the want of adequate support. The schools of Mr. Charles still prosper, and have about one hundred thousand children under instruction every Sabbath-day, in the Welsh language. At various periods revivals have occurred, and one of the most extensive of these, whose influence cannot fail to abide, has recently taken place.

In the chapel of Mr. Charles at Bala, which held three thousand people, there was scarcely room to seat all the adults and children which crowded the school. Among

these persons, as they grew up, he had many seals of his ministry. Without being an eloquent preacher, he was an able catechist, and had the success which few shining orators have obtained. His popularity was great, and his usefulness very extensive.

He was a man of eminent spirituality. His diary abounds with proof of his fellowship with God. His conversation was in heaven, and he made all who came in contact with him feel its hallowing influence. He lived for the Lord, and spent his strength and life in endeavouring to do good to souls. The fifteen years of his respite were now drawing to a close. In the spring of 1814, both he and his wife were very poorly, and in their own opinion were rapidly going to the other world. Mr. Charles said to his wife, "*Well, Sarah, the fifteen years are nearly completed!*" Soon the closing scene came. He went to glory on the 5th October, 1814, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His wife followed him nineteen days after, and they who had been loving in their lives were almost undivided in death: and they met in the Father's house in glory to part no more. His last hours were like his daily life, and he had only to change his place, not his company, when he came to die.

When Mr. Charles of Bala died, Wales was deprived of one of its brightest lights. The sorrow was very great. The funeral was largely attended by his affectionate people, whose solemn expression and many tears told that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

The *Evangelical Magazine* for December 1815, thus referred to him:—"It has been marked of Mr. Charles by some who knew him well, that if Lavater had wanted a face characteristic of benevolence, he would have found

it in him. He was a man of amiable temper, of much meekness and forbearance, and ever ready to give up minor points, so that peace might be preserved and scriptural knowledge extended. He was of a social, cheerful disposition, tempered with prudence and discretion, and also a tender, affectionate husband and parent: and having the advantage of an amiable and pious partner, it was their delight to promote each other's happiness, and the comfort of those around them. This they manifested by liberal contributions, both to the poor, and to support the cause of religion by the hospitality with which they were ever ready to entertain the household of faith: and particularly at the associations held annually by the Christian society to which they were attached, when many thousands assembled from different parts of Wales; on which occasions a very considerable number were entertained under their roof."

One of his biographers thus refers to the chief features of his character as affecting his usefulness:—"He gained great *popularity without possessing popular talents* as a preacher. He was a remarkable instance of the fact. It was not so much by his preaching, that he became so eminently useful, but by a plodding unwearied course of doing good in a humble manner, by doing rather the office of a laborious catechist than that of a minister. What a contrast there was between him and Rowland, the great reviver of religion in South Wales! Rowland did everything by preaching; and seemed to possess no talent for anything else; and his labours were wonderfully blessed. Charles proceeded to work in another way, being fitted for another employment; and his success was very great. Rowland roused an ignorant people

and awakened them to a sense of religion by the irresistible force of his fiery eloquence. Charles, not endowed with his talents, instructed the people by schools, and led them gradually to the knowledge of the truth; and when instructed, he won them by the affectionate and simple strain of his preaching. But they both had *one* thing in common, a deep concern for the salvation of souls, which is the main thing in a minister of the gospel, with which success at some time or another is invariably connected.

“God employs often different means under similar circumstances to accomplish the same end. It is the duty of every minister to consider what his peculiar qualifications are, and to apply himself to his work in that way in which he is most likely to be useful. To know how we may with most advantage lay out ourselves, and to have a single eye to the glory of God in the salvation of men, are no small attainments. What others do is no rule for us; their mode of proceeding may not suit our talents. Had Charles tried to follow the steps of Rowland, he would not probably have succeeded, being not endowed with his gifts. He wisely laboured in another way, and undertook the work for which he was peculiarly qualified. Being influenced by the best motives, he prosecuted his labours with diligence and became extensively useful, though in a humbler way than that in which his fellow-labourer in South Wales proceeded.”

Thus we learn what varied gifts the great Head of the Church bestows upon his servants, and how he has honoured their faithful use. Mr. Charles was an able catechist, and this was the means in the hands of God's Spirit of making him an eminent evangelist. Such a mode of

teaching is one of the best for fixing the truth upon the mind. The pointed question has often reached the conscience, and has prompted the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?"

" But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turn, dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
The fools who came to scoff remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

GOLDSMITH.



## CHAPTER XI.

### ROBERT FLOCKHART, THE STREET PREACHER.

*'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.'*—LUKE xiv. 21-23.

“ In streets, and openings of the gates,  
Where pours the busy crowd,  
Thus heavenly Wisdom lifts her voice,  
And cries to men aloud :

How long, ye scorers of the truth,  
Scornful will ye remain ?  
How long shall fools their folly love,  
And hear my words in vain ?

O turn, at last, at my reproof !  
And, in that happy hour,  
His bless'd effusions on your heart  
My Spirit down shall pour.”



STREET preaching is not now the reproach of men. It is the ambition of the good, and the attraction of the outcast. There was a time when to stand at the corner of a lane, or in an open square, was regarded with coldness, and with scorn. Priests and Levites passed by on the other side, and the wicked subjected the zealous preacher to reproach, insult, and cruelty. Much, however, is due to

the earnest, untiring, and godly men in humble life who removed the reproach from this means of usefulness by their self-denying and philanthropic labours. They prepared the way for ministers of highest reputation, who now in all large towns rejoice in the opportunity to go out into the streets and lanes to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is due, therefore, to the pioneers of this good work in our time, to preserve the records of their lives and labours as an example to future generations. It will repay us to read the story of their experience. Their character, principles, motives, toils, and triumphs indicate what they were by nature and by grace, and may serve to cheer some to become and do what they became and did by the blessing of God.

The case we select for memorial is one of deepest interest. He has told the tale of his life in his own words. We wish that we could transfer to these pages his thrilling narrative entire, but our readers may peruse that for themselves. We shall, however, leave him to speak as fully as our space will allow, using our own words occasionally to condense and connect the narrative.

Robert Flockhart was born at Dalnottar, near Glasgow, on the 4th February 1778. After five years at school, he was apprenticed to nail-making for seven years. He saw no religion at home or in the neighbourhood, and grew up a wild and restless youth. In 1797, he enlisted in the 81st regiment, and was sent to Guernsey. The army was then in a most immoral condition. The men were drunken, blasphemous, and licentious. Thefts were common. Vice was gross. Insubordination was frequent, and punishment severe. "It was no uncommon thing to see ten or twelve men flogged before breakfast."

Robert Flockhart entered into all the sin which depraved the soldier. "I ran greedily," he says, "in the practice and commission of every sin that my wicked heart could devise. . . . The Sabbath used to be the day on which I committed most evil, and I gloried in my sin with my ungodly companions. . . . I believe that there is not a sin in the Bible I have not been actually guilty of, except murder. . . . You see from the conduct of soldiers in our cities, and even when they are at home, that they are chiefly guilty of three heinous sins—the first, drunkenness; the second, swearing, and the third, the worst of all the three, the defiling of both soul and body. All other sins are without the body, but uncleanness is against the body. This is generally their conduct wherever they go. But you see nothing at home like what you see abroad. Soldiers are restrained here by the presence of their friends and those who know them, as well as by the police. But abroad all restraint is entirely cast off. I feel greatly ashamed when I remember that I myself am the very man that was guilty of the three heinous sins just mentioned, and that I went to such a length as to cast off all shame. I was worse than a beast. I would be ashamed to speak of those things I did in secret, particularly when in the Cape of Good Hope and in the East Indies. The language of my heart was that of the first verse of the fourteenth Psalm, 'The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God.' I wonder often at the long-suffering and patience of God with me above many. Surely there never was a greater sinner than I have been. I have read John Bunyan's life, but he was nothing to me. . . . I had the worst men in the company which I belonged to for

associates. We used to try who would be foremost in intemperance, filthy conversation, and every evil practice; and we gloried in it." Notwithstanding the wickedness of his life, Flockhart was never flogged. His conduct was concealed from his superiors, and he was made corporal. His advancement, however, was not to his real advantage. It gave him more opportunities, and he was soon reduced to the ranks for drunkenness.

"How mysterious," he says, "the means used by the Lord to bring sinners from their evil ways. This was strikingly manifested in my case, as will appear from what I am going to relate. One day I had been the worse of drink, and, as was my custom, lay down in my bed to sleep off its effects. I was in this condition when the orderly sergeant of the company awoke me, to go and show the officer regimental orders. I told him I was not orderly. He insisted, however, that I should go and do what he desired me immediately. I said I would do no such thing. He then told me if I did not do as he desired, he would put me in the guard-house. I replied, if you do I will report you to the officer. I went accordingly; but while on the way he sent an active sergeant after me to detain me until he got a corporal and file of the guard to apprehend me, which they did, and brought me a prisoner to the guard-house. This was the first step God, in his mysterious providence, employed to apprehend me in my mad career. It certainly was my duty to obey the sergeant's orders; but being the worse of drink, and suddenly awakened out of sleep, I refused. In consequence of this I was ordered to be tried by a court-martial for disobedience and insolence to my superior officer. This was the first time I was in

prison, and I remained in it three days. During this period I employed myself, along with the other prisoners, in trying myself by the articles of war. I had serious thoughts about the result, and really expected to be flogged. In due time my case came on. I was tried, and sentenced to be reduced from a corporal to a private, and to receive one hundred and fifty lashes. Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple who commanded the regiment, remitted the corporal punishment. Drum-major M'Kee cut the stripes off my arm before all the regiment. I was glad, no doubt, to escape the flogging, but reducing me to the rank of a private humbled my proud spirit. I took it very sore to heart, but it produced no sanctifying effect on me at the time, and I still went on in my old ways. A number of my old companions and I met in the barracks. It seems I was foremost in wickedness, as I employed my time in speaking abominable language till they were all like to fall down with laughing. It is a most mysterious circumstance that I should be drawn out from the entire company, while the vent of my heart was to commit sin."

After spending six years in India in a course of iniquity, it pleased God to afflict him; but he returned to his evil ways when he recovered. "My wickedness," he says, "'reached up to the heavens,' and had its 'foundation as deep as hell.' The number of my sins was 'as the sand of the sea.'" Being again in the hospital, and having a taste for reading, Alleine's "Alarm" came into his hands. Its solemn appeals impressed him, and considerably influenced his conduct. He gave up swearing, forsook the company of the profane, sought religious books and the company of a pious sergeant, who kept

up family worship. The sergeant was the means of Flockhart's conversion. The sinner was led to the Saviour, and, amidst the jeers and laughter of the patients in the hospital, he went into an empty ward to pray. He says of this, "I began now to go to an empty ward to confess my sins before God, and to review my past life. At such times, when the patients saw me, they all burst into such fits of laughter as almost cracked their jaws. I knew the patients that laughed at me, and remarked that not one of them came out of the hospital alive." What a solemn consideration is this regarding these scoffers! What a testimony to the truth of the word of God! They who despised the mercy of God and ridiculed the anxious soul seeking that mercy, were soon before their Judge. "Behold ye despisers, and wonder, and perish."

Flockhart was deeply concerned for his salvation, and attended the meetings held by the pious sergeant. "Sometimes," he says, "my heart would be so overcast with the love of Christ, that I would return home quite happy. I thought all the angels of God surrounded me rejoicing (see Luke xv.), and that the Spirit was applying the word of Christ to wash away my sins, putting these sins at the same time upon my head, and I felt such a weight upon me that I was hardly able to look up." He now passed through great agonies of conviction. He was sorely tried by temptation. He felt the terrors of the law. He feared the doom due to sin. "I was led," he remarks, "by the Spirit, with a broken spirit and a bleeding soul to the 'fountain opened,' pleading for mercy through the blood of the Lamb, to get my wounded spirit healed, and my burdened soul

freed from its load of guilt. Thus I continued for months I took my Bible, and went to the most sequestered spot I could find. Being ignorant of the Bible, and my mind in darkness, I did not know where I should begin, or what part of the word of God I should first read. I cannot describe the distressed state of my mind. I was in the horrible pit of nature, and in the miry clay of original and actual sin. As I was a patient in the hospital, I could spend two or three hours a day in private by myself, and not be missed. I used to spend whole nights in reading and meditation, and in confessing my sins. Thus I continued persevering in the use of every means. I never ceased to pray night and day. Satan would often suggest to my mind that I would be in hell at night. I resisted him again in that temptation. I knew that he was telling lies. I found out that the Lord would not tell the devil that I would be there at twelve o'clock at night."

This conflict went on for some time; but, as he recovered his bodily strength, he was less subject to those assaults of the wicked one. He gives the following account of his deliverance, and of his joy and peace in believing :—

"A Church had been formed in the regiment some time previously, and a few of the members used to come into the sergeant's room. There they were informed of the state of my mind, and of the temptations to which I had of late been subjected, and, gathering around me, told me to 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I should be saved.' I tried all I could, but believe I could not. It was as impossible for me to believe at that time as it would have been for me to lift Edinburgh Castle

and cast it into the sea. I required to be convinced of the sin of unbelief. ‘And when He is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment, of sin because they believe not on me.’ What they said to me made me worse, if worse could be. While I remained in a state of unbelief, I seemed to be tried in the balances of the sanctuary and found wanting. I had no faith. I was like a man in hell. While in this condition I went away to my own ward, and cried for mercy through the blood of the Lamb. I spent the whole night in this way.

“I still persevered in reading the Bible, in confessing my sins, and in praying to God. I was like Noah’s dove, I could ‘find no rest for the sole of my foot.’ Or like the man-slayer fleeing to the city of refuge, with the avenger of blood at his heels. Or like Lot among the Sodomites, when he went out to persuade his sons-in-law to flee from the guilty city; or rather, when he went out to expostulate with his abandoned and accursed fellow-citizens, when they had encompassed his dwelling; I was surrounded with the blackguards of hell, when ‘the Lord put forth his hand and pulled me in.’ On one occasion the sergeant came to me at a critical moment, and asked me to accompany him to a quiet place to sing a hymn, and to engage in prayer. We sung the fourth and fifth verses of the 32d Psalm, of Watts’ collection:—

“ ‘ Whilst I my inward guilt suppressed,  
No quiet could I find;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And racked my tortured mind.

‘ Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,  
My secret sins recalled,



Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,  
Thy grace my pardon sealed !'

"Whilst singing the last verse, I said in my heart, 'I have done all this. I have confessed my sins;' then a thought came into my mind, quick as lightning. I must let all my doings fall to the ground. When I was enabled to do that, I felt that I deserved nothing but hell, and fully expected that it would be my portion. Then the Lord the Spirit stretched out his hand and brought me in by Christ the door. Of his own sovereign pleasure he did this. I was expecting hell, and he gave me heaven in my soul. Surprising mercy! What a translation from darkness to light, from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son! My guilt removed and my pardon sealed, peace flowed like a river into my soul. 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' My 'faith came by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' It did not come from man, nor from myself, but from God. It was God's gift, and Christ was the author of it. This blessed truth suggests to my mind that passage in the Corinthians—'For God, who commandeth the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' All this was fulfilled in my experience at that time. I felt that light, and that life, and that joy coming into my heart; not into my head, but into my heart. My heart was warmed with his love shed abroad in it by the Holy Ghost given unto me, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I now saw the Bible to be a new book, and was able in some measure to enter into the spirit of the

apostle where he says—‘And hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life!’”

Having found the Saviour, he became a zealous and consistent disciple. He formed a new purpose of life, which for fifty years afterwards he pursued with unquenchable ardour. “My constant prayer at times was, ‘O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, spare me as long in thy service as I have been in Satan’s, and make me as zealous in saving souls, and in converting sinners by my good example, as I once was in destroying souls, and ruining my fellow-men, by my bad example.’” He was greatly benefited at this time by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, one of Dr. Carey’s fellow-labourers. “He possessed,” says Flockhart, “a true missionary spirit. He infected me, and I have since endeavoured, through God’s grace, to infect others. I got a slip from this geranium, and many a one, through God’s blessing, has got a slip from me.”

After remaining two full years in the hospital, where he read the Bible to the other patients, and prayed with them, he wished to join the fellowship of the Christian Church. The members of the Church in the regiment were Baptists, and wished him to be baptized. He was partly prejudiced against this, but overcame his scruples and gave his name as a candidate. The ceremony took place on August 26th, 1810, at Calcutta, where his regiment then was. Mr. Ward, of Serampore, preached and administered the sacraments of baptism to the candidates, and of the Lord’s Supper to the members.

“After making a public profession of religion,” he says, “I enjoyed sweet fellowship with the brethren in the regi-

ment. Our love to one another resembled that of the Christian Church after the day of Pentecost. I used to experience great delight in meeting with two or three of the Christian brethren for prayer and praise behind a battery. Some of the ungodly soldiers found out our place of meeting, and sent in showers of stones among us; but in place of terrifying us, it only made us more earnest to come back, and the fire of grace and love burn more bright and warm."

Robert was in the expedition sent to the Isle of France. During the engagement with the French, he says, "My mind was in a praying frame. I expected every moment would be my last. I never lived nearer the Lord than at that time. Lifting up my voice I sang the following stanza:—

' Plagues and death around me fly,  
Till he bid, I cannot die;  
Not a single shot can hit,  
Till the love of God sees fit.'

This verse I also repeated:—

' When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee.' "

When he returned to England, he says, "I chose for my company the people of God, and used to attend the public ordinances of religion, as a means of keeping the life of grace in my soul, which I felt always needed to be fed by Christ, in the use of his institutes."

When billeted in the Isle of Wight, in a disreputable house, he warned the inmates to flee from the wrath to

come. Of course he could not stay there, and sought another place. When the landlord remonstrated, Robert had an answer ready: "I am too long here; I could not sleep on the road to hell." In Ireland he was as faithful, reading the Bible, and praying with the Roman Catholics in whose houses he was quartered. "I used all means," he said, "that I thought were calculated to lead them the right way, knowing the value of their souls, and that they were on the brink of a dreadful eternity."

On reaching Glasgow, Flockhart got leave to visit his parents, then resident at Old Kilpatrick. His first act after the salutation of these so dear to him, was to request them to join in thanksgiving to God for his mercy in sparing him to meet with them, and for bringing him home a renewed man.

The ungodliness of his fellow-soldiers moved his soul, and led him to desire their salvation. One morning he seemed to hear the voice of God, saying, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee." He felt as commanded to preach the gospel. "I know few will believe it," he records, "but what I have to write is, that unless I had got the authority, I never could have been able to stand all the persecutions from men, and rage from devils, and discouragement from the people of God. . . . I would to God that every minister had the same assurance that he was sent by the Lord to preach the Gospel, as had that poor, unworthy, ignorant, and unlearned old veteran, Robert Flockhart. I do not say that this is God's general way to call men such as I am, but he taught me experimentally as he taught John Bunyan. God is not confined to fixed methods; some-

times to accomplish his purpose he goes out of his usual way. When I mounted guard, I reproved sin, and preached Christ and salvation from sin through his blood."

He now commenced his open-air preaching, which he continued throughout many years afterwards. He was still in the regiment. The soldiers were his first auditors. His account of his early experiences in Edinburgh Castle will be perused with deepest interest. It reads like a romance. "Some mornings," he says, "the soldiers used to be there (the barrack square) an hour before the parade began, and they met in groups of about a dozen in different places, talking about the battles they had fought and the victories they had won. I was there as soon as they were, and I opened my mouth, and lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and showed them their sins. 'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins' (Isaiah lviii. 1). I did that faithfully and fearlessly, and shut up all their refuges but one, and that was Jesus, who is an 'hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.' The groups broke up, and came round about me and heard me, and I made the square ring. One morning, to my astonishment, the adjutant ordered me immediately to be confined in the black hole, which is just above the arch as you enter the castle. There is an iron plate now, to prevent the prisoners looking out, but there was none then. I could look through, and preach, and pray, and sing, and I gathered a great congregation below, who looked at me with astonishment. The commanding officer was coming by, and heard me, and ordered me immediately to be re-

leased. Next morning I was earlier in the barrack square, and repeated preaching, and had a great congregation, and they listened with greater attention. . . . The adjutant, Gunn, on my preaching the second time, sent me away to the black hole again. The men that used to persecute me, when they saw me put in the second time, said, 'We will not persecute Robert any more, we see the root of the matter is in him.' I was in the black hole on a Sabbath-day, and there were a number of thoughtless young men and young women that came into the Castle to hear the Perth band play. I could see them through the stanchions of my window. My heart was in right tune, and I began to sing a sweet, melodious hymn or psalm, that arrested their attention, and astonished them. After I had done singing, I prayed a few words, telling the Lord their sin in breaking the Sabbath-day, by coming to hear carnal music on carnal instruments. As far as I recollect, I prayed that the Lord might captivate their minds with heavenly music. Then I preached to them, and did not spare them. I studied to open their wounds before I applied the plaster.

"The next day I was still in the same place, when the commanding officer, Major Rose, came into the Castle, and the Lord gave me favour in his eyes. The parade fell in, and Major Rose ordered me to be released, and brought me before the regiment and the adjutant, and said to me, 'Robert, what is the reason you have been twice in the black hole?' I replied, 'Please your honour, before the parade drum beat, the men of the regiment met in troops, and were telling the wars they were at, and the battles they had fought, and the victories they had won. I could have done the same, but I had better news

to tell them. If they took liberty to tell news about the world and the wars, will you not give me liberty to tell good news from heaven?' 'Yes, Robert, you have my liberty.' This was before the adjutant and the regiment. I asked the commanding officer if he would allow me to go through the barracks, to take the Bible with me, to read the Scriptures and to pray. He said, 'Robert, you have my liberty, when duty does not interfere.'"

Thus the devoted soldier of Christ endured hardness, and unfurled the standard of the cross. Sometimes he was struck, sometimes insulted; but he never ceased to speak for Christ, and to reprove sin.

A new opposition now met him. The Rev. Christopher Anderson, a venerated and useful man, and the pastor whom Robert attended, disapproved of his preaching without the Church's leave. A difference arose, and the soldier was forbidden to come to the Lord's table. But rather than discontinue his work, he left the Baptist Church, and after a little wandering, settled finally under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Gordon, of the High Church, by whom he was kindly received.

The Grassmarket of Edinburgh, where the martyrs had been put to death, was at that time a very wicked place, and there the devoted Flockhart began to preach, and to warn the people to flee from the wrath to come. He was warm and earnest. While thus engaged, Dr. Stuart, a medical gentleman, well known for his Christian character, went up to him, and examined his pulse. He urged Robert to go to the country for a few days, which was assented to; but what was the surprise of the street preacher when he found himself in Morningside Lunatic Asylum!

"As soon as I got in, the governor, who was an Englishman, and had charge of the whole place, shaved my head, and put a blister on it. I said to myself, 'They have served me worse than they did Samson; they did not *blister* his head.' I bore it patiently and submissively; and I had the same *daftness*\* when I preached in the streets of Edinburgh, on the day of the National Fast, April 25th, 1854, forty-one years after, as I had then. This happened in 1813, and it was a new thing for a man like me to preach in the street." When the governor of the Asylum swore at him, Robert began to preach. Being allowed to walk in the garden, he deserted, but was recovered. His Bible was taken from him, but Robert refused his food until it was restored. To keep him from reading it, the governor ordered his windows to be closed. The supposed lunatic, however, was not thus to be confined. In the night time he broke the window shutters, passed his clothes through the close stanchions, and let himself through. Then by tying the sheets together, and to the bar, he "went down like a sailor on a rope." After visiting his wife, he went by a circuitous route to his father's at Old Kilpatrick. On his return, he was again confined; but after six months he was released. During his confinement, he was pensioned for life with fifteenpence a day, a sum which sustained him for forty-five years thereafter.

When Robert Flockhart got home he gave himself anew to the Lord and to the work of preaching. During the day, for twenty-five years, he taught a school with much success. The advantage he had reaped from committing passages of Scripture to memory when at school

\* Insanity.



himself, which, though forgotten for twenty years, yet came home with power to his soul when he was awakened, induced him to make this a special part of his instruction.

Wishing for more extended usefulness, he got admission to the infirmary, which he continued to visit for *twenty years*. The patients hailed his visits, and were much benefited by his scriptural counsels and earnest prayers. Here he had the opposition of godless doctors and students, but the veteran was too inured to battle to desist from his labour of love.

Again he says, "I went to the Lock Hospital of my own accord, out of love to Christ, and to save souls. Having myself first been brought to a knowledge of the truth in an hospital, I thought it my imperative duty to strive to do for others in my own country what God had done for me in a foreign land." . . . . . "I used to visit the Canongate Jail, at times, for Mr. Porteous; likewise Bridewell on the Sabbath-day, as well as the Trades' Maiden Hospital, and several other public institutions."

Robert commenced preaching in the streets of Edinburgh very soon after his dismissal from the army. He thus writes of it, "Whenever I saw a man committing sin, I reprov'd him, and then a multitude would gather round me. I would then begin to speak to them from a text of Scripture, and would continue to speak so long as there was any one to hear. Then the policeman would lay hold upon me, and drag me off to the police office, and my wife would get me out, and I would begin to preach again as if nothing had happened. . . . . I was four times in the police office in the West Port for preaching the gospel, once in Hope Park, then again for

preaching in the Castle-hill and High Street. Altogether I was nine or ten times in prison for preaching the gospel in Edinburgh. Captain Brown, the superintendent of police, had been an officer in the 79th Regiment. It was said that his lady was an Irish woman, and she prevailed on her husband to have chiefly Irish policemen, who were very severe upon me, as they could not bear my preaching, which was not intended to please men. I remembered that the Lord commanded Jonah to 'preach the preaching' that He 'bid' him, and I knew if I preached another 'preaching,' I was not the Lord's servant. One day when I was in prison for preaching the gospel, Captain Brown came in and said, 'Where is that preacher?' I immediately answered, 'Here.' 'Stand up,' said he, 'that I may hear you preach.' I obeyed his command, and what I said to him on the occasion made him a little like Felix. 'Oh,' said he, 'I see you can preach; come down.' I always saw it to be my duty to preach to the policemen, in whatever police office I might be in. I said to myself, these men cannot get to church, and who knows but the Lord has sent me to preach to them, and I will preach to them. I never saw the police office yet where the inmates were anxious to keep me a prisoner, they were always too glad to get me out."

"I may remark," he says in another place, "that my persecutions and sufferings from the magistrates and policemen of Edinburgh, whilst I preached in the street, would be deemed incredible, were I fully to relate them. The latter being mostly Irishmen and Roman Catholics, did not sympathize with me. In all my preachings I considered it an important part of my duty to expose

error and heresy, as well as to proclaim 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' And this procedure on my part raised me up many enemies and opponents. Papists, Unitarians, Morrisonians, and such like, were my bitter gainsayers. The theories of their leading men I attacked and refuted from the Scriptures. I spared none who held opinions that robbed God of his glory, and Christ of the dignity of his person and the efficacy of his work. The adversaries of the truth tried every means they could think of to deter me from performing the work God had given me to do, but in vain. Their opposition only made me bolder in the cause of my blessed Master. I had 'counted the cost,' and was determined to 'follow' him through 'evil' as well as through 'good report.' I was stoned, imprisoned, and otherwise maltreated, but God stood near and protected me. With Paul, who said that he had fought with beasts at Ephesus, I might well say that I had fought with beasts in the streets of Edinburgh. Compassion to the souls of men drove me to the streets and lanes of my native city, to plead with sinners and persuade them to come to Jesus. The love of Christ constrained me to face all opposition in the performance of this great and glorious work. I was grieved to see multitudes thronging the 'broad road' that leads to destruction, whilst I myself was in the enjoyment of a good hope through grace. In my preaching I dwelt much upon death and its consequences, the everlasting punishment that awaited ungodly and impenitent sinners, and the everlasting weight of glory that was laid up for the righteous."

In the streets of Edinburgh Robert Flockhart preached every evening, in all weathers, and amidst many persecutions, for *forty-three years*. On week nights he occu

pied a post at St. Giles' Church, and on Sabbath evenings in front of the theatre. Often has the writer, in his college life, listened to the "old man eloquent," crying aloud to men to repent and believe the Gospel. "He began," says Dr. Guthrie, "by singing a few verses of a psalm; this had the effect of arresting attention, and at length of gathering an audience. With the crowd before him, composed chiefly of outcasts, I have occasionally mingled. It was a sight to move any one, to see the grey, old, shattered man pouring forth his soul in prayer to God, or making appeals to the people of great power and tenderness. The age that cools men's passions had not cooled his zeal; his spirit rose above the weakness of his worn-out frame; and when he was tottering on the grave, it might be said of him, in regard to his inner life, 'that his eye was not dim, neither was his natural strength abated.'"

His preaching had some fruits, and induced many to esteem the devoted man. He was a great student of his Bible, and the writer has heard him make observations full of quaint wisdom and of holy unction. They were words not to be forgotten. We have seen him frequently among the students of divinity, attending the theological lectures of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. James Buchanan, and have heard him remark that he liked the *objective* truths, which pointed to a Saviour, and which Dr. Chalmers so much recommended to the students of his class.

In his old age (in his sixty-fifth year) he began his autobiography, which he did not live to finish. On his death-bed, he requested Dr. Guthrie to give it to the world. It is as touching a record of God's grace

as has ever been published, and it reveals an example of self-denial, zeal, and devotedness not often paralleled. Robert Flockhart was unwearied in well-doing. We once asked him how he was able to preach every night. "Man," said he, "I have grand pipes." Palsy overtook him while abounding in labours. "I feel," said he, "my wings are clipped now. I'm like a bird with a stone tied to its leg. It tries to get up, but cannot rise. The time's coming, though, when I'll be relieved o' this heavy load. Then I'll clap my glad wings, and flee away. I'll be young again when I reach that happy home. How I'll make the arches o' heaven ring with loud halleluiahs to God and the Lamb for ever! Oh, what a glorious body 'the celestial body' will be! No blear-eyed Leahs nor limpin' Jacobs up yonder!" His sunny spirit was never shadowed. He was always glad in the Lord, and by constant preaching of the "glad tidings of great joy," he sought to make others happy also. He was unceasing in prayer. Few friends parted from him without prayer. In his latter days he seemed to be always praying. Praise was his special delight, and he never omitted that blessed exercise, whether in the street or in family worship.

Robert Flockhart had his eccentricities and imprudences, but he had a single purpose—to preach Christ; he had the best of motives—love to the Lord Jesus. With unflinching constancy and rare consistency he fulfilled his work, and finished his course with joy in the fall of 1857. The soldiers of the various recruiting parties in the city bore him to his grave, and two hundred and fifty citizens, with several ministers of various denominations, accompanied his remains to the Grange

Cemetery. The streets were lined with many who had heard his living voice, and who mourned because they could hear that voice no more.

The Rev. James Robertson, of Newington, Edinburgh, has given in an appendix to the autobiography some of his reminiscences of Robert Flockhart. We transfer a few of them to illustrate the character of our hero of the street. Of the Bible he would say, "I have just been sitting under its shadow with great delight, and finding its fruit sweet to my taste. There are grand sweet apples on that tree. There's the apple of justification—'justified freely by his grace.' There's the apple of sanctification—'we are made partakers of his holiness.' There's the apple of adoption—'now are we the sons of God.' And best of all, there's the golden apple of glorification—we'll get that by-and-by; but 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be!' I mind when I've been in tropical countries, I've seen trees whose fruit seemed as if it wanted to drop into your mouth, it was so rich and ripe. And doesn't the Lord say to us, when we come to this blessed book now, 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.'"

Mr. Robertson once overheard him praying in his own room. He was talking with God as a man does with his friend. "Lord, dinna forsake Edinburgh! dinna forsake Edinburgh! Why should our preaching here be so powerless? Consciences are not pricked, hearts are not broken, souls are not saved!" He remarked to his friend after recognition, "You know 'we must give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word. Prayer is one half of our work, the first half, and the best half too. Oh, what poor weak things we should be if we were not made 'mighty through God!'"

Of his wife he said, "I had one of the best of wives. We were just like two ponies in a chariot, we pulled so well together. We began our acquaintance with prayer, and we continued with one accord in prayer and supplication for nine and twenty years. When we first met, and I told her my errand, 'Well,' she says, 'my wish has been, if I did not get a praying man, never to get any.' And my answer was, 'The thing is surely of the Lord; let us acknowledge him in prayer together before we go further.' A few days after somebody said to her, 'You're such a fool to take a sodger (a soldier). So she sent me word that she had taken the rue (repentance). Shortly after that I went to see her, and said, 'What ails you now, Annie?' She made several excuses, and I only said, 'Then I'll hae to gang home and pray for you.' The next night she sent me word that 'all was right again.' So I got her."

His sayings were full of felicitous wisdom. While preaching on the spirituality of the law and that the wrath of God would come upon the guilty, some passers by came and listened for a while and then went away. But he lifted up his voice and cried after them, "Ye're not fond, I see, o' the sparks fleeing about your ears. I doubt ye may be like the dog in the smith's shop when the red hot iron is on the anvil, just when the hammer is coming down, the dog, poor beast, runs in below the bench for fear. And is that the way wi' you?" Speaking of the law and the gospel, he remarked, "You never saw a woman sewing without a needle. She would come but poor speed, if she only sewed with the thread. So, I think, when we're dealing with sinners, we maun (must) aye put in the needle of the law first; for the fact is,

they're sleeping sound, and they need to be wakened up with something sharp. But when we've got the needle of the law fairly in, we may draw as long a thread as you like o' gospel consolation after it."

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie visited the veteran on his death-bed at his request. "On entering his apartment," he says, "I was much struck by his aspect. Propped up for freer breathing, his head lay quietly on a snow-white pillow; and although the film of death was in his eye, and the features were sharp and pinched, his countenance was, as it were, radiant. I have seen many die; but none whose face wore an air so heavenly. It looked as if light was streaming down from those gates of glory, that angel hands were rolling open to admit his departing spirit. They told him that I had arrived. Making an effort, and stretching out his hand, which was burning hot—by this time he was passing fast to eternity—he said in a low whisper, and in his own kind and homely way, 'O man, I'm glad to see you.' Perhaps I should have congratulated him, as one who had been a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and had through grace fought the battle well, that his fight was so nearly done, the crown so nearly won. But, having a great regard for him, and great admiration of his large and loving heart, of the self-denying devotedness, and of the true Christian heroism with which he served one common Master, I could not help thinking more of our loss than of his gain, and saying I was sorry to see him laid so low. It would be difficult to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the delight expressed in the look and tone with which he quickly replied, 'I'm going home, I'm going home.' The scene was worth a thousand sermons, and would have given



birth in the coldest worldling to the wish, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' " Robert then in trembling tones committed the manuscript of his life to the doctor's care, and soon fell asleep.

"Robert Flockhart," says Dr. Guthrie, "had been a great sinner, and He who in other days had changed the bitterest persecutor of the Church into its noblest preacher, had changed him into a great saint. He had sinned much, had been forgiven much, and so he loved much. He had often exposed himself to disgrace, danger, and death itself in Satan's service; and, if there had been need for it, I believe there was no man in Edinburgh who would have gone to the stake or scaffold for Jesus Christ with a firmer step, or a nobler bearing, than this brave old soldier of the cross. He united the most ardent piety and untiring zeal to indomitable courage, and had no idea of flinching, whether he was called to fight the French at Port Louis, or for Christ and God's truth, face ribald crowds in the High Street or West Port of Edinburgh.

"As to his bodily appearance, his presence, like that of Paul's might be called 'contemptible.' He was a man of diminutive stature, he had a shuffling gait, he was ill-hung in the limbs; and had a curious cast of the eye. On the other hand, his face, reflecting like a mirror the emotion of the inner man, and every feeling which swept over his soul, was full of expression. He abounded in the gesticulations of a natural oratory; and, being endued with keen sensibility, and easily affected himself, he had therefore the power of moving others."

He was a burning and shining light. He was a brave

and faithful soldier of the Cross. He was faithful unto death, and has now received the crown of life.

“ My race is run, my warfare's o'er,  
The solemn hour is nigh;  
When offered up to God, my soul  
Shall wing its flight on high.

With heavenly weapons I have fought  
The battle of the Lord!  
Finished my course and kept the faith,  
Depending on His word.

Henceforth there is laid up for me  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge at that great day  
Shall place it on my head.”

## CHAPTER XII.

THE REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS, THE SOCIAL REFORMER.

*"None of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth to himself."*—ROM. xiv. 7.

“ Give me the priest, a light upon a hill,  
Whose rays his whole circumference can fill;  
In God's own word and sacred learning versed,  
Deep in the study of the heart immersed;  
Who in sick souls can the disease descry,  
And wisely fit restoratives apply.  
To beatific pastures leads his sheep,  
Watchful from hellish wolves his fold to keep;  
Who seeks not a convenience, but a cure,  
Would rather souls than his own gain insure.  
Instruction in his visits and converse,  
Strives everywhere salvation to disperse;  
Of a mild, humble, and obliging heart,  
Who with his all will to the needy part;  
Distrustful of himself, in God confides,  
Daily himself among his flock divides.

\* \* \* \*

Oft on his pastoral accounts reflects;  
By holiness, not riches, gains respect;  
Who is all that he would have others be,  
From wilful sin, though not from frailty, free.”

BISHOP KEN.



LOUCESTERSHIRE has been famous for four men whose influence on the religion of England has been great and long continued. TYNDAL walked among its woods three hundred years ago, and meditated on the work he was afterwards to do amidst

many perils—to translate into the English language the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ. HOOPER, who became a martyr of the reformed faith in the days of Bloody Mary, was Bishop of Gloucester. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, who passed like a flaming seraph across the coldness and apathy of the religion of the land, in the eighteenth century, and was the means of kindling so many with a new life and zeal akin to his own, was a Gloucester man. ROBERT RAIKES, the founder of Sunday Schools, which have proved so great a blessing to millions of the young, was a citizen of Gloucester. God often returns to places whence he has taken some of his heroes, or where he has wrought some of his gracious works; and in Gloucestershire has the mantle of these venerated men fallen again and again on other witnesses for the truth, who in their day were “not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.” There are two other names who deserve honourable mention in the list of Gloucestershire worthies. SIR MATTHEW HALE, who did so much to maintain a pure character on the seat of judgment, when bribes were often in the judge’s palm, was a native of the county. He was one

“In whom  
The British Themis gloried with just cause.”

EDWARD JENNER, who mitigated human suffering by his happy discovery of vaccination, and whose life was spent not far from his native parish of Berkeley, also enriches the list.

Among these we do not hesitate to place BENJAMIN PARSONS, long known as the minister of Ebley.

He was born at Nibley, a small village in the hill district of the county, on the 16th October 1797. It was a

time of much sorrow in his father's house, when the cattle and farming utensils were distrained for rent. The father, who was a pious man, was reading Whitfield's sermons when the tidings came that a son was born. The text of the discourse he was perusing was, "And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." Deriving comfort as he read, he resolved to dedicate his newborn son to the Lord by the name of Benjamin. He did so; and little Benjamin had the great advantage of an upbringing according to the spirit of his dedication. His father had "thought of the Lord when he was six years old," and throughout his life was a decided Christian. Mr. Parsons could indeed say,—

"My boast is not that I derive my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—  
The son of parents passed into the skies."

In the family the Bible was daily read, and prayer a daily exercise. But he lost his father by death when he was only *six* years old. The good man had only just risen from his knees in prayer, and walked down stairs, when he suddenly died. His son thus records the last day of his father, and his own early history:—

"The morning of his death was a memorable one. For some time he had been poorly, and had not risen to breakfast. On the day in question, *himself*, myself, and my mother, were the only persons in the house. After he had dressed, we all knelt round his bed, while he prayed very earnestly and solemnly for us all; and one prayer that he offered is very remarkable: it was that God would

bless all his children scattered abroad on the face of the earth. I remember turning round and looking at his back, delighted with the thought that there was a God in heaven, and that I had a father who addressed the throne of grace on behalf of his children. He rose from his knees, walked down stairs, and dropped down dead. The impression made upon my mind was a lasting one. I have often thought that it formed rather a remarkable picture. There was my venerable father, upwards of six feet high, nearly seventy years of age, walking down to his tomb in the full assurance of faith, waiting every moment for his Lord to call. My sorrowful mother followed next; and there was myself, a little boy six years old, completing the train. At the bottom of the stairs he gave his body to the dust, and his soul to the Saviour. That period formed a new era in my life. Every word uttered, every action performed, were written on my childish mind, which that morning seemed to quicken into activity. I noticed how they raised him up and put him in a chair, and placed a glass to his lips to see if he breathed. I marked the words they uttered. One said, 'Sudden death, sudden glory;' another quoted some glorious text. And my mother, who had a text of Scripture for everything, exclaimed, 'He will be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow!' I afterwards began to read through the Scriptures to find out this passage: Psalm lxxviii. 5, 'A father of the fatherless, a pledge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation.' This simple circumstance led me to read through the Scriptures for five times in succession, and eternity will be too short to express the benefits I derived from this employment. As I have said before, my mother was

mighty in the Scriptures; she had a text for everything, and she appealed to them on all points. This has been of infinite advantage to me, because it led me to appeal to the sacred volume. She died when I was about fifteen years of age; and from that time I resolved that God's book should be my directory in faith and practice; and it has saved me from ten thousand moral and spiritual snares. It has always been my judge of right and wrong, of heresy and of orthodoxy. It has saved me from your spiritualisms, theologisms, and all new-fangled systems of religion. To every invitation to forsake Christ and this plain gospel, my reply has been, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' And now that I am dying, I find that I have built upon a rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. I went to college for no other object than to learn to explain this sacred book; and I never rose from the study of the classics—especially from Homer, Eschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and others—without thanking God for the sacred volume, especially for Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. How often have I exclaimed, 'This is eternal life, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!'"

By sitting on the damp grass, about the time of his father's death, Benjamin was taken ill with fever, and became lame ever afterwards. God in mercy spared him for work he had yet to do. His mind was early brought under religious impressions, and was much helped in his inquiries by a very valuable small book by Miss Graham, called "The Test of Truth"—a book which brings the evidence of experience to try the truth. It is a work which may with great confidence be placed

in the hands of an honest sceptic, or thoughtful young man.

He was apprenticed to a tailor at Frampton-on-Severn, where he was one of the first to join a Sunday school, commenced in 1815. Then, though poor, he not only gave time to teach, but money to missions. His mind was here led to think of the ministry, and he was encouraged therein by his pastor. In 1821, he became a member of the church under the Rev. John Rees, at Rodborough, and in the same year entered Cheshunt College. His studies did not lead his mind from divine thoughts: he grew in grace as well as knowledge; and in a diary which is published in his "Memoir,"\* abundant evidence is afforded of the depth and sincerity of his piety. He longed to be free from sin, to be holy as God is holy, to live in unbroken fellowship with his Saviour, and to discharge aright all his duties. Thus, young reader, should you be, in the morning of life, and while preparing for its business and its battle. When you set out, make the Lord your God, and it shall be well with you all your days.

Benjamin Parsons became a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and was settled at Ebley, in his native county, in 1826. He found everything in moral decay, and the chapel in want of repair. But he set himself to the work he had undertaken; and though friends looked astonished, and wondered what he could accomplish there, he got a very handsome chapel, a house for himself, and large and commodious schools erected. He got the house of God filled with one thousand people, Sabbath schools with three or four hundred scholars; he

\* Very ably written by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, of London.



established benefit societies, literary societies, library, and other advantages; so that the Ebley of his ministry was as a garden of the Lord compared with the wilderness on which he entered. Besides preaching on the Sabbath and on other days,—and this he did with great clearness, point, power, and success in winning souls, so as to be pre-eminently a practical preacher,—*he lectured to the people on every subject he studied for himself.* “These lectures included mechanics, chemistry, elementary bodies, history, geography, astronomy, grammar, philology, provident societies, vaccination, dialectics, animal physiology, sanitary reform, the corn laws, the French Revolution, mental philosophy,” &c. He also established a most efficient day-school. It took time to accomplish all these, for his people were poor, and many difficulties were in the way; but they were overcome, and a school, which cost £1400, and capable of holding six hundred children, was erected and opened in 1840.

“I had ever felt,” he said, “that you could do little for the improvement of a neighbourhood unless you began with the young almost at the cradle; and, therefore, I considered I was doing scarcely anything until I had a good day-school. I never lost sight of this one object. In encouraging the people to repair the chapel, chapel-house, &c., I intended to teach them that they could erect and support schools. I preached education from the pulpit. The evils of ignorance was a prominent topic. The proper training of our offspring as a Christian duty which we owe to the young, to ourselves, to our neighbourhood, to our country, to the world, and, above all, to Him who loved us and died for us, was again and again brought home to the consciences of my hearers,

until at last a desire was awakened that we should establish a day-school:

“While giving these admonitions and exhortations, I devoted some of the week-day evenings to the instruction and education of the young people. . . . But it was slow work; my people were generally poor; the few who possessed wealth were far from sympathizing in my supposed foolish enterprises. My educational schemes were said to be Utopian, and many affirmed that I was Oberlin mad.

“I always did what I could to influence them in every respect by example. They knew that, like themselves, I was poor; had a small income, and no private property to depend upon; that I maintained my wife and seven children to a considerable extent by hard labour. I taught a few pupils; I did a little literary work; and practised self-denial to a great extent. Economy was the ruling law which guided myself, wife, and family. . . .

“About the time we determined to erect our school, a prize of £100 was offered for the best essay on Temperance. I became one of the competitors, with the intention, if I were successful, of giving £50 towards the building. In this undertaking I worked very hard; for at that time, besides lecturing and preaching six or seven times a-week, I kept a classical and commercial school. I had only about five weeks to complete my task in, and did it by rising at four o'clock in the morning. I finished it on Christmas day, and shall never forget the pleasure I felt on that occasion. Unfortunately, ‘Anti-Bacchus’ was not the successful essay; and I sold the copyright for £50, and devoted the money to the building of Ebley

British Schools, and by this means my purse, as well as my tongue and my pen, encouraged our friends to go forward. . . . . For some time I had to work alone, and sometimes met with more opposition than sympathy. Almost everything lay on my hands. I had to draw plans, superintend repairs and building; become responsible for payments, and collect the money; to work in the gardens, plant the trees, lay down the gravel on the walks, mow the lawns, and prune the shrubs. As the income until lately had been small, and my family large, staying at Ebley has cost me, on an average, £50 a-year beyond my salary; and as, by leaving the place, I might have doubled or trebled my pecuniary emoluments, it is no exaggeration to say that, in accomplishing what has been done, there has been a sacrifice of two or three thousand pounds; but had the cost been ten times that amount, there would have been no cause for regret. The good effected, the still greater good that has yet to be done, are an ample compensation for all. I OWE ALL TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST. All that has been done at Ebley has been done for the glory of Christ; and on a dying-bed it is some consolation to reflect that a few mites have been cast into the treasury, and that He has not refused the humble offering."

This was his review of the work many years after it had been accomplished. It evidenced a patience that had never fainted, a perseverance that had never flagged, and a Christian benevolence that had a single aim. God rewarded these by the great success which crowned the labours of the self-denying man. In the congregation, religion flourished; in the school, education advanced; in the district, society was improved by the minister of a

poor people, without influence or wealth. He was emphatically a working man, and he saw the fruits of his industry ere he lay down to sleep.

There are social reformers who go from a neglected and ruined home to improve a community—men who can descant most eloquently on their plans for the amelioration of mankind, while they are tyrants or misanthropes in their own domestic circle. It was an arrangement of wisdom becoming the spirit of inspiration which enjoined the Christian bishop to be “one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity. For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?” Mr. Parsons sought to have his home what he would have the domestic condition of others to be; and from a sphere where the kindly affections had their benevolent play, and right principles their peaceful rule, he went forth to reform society and the Church. He was married in November 1830 to Miss Amelia Fry, a lady who shared his fellowship and aided his ministry while they lived together for twenty-five years. They had a numerous family, and many struggles to make all ends meet out of a small income. But they had faith, and were diligent and economical, and never fainted or wanted, or were unable to maintain a respectable position in the social circle. Their children were all trained to think, and to fear God. Their father was “guide, philosopher, and friend” to them all, and under his eye and instruction they grew up in wisdom. He was passionately fond of his children, and exhibited very great tenderness towards them. This was enhanced by the bereavement of some of them in early age, when youthful affection entwines

most closely around a father's heart. His eldest daughter, a girl of remarkable promise, was taken from him in her twelfth year. But she had found an interest in the Saviour, and went cheerfully to her heavenly Father's house. Her attainments were very extraordinary for her years. They fully warranted the publication of a brief memoir, which a mourning parent sought to place upon her memory as an *immortelle* wrought by the hand of affection. We have seen fading flowers woven into garlands, and hung on the graves of the dead in continental cemeteries, but none contain such amaranthine flowers as the virtues of the departed wreathed into a biography. From the memorial of Lizzie Parsons we shall make a few extracts, which cannot fail to astonish, interest, and instruct our readers.

"It was the wish of Lizzy's parents that she should be fitted for domestic duties, literary and scientific studies, and religious pursuits, and they found in their beloved child an apt scholar. She was delighted to assist her mother to the utmost of her power; and her sewing, knitting, and in fact, everything which she did in this way was always neatly done. Her mother feels that in her removal she has lost a very valuable domestic assistant. When lying in the coffin, her finger bore the mark of the knitting needle. This employment had been a favourite pursuit when affliction confined her to the house. . . .

"We never treated Lizzy as a mere child, we at once introduced her to truth, encouraged her to read what she could, and showed her that there was much more that she would be able to explore by-and-by. Hence the natural charm which belongs to all real knowledge very

early fascinated her mind. To her, learning was one of the greatest pleasures and amusements.

“ She was fond of language, and of tracing every word to its root. Dictionaries were as attractive to her as novels are to those addicted to light reading. They were among her child’s books, and hence she rarely spelt incorrectly, and the correctness of her dictation, and the expressiveness of the words she used, not unfrequently made others smile, and caused her to blush at the thought of being accounted older than she was. *She could translate Virgil with very little trouble, and generally used her Greek Testament at family worship.* Aware of the benefits which woman must especially derive from the study of the Greek and Roman classics, and particularly from a knowledge of the Scripture in the original tongues, her father had fondly hoped that Lizzy, without the least injury to her domestic character, would one day be able to enjoy these refined sources of knowledge. And though this vision has fled, it was a matter of great consolation to find, by her mature thought and comprehensive answers, when near eternity, that she had not studied language in vain. To her every word had its definite idea, and not only her speech, but her mind was free from confusion ; and one thing that made the Bible so attractive, was the distinct understanding which she had of its great and glorious truths. Her secular knowledge of language enabled her to view the Scriptures through a transparent medium, and to her philology was an interesting and beautiful study.

“ But there was no fear of her being a dull linguist. Knowledge generally had its charms. She was fond of history. The atlas was one of her favourite books. If we

wanted a place on the map, Lizzy could generally be appealed to as our oracle. We have sometimes thought that the little hymn

‘Twinkle, twinkle, little star,’

had given her a taste for astronomy. She was delighted to watch the motions of the planets, and she felt it very keenly when her affliction rendered it necessary that she should give up the study of the globes. When quite young she was often taken out of bed that she might view the beautiful phenomena of the heavens, and she was delighted to be woke at any hour of the night for this purpose.

“More than three years ago (in her eighth year) she had of her own accord learnt the various classes and orders of planets, and she felt no common pleasure in examining the stamens, pistils, &c., of flowers. Her friends knew that they could give her few higher treats than to introduce her to a flower garden. Entomology was another of her pleasurable pursuits, and more than once she attempted to form a cabinet of insects. Not unfrequently, when she came home from a walk, she brought her collection of stores, and a conversation on geology was as engaging as a riddle or a tale. There is reason to believe that she had early learned to read her heavenly Father’s power, wisdom, and love, in these various productions of his hand, and that these marks of a divine origin formed their chief charm. She found ‘sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything.’ Her education embraced a knowledge of both worlds, heaven and earth; perhaps she knew most of the latter, and in her pilgrimage below, the visible wonders of the earth, sea, and sky,

proved a delightful introduction to that higher world in which the Creator himself will be seen without a veil.

“It may seem strange to some, but it is difficult to say of which she was most fond, *music or mathematics*. Her master, to whom she was much attached, Mr. Evans, of Cheltenham, gave us a flattering account of her talents and progress, and when we knew that her strength would not allow her to sit at the piano, she frequently begged us to permit her to take lessons. As for mathematics, we had little rest until we allowed her to commence, and it was with difficulty that she could be persuaded to lay Euclid aside.

“But the Scriptures were from an early period her most delightful study. She took much pleasure in comparing one passage with another, having early found out that, by means of marginal references, the Bible became its own commentary, and was thus rendered plain to the mind of a child. She once wrote out a very interesting and correct memoir of the Apostle Paul, copied from the Acts of the Apostles. Some, perhaps, may imagine that she injured her health by study, but the ease with which she acquired knowledge rendered it unnecessary for her to apply very closely. Some lessons were learnt by once reading, and she had no greater pleasure on earth than that which she derived from the acquisition of learning.”

The close of her life was in remarkable keeping with its brilliant but brief existence. She accepted the gospel of Jesus with simplicity of faith, and never doubted. A month previous to her death she said to her mother, “I felt so unhappy last night lest I should die before I opened my mind and told you how happy I am. I know you feel anxious about me, and that it has been wrong in me



not to assure you I am happy." She had joy and peace in believing.

Her father informs us in his memorial that "she made preparations for her funeral with all the calmness of a philosopher; spoke of her coffin, shroud, and grave with a complacency that made others weep. To her these last accoutrements of mortality had no terror. Death was the gate to life and heaven. She divided among her friends all her little property, and did so early, fearing, if she delayed, she might be too weak. Long before death came she had settled everything with both worlds. She wished her brothers and sisters to be with her separately and alone, that she might give them her parting advice, and the instructions she imparted to each showed that she had fully estimated their different dispositions and character. No parent could have been more anxious for their salvation than their dear sister Lizzy."

It must have been interesting and most affecting for her mother to find in her writing-case a letter which her daughter had written on the Sabbath before she died, which contained the following statement:—

*"January 5, 1845.*

DEAR MAMMA,—I assure you I cannot express my gratitude sincerely enough for the kindness you have shown me since my illness, and it is my daily prayer that you may be supported to the end. I feel that my prayers have been answered, and I hope God will go on to answer them. Accept my sincere thanks for your kindness, and believe me to remain your ever, ever, ever loving daughter,

*"LIZZY."*

She passed away from this scene on the 8th of January 1845, and entered the general assembly of the Church of the first-born.

One cannot wonder that the father of such a daughter

should have had high views of female intellect, and that he should have advocated a more enlightened education than is usually given to women.

But it is now time to return from this episode, which we believe no reader will deem a digression. It is one of the points to illustrate the character of Benjamin Parsons. We cannot, however, pass from this subject without inserting the following lines, extracted from some which were written while his heart still bled for the loss of his beloved child :—

“ THOU ART NOT GONE.”

*A father's midnight thought on his dear departed daughter.*

FEBRUARY 1845.

“ Thou art gone, though thy sleeping dust  
Is low in the silent grave ;  
And thy spirit is taken to realms of light  
By Him who died to save.

For still thy face and thy placid look  
Are present before our eye ;  
As long *as* we live *thy* form must live  
In our fondest memory.

And still the sound of thy living voice  
To our ears re-echoing creeps ;  
From the first soft word to the last sweet speech  
That died upon thy lips.”

\* \* \*  
Though absent in body, our spirits are one,  
And still at our Father's throne  
We bow in prayer, and thou in praise :  
Sweet child, we yet are one.”

Mr Parsons was distinguished by the *social* aspect of his ministerial character and labour. He made it a great part of his public ministry to apply the truths of religion

to common life. And he was frequently induced to step forward among men as a citizen who had a word to say or an act to perform in behalf of social good. That which first brought him out from his own sphere was the *anti-slavery* cause. The planters and supporters of slavery found a man devoted enough to their interests to become their advocate through the length and breadth of England. This individual, Peter Borthwick, came to Stroud in the course of his journeyings, and made a great impression upon the people. The minister of Ebley was present, and undertook to reply to the champion of slavery. He disentangled the argument from the sophism and oratory by which a bad cause had been maintained, and he demonstrated the right of the slave to freedom, and the iniquity of man's holding property in man. In this conflict Mr. Parsons became a master. He lectured on the subject, and published several pamphlets which were of great service in advancing the liberty of the negro.

The *Corn-laws* next received Mr. Parson's antagonism. He became an agitator for their repeal, and lectured in various parts of the country to further the cause of untaxed food. He was popular wherever he went on this mission. He wrote many letters to newspapers to make the matter intelligible to the people, and to gain the convictions even of the interested. At the great ministerial Conference, got up by the friends of the League, he expressed his views with singular ability in one of the most telling speeches delivered.

The *Observance of the Sabbath* was a question for which he contended most earnestly. He regarded the day as an important privilege to the working man, as well as a

sacred institution for the worship of God. He therefore preached for the keeping holy of this day. He was exemplary in his own conduct, received no letters, and allowed no work beyond what necessity required to be done in his house. He insisted on the duty of the legislature to protect the day from violation by business, or by the opening of places of public amusement. His last pamphlet was written in the interest of this day, to Lord Derby, when that nobleman, then prime minister, countenanced the opening of the Crystal Palace.

The *Temperance Cause* early received his support. In no movement could he go languidly ; but in this he advanced with enthusiasm and uncommon energy. His strong sympathies with the working classes who are most exposed to the evils of drinking, and his earnest desire for their improvement and elevation made him see the importance of aiding this enterprise. We have already referred to his book written for the prize, but which, though unsuccessful, had a large circulation, and may be consulted now with great advantage. He travelled over the country to advocate total abstinence, and always met with admiring audiences, many of whom were won to join his own party. His individual testimony on this matter must not be omitted in a record of his life.

In 1851, he said, "About sixteen years ago, I became a teetotaller. As I have often said, previous to that period the doctors had given it as their opinion that my nerves were so shattered, that nothing but giving up reading, thinking, and the ministry altogether would afford any hope of recovery. My nervousness was such that I enjoyed nothing. I held tightly by both rails of

the stairs lest I should fall from top to bottom ; I expected every hour to drop down dead, and indeed, suffered a living martyrdom. With a life, then, not worth six months' purchase, I commenced teetotaller, and 'having obtained help of God,' have continued until this day, and have enjoyed as large an amount of bodily and mental health as any person in the kingdom. I am quite willing to compare notes with any individual in the world as to my exemption from pain and ailments of any kind during the *sixteen* years of my teetotal history. I am also ready to examine with them my labours. I have studied for more hours every day on an average than I ought, and have to some extent put my health in jeopardy ; I have worked hard with my hands, feet, and tongue, and have had, perhaps, more than a common share of the cares and anxieties of life ; and yet I have never been ill, have required no medicine, and for the last six years and a half have taken none at all. I may add that my spirits have been cheerful, and my labours and pursuits which before were so perfectly irksome, have afforded me the highest pleasure.

"Now this is a tolerable testimony from a man whom the doctors had consigned to mental inactivity and a life of disease. And I deem it necessary to make it here, because I am no believer in the earthly immortality of teetotallers. I do not think that we are entirely free from disease, or at any rate from the decay of nature to which all are doomed. I have, it is true, a firm conviction that total abstinence is the best medicine ; that teetotallers are more likely to escape disease than other persons, and that they have a greater prospect of a good old age. But still the life of every one must end, and, with many

of us, may end soon; and it is best to be ready that we may not be taken by surprise."

After stating the ravages of the insidious custom of drinking, Mr. Parsons goes on to say: "I have one word to say of my family. Our doctors have always told me that my wife has naturally a weak constitution; and yet she is stronger than ever I knew her, and has not taken a dose of medicine for nearly seven years. I have also six children; and during the same period there has not been a particle of any kind of physic in our house. As a family we are as healthy and strong as other people. . . . . *Teetotalism* has done this in my household, and therefore I can highly recommend it to others. My doctor's bills were formerly very expensive, and, added to the items for a due proportion of beer, porter, wine and spirits, for eight moderate drinkers, made a large demand on my income. £30 will not go very far in supplying us all with a little, and yet this sum has now sent a child to Germany to be educated, and nearly covered the expense, and perhaps made her fortune. How many drink all the resources of their families? I know numbers who have *treble* my income, and not *one-third* of my comforts. The drink overwhelms them; and in not a few cases the parents drop prematurely into the grave, and the children go the union."

Mr. Parsons did very great service to the cause of temperance. It had not so many ministers in its ranks then as now, and he aided to remove the reproach that religious men kept aloof from those who were seeking to remove the curse of our country.

There was yet another work on which he entered, in which he had less sympathy of most of his brethren in

the ministry, and in which the reader as the writer may not sympathize. Nevertheless, when he did contend for the *Charter* as a Radical, no man could ever say that Benjamin Parsons did not give a Christian tone to all his politics, or that he ever divorced politics from religion. In all his pamphlets he enunciated Bible principles, and insisted strongly on the grand doctrine that righteousness exalteth a nation. But he was anxious to elevate the masses, and went rather far in political radicalism in order to effect the object of his wishes.

*Education* was a favourite topic with him, and he laboured hard to promote it. He made a most successful effort at Ebley, and many were stimulated to acquire knowledge, and had the means to do it, by the practical philanthropy of this Oberlin of Ebley. He was what is called a voluntary in education, and believed in the power and will of the people to pay for their own instruction, without the aid of the state. There have been few voluntaries who have put their principles into practice as he did. This is, perhaps, their weakness; but it has deprived their arguments against national education by the state of almost all their force. There can be no doubt that the parent in the first instance is bound to educate his child, and the Church of Christ is bound to promote education; but that which men may do socially they may also do nationally, and by a comprehensive scheme provide for the instruction of all. In a great country like this no man ought to be allowed to neglect the education of his children. "I lay it down as a principle which cannot be controverted," says the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, "and which lies, indeed, at the very foundations of society, that no man shall be allowed to rear his family a burden, and

a nuisance, and a danger to the community. He has no more right to rear wild men and wild women and then let them loose among us, than to rear tigers and wolves, and send them abroad on our streets. What four-footed animal is so dangerous to the community as that animal which unites the uncultivated intellect of a man to the uncontrollable passions of the beast? We have a right to insist that this shall not be. Some rights I may waive. I may waive my right to the honours and emoluments of my office. I may abandon the claim to a competent living from those to whom I minister, and turn tent-maker, like the great apostle. But if I have a right to interfere for the good of others, to shield the oppressed, to serve the perishing, to instruct the ignorant—by any act on my part to benefit and bless my country, this is a right which I have no right to waive. God requires me to claim and carry it into effect. Religion thus lends her holy sanction to the state, when she insists on a universal education. She commands society to take these children under its protection, and see that all of them are trained, through means of the school, to be of service to the state. The parent who does not educate his children, should be regarded as a man who is not using his liberty, but is guilty of licentiousness." This would enforce a certain amount of education on every child, and make parents feel that they had no right to deprive their offspring of knowledge, or to injure the commonwealth by their neglect of the rising generation. This is the principle of the Factory Act as it applies to the young. It remains for the state to go through with it, until the certificate of the schoolmaster be made essential to all employment.



We have already hinted that Mr. Parsons ventured with success into *authorship*, and have quoted his account of the essay on the Evils of Intemperance. He also wrote a very able work on the "Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman," and another entitled "Education the Birthright of every Human Being," which he dedicated to the working-classes of both sexes. These as well as his "Anti-Bacchus" are still in print, and will repay a careful perusal. He wrote many pamphlets on religious, political, and social questions. In 1849, he began a series of "Tracts for Fustian Jackets and Smock-frocks," designed to express political truths in a manner suited to the intelligence of the humblest of the working-classes. He contributed also to several periodicals, and edited "The Harbinger"—the periodical of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. He also wrote a volume for Mr. Cassell. For his schools he prepared valuable catechisms on Scriptural and scientific subjects. One only wonders how he found time for his pen amidst labours so "abundant and journeyings often." He was an early riser, and made the most of time, and thus affords an example to all our readers.

Throughout his ministry he remained in one place; a rare virtue in these times of change. Nor did he repent it. Ebley became his reward in many souls converted to the Lord, in a flourishing congregation, and an educated neighbourhood.

His labours at length drew to a close. In 1854, symptoms appeared of feebleness and disease. He was laid aside for a season in hopes of becoming better; but he preached seldom afterwards to his flock. He received much sympathy from his attached people, who along with

others, presented him with a purse containing three hundred sovereigns, and his portrait.

In the address accompanying the testimonial were the following sentences:—"When you came to this church, you did not find a field prepared, and a harvest waiting for the sickle. You had to plough, and sow, and the committee cannot conceal from themselves that should you be spared for many years to come, still another will have to reap. It cannot be said that you were 'sent to reap that on which you bestowed no labour;' you have laboured, 'and others will enter into your labours.'

"It will be gratifying to you to learn that the testimonial has been raised by the contributions of men of all shades of opinion and denominations of sentiment; the clergyman of the Church of England, the member of the Society of Friends, the Tory of the old school of politics, the Free-Trader and the Radical, the disciple of the most Puritanic Nonconformity, and the Conservative Dissenter, have all contributed to do you honour; in such a congregation of varying sentiment it would ill become the committee in any individual or personal character to offer congratulations which might create jarring notes; but they desire that you may feel this to be a testimonial to your fearless and undaunted truthfulness, perseverance, and labour; a united regard for the inflexibility of your principles and faith in truth, of your ardent attachment to freedom of conscience without a shackle or fetter. You have laboured in manifold fields—religious, social, economical, and political. It is your praise and honour to-day that you have not trimmed your sail to catch the passing breeze; you have realized the principle that the

minister of the gospel should be constant in season and out of season."

In his reply he stated, "I believe I have studied and laboured disinterestedly, for I never received one penny for lectures delivered in this neighbourhood, either on the anti-slavery or any other subject. . . . I have delivered lectures of an hour and a half's duration, and studied hard for a fortnight to get them ready, and all I have had was the labour. And it is to me an overwhelming consideration to see those principles so honoured as they have been this day.

"At fifteen I began to be a close student. The death of my mother, forty-three years ago, made a deep impression on my mind, and I immediately began studying the Bible. I carried it always in my pocket, and some may think it superstitious, but I always slept with it under my pillow. I read it through and through, and so convinced myself that it was the word of God, and my duty to receive its instructions. And let me tell you, that whatever sentiments I have advocated, I have never borrowed those statements from individuals, but have always looked at them first by the light of the Bible. If they agreed with that book, I felt I must advocate them; if I believed they did not, no man ever saw me on a platform saying a word on their behalf. . . .

"Of course I have been much misrepresented, and called a heretic, though I do not believe there is a man more fond of the old doctrines of Divine grace—Methodistical doctrines as they have been termed. I preach the trinity, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit, the work of the Spirit, the eternal and everlasting obligation of God's

law, the duty of loving one another, and the necessity of Divine grace to help us in all things. I preach these doctrines not to gain popularity, but because I love them, and they have been my comfort in affliction."

After this he continued to decline. *The severe toil of studying fourteen and sometimes eighteen hours a day for thirty-three years had worn down his frame.* He preached for the last time in Ebley on the 29th of October 1854. The next day he took to his bed, and never rose again. He lay down to rest "sweetly," as he said, "*on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom.*" He also said: "Three things he knew were right about *his affliction*—it had come *at the right time*—he thought he saw that his family, his church, might perhaps, better part with him now than some years since; that it had come to the *right person*, he thought he could bear pain better than some others; and it had come for the *right object* since he knew that God had sent it." He was prepared to die; but while he continued here, he entered with the liveliest interest into the questions of the day. "He knew he was dying," says Mr. Hood, "but he enjoyed a Greek criticism. He could discuss the doctrine of Whewell's book 'On Plurality of Worlds.' He was interested in the war." The Scriptures flowed from his lips to his family and friends. Sometimes he would sing a favourite verse:—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last."

His message to his people was, "You must tell the people I am trusting in the same gospel I preached to

them." Among his last words were these: "I feel I must come like the poor publican, like the thief on the cross, and like Mary Magdalene. I must come to the foot of the cross, and be saved just in the same manner as they." He fell asleep in Jesus, on the 10th of January 1855, in his fifty-eighth year.

Great was the sorrow of the people of Ebley when they heard the tidings, and many mourners assembled to do him honour as they laid his remains in a grave beside the chapel where he had preached to them the word of life.

Mr. Parsons has been thus described by his biographer, Mr. Hood, in reference to his ability as a preacher:—"He related everything in the pulpit. He was sometimes called a political preacher; so he was; but not more so than an educational preacher, or a literary preacher, or a scientific preacher, or a philological preacher. He was in an especial manner a gospel preacher. No sermon was ever delivered by him which did not abound to overflowing with the truths of the great covenants; but he fused into his sermons all that he felt, all that he believed, all that he read, all that he saw in his travels, all that he could pick up in the observation of men and of society. His aim was to be a very practical preacher. And this he was among the men of the modern pulpit. He stood quite alone; and in his best efforts, we believe, he was equal to any, especially in his own method. . . . His sermons teemed and overflowed with instruction. . . . He dearly loved the Puritan theology; he loved the men and the books of that period. . . . Mr. Parsons was fond of speaking on the more difficult portions of Scripture. He expounded the

Book of Revelation, and his expositions lie over a series of years; the greater portion of the Book of Zechariah, and the Book of Job."

"Relative to Mr. Parsons as a preacher," says Mr. Handel Cossham, no incompetent judge, "I can truly say I never heard his equal: his expositions of Scripture were the most original and impressive I ever heard—so full of instruction that no one could help becoming wiser under his teaching. He was indeed 'mighty in the Scriptures,' and the object for which he lived and laboured was to unfold the divine mind and will in all he did and said. As a proof of this, I may remark, that though I heard him frequently during the last ten years, I can remember almost every text I ever heard him preach from, and the manner in which he explained, illustrated, and enforced it. There was something so striking and forcible in his mode of preaching, that it was almost impossible to forget it; and I find such was the case generally. The colliers of this neighbourhood will, I think, never forget a sermon preached by Mr. Parsons, under-ground in one of my pits, to several hundreds of them, from the text, 'He brought me up also, out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings.'"

Mr. Parsons was an eminent illustration of a true social reformer. He had a heart that sympathized with every sorrow, and that would aid to the best of his ability to ameliorate it, to remove every burden, to extirpate every vice, and to conduct every man to the beatitude of a Christian. His memory must long be fragrant in Gloucestershire; and all who read his life may learn much for the regulation and improvement of their own.

The following lines, as well as those which we have already quoted from the same piece, may be justly applied to him:—

“ Give me the priest, these graces shall possess—  
Of an ambassador the just address ;  
A father’s tenderness, a shepherd’s care,  
A leader’s courage, who the cross can bear ;  
A ruler’s awe, a watchman’s wakeful eye,  
A pilot’s skill, the helm in storms to ply ;  
A fisher’s patience and a labourer’s toil,  
A guide’s dexterity to disembroil,  
A prophet’s inspiration from above,  
A teacher’s knowledge, and a Saviour’s love.”

BISHOP KEN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, THE CHRISTIAN  
EVANGELIST.

*"Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."*—I COR. ix. 16.

"A vessel chosen and divine, replete  
With nature's gifts, and grace's richer stores,  
'Thou WHITEFIELD wast: these through the world dispersed,  
In long laborious trials, thou at length  
Hast reached the realms of rest, to which thy Lord  
Hast welcomed thee with his immense applause.  
All hail my servant, in thy various trusts  
Found vigilant and faithful: see the ports,  
See the eternal kingdom of the skies,  
With all their boundless glory, boundless joy,  
Opened for thy reception, and thy bliss!  
Meantime, the body in its peaceful cell,  
Reposing from its toils, awaits the Star,  
Where living lustres lead that promised morn,  
Where vivifying dews thy mouldered corse  
Shall visit, and immortal life inspire."

DR. GIBBONS.



THE eighteenth century was the dark age of our Protestant Christianity. With an open Bible and toleration of dissent, the religion of England nevertheless lapsed into the gloom and inactivity of death. Sound doctrine was heard from few pulpits, and holy living had rare illustrations. High places in the Church were occupied by men who disowned the vital



truths of the gospel, and the chief offices of state were filled by men of unprincipled and profligate lives. Infidelity was respectable, and immorality fashionable. But the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and no man cared for their souls. Not since the glorious Reformation had religion sunk so low. Yet this was the period when the greatest evangelist that has ever adorned the Church arose and shone; when tens of thousands hung upon his lips as he uttered the invitations of the gospel; and when a revival occurred which has stamped the Christianity of the present day with its fervent piety and large-hearted philanthropy. Repulsed by stiff churchmen and cold dissenters, Whitefield became an evangelist at large, and in that character found abundant sphere in the open fields, until scarcely a town of any importance in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, had not heard "his come and welcome to Jesus Christ." His impassioned eloquence gained the ear of all classes, from the peer to the peasant, from the philosopher to the child; and, throughout a career of four-and-thirty years, though preaching many times a week, his popularity never waned, and his usefulness never abated. He did not found a church, but he was the honoured instrument of converting many thousands. He wrote no great book, but he left a fame which theologians might envy. He possessed no dignity, yet he exercised an influence beyond the power of statesmanship or arms. His life and usefulness stimulated many in his own day to study the secret of his success, and to follow him in works of faith and labours of love; and while the record remains, it must ever be an instruction and example to all who hold the office of a preacher in the Church of Christ.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born at Gloucester, 16th December, 1714. His father and mother kept the Bell Inn, a place which still continues to be the rendezvous of farmers and burghers in the ancient city. At the age of twelve, the youth went to the grammar school of St. Mary-de-Crypt, where he continued till he was fifteen. He made considerable progress for some time, but as there seemed to be but little prospect of his being sent to the university, he declined in diligence. His habits of theatre-going and loose living aided this degeneracy, and at length he exchanged the school for the tavern. He put on a blue apron and washed mops, cleaned rooms, and sold beer at "The Bell" for eighteen months.

The inn passed into the hands of his brother about the year 1730, and George was installed as assistant, but disagreement with his sister-in-law led to his withdrawal. By means of an old school-fellow, then a student at Oxford, his desires were turned toward the university. He obtained a servitor's place in Pembroke College in his eighteenth year. Ere this took place, serious thoughts had arisen in his soul; and when he went to Oxford he became acquainted with the Wesleys, who were then pursuing a career of ascetic and mystic piety. Whitefield soon became enthusiastic in austerity, until his health gave way under fasting and ritual services. At last he laid aside the works of Thomas á Kempis, and Castanza, and Law, for the Greek Testament; and in the brightening pages of inspiration discovered the way of a sinner's justification—by faith in the finished work of Jesus. Where Luther found the same enlightened truth, which dispelled his doubts and fears, and gave him peace;

where Zwingli first beheld his Saviour; where Bilney learned the faithful saying; where Cowper found joy and peace in believing; and where many more have met with Christ; there George Whitefield saw a free salvation. The Scriptures state with clearness the way of justification, and to their light the anxious and benighted soul must go.

As soon as Whitefield found peace, he hasted to tell the story of grace to others. In the prisons at Oxford and at Gloucester, God blessed his testimony to the conversion of souls, so that when he was ordained by Bishop Benson, in 1736, he had already proof of his fitness for the holy ministry. He felt that he was inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon him the sacred office.

He says in a letter to a friend:—

“GLOUCESTER, *June 20, 1736.*

“This is a day much to be remembered, O my soul! for about noon I was solemnly admitted by good Bishop Benson, before many witnesses, into holy orders: and was, blessed be God, kept composed both before and after the imposition of hands. I endeavoured to behave with unaffected devotion; but not suitable enough to the greatness of the office I was to undertake. At the same time, I trust, I answered every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say, Amen. I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action. Let come what will—life or death, depth or height—I shall henceforth live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the profession of being moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the Church. Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself ‘a prisoner of the Lord,’ I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into His almighty

hands; only, I would have you observe—that till you hear of my dying for or in my work, you will not be apprized of all the *preference* that is expected by—G. W.”

A large congregation assembled on the next Sabbath, in St. Mary-de-Crypt, to hear his first sermon. The text which he preached was Eccles. iv. 9, “Two are better than one,” in which he enforced the importance of social religion which so eminently characterized the Methodists. At a time when evangelical preachers were few, the advantages which young converts or hopeful inquirers got from meeting in society with more advanced Christians were invaluable. The result of his eloquent and impassioned preaching of Christ and him crucified was thus complained of to the bishop,—that it had driven fifteen persons mad. The good diocesan replied, that he wished the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday.

The Wesleys, being in Georgia, had made overtures to Whitefield to aid them in their mission. He at once resolved to join their evangelistic enterprise. Ere he sailed, he preached for some time in London to immense congregations. Nine times a week, for three months, the churches were crowded to hear him, and many were awakened to spiritual concern. He sailed in December, 1737, but did not land till May of the succeeding year. He was instant in season and out of season while in the colony, and preached in many places. The state of the young affected him so much as to lead to his resolution to found an orphan asylum for them. Big with this purpose, and also anxious to obtain priest's orders, he embarked for England in the end of the year. On returning to the metropolis, he found the clergy against

him, and few churches open to his labours. But this did not disconcert him. After being ordained by Bishop Benson, he began again to preach at large. At Islington, the churchwardens demanded his license to officiate in the diocese; but, having none, he resolved to preach in the open air. Then commenced his field-preaching, which often carried the gospel news to twenty and even sixty thousand at once, and to many thousands more in places where churches were either closed, or too small to contain the people. Moorfields, Kensington Common, and Marylebone Fields, became his great centres; and, notwithstanding the opposition of bishops and bullies, the common people heard him gladly, and gave him large sums for his Orphan House. At Bristol he had an abundant entrance. The Kingswood colliers melted under his appeals, and tears of penitence furrowed their black faces before the preacher's eye. In South Wales he joined that noble lay evangelist,—Howel Harris, and preached with great acceptance to large assemblies. Over the length and breadth of the land he found interested auditors, and he realized a wondrous blessing upon his ministrations.

As it would be in vain in this brief sketch to follow up, with minute accuracy, all his movements, we purpose to look at him as he pursued his evangelical work in England, in Scotland, and in America, and the influence of his labours in each land.

When once his popularity was made, and his doctrine known, he had to encounter the opposition of the dignified and the formal. But he did not on that account desist. His faith was founded on the word of God. Those views of truth which he always urged upon his hearers were the

essential points connected with salvation. They were the sinner's utter depravity, guilt, and danger—the complete atonement of Jesus Christ—the free offer of the gospel to sinners of every name—the necessity of regeneration by the Spirit of God—and the connection between a living faith and good works. These he asserted with less or more distinctness according to his knowledge. But the ritualist, who put trust in forms; and the rationalist, who relied on works, opposed his views and discountenanced his preaching. Some wrote against him in bulky and bilious pamphlets. But he was equal to the emergency. He answered inhibitions by preaching in the fields, and pamphlets by rejoinders. He rebuked the indolence of the clergy by his unceasing activity, and the heterodoxy of the bench by his intelligent adherence to the articles he had subscribed. Under his preaching the parishioners of many opposing parsons were converted; and under his exposures, the arguments of Gibson, Warburton, Lavington, and other bishops, were scattered to the winds.

One of his most astounding adventures and greatest successes in his Master's cause, was his preaching at Moorfields during Whit-week of 1742. Many thousands were wont to assemble there from day to day. On Whit-Monday, Whitefield began at six o'clock, surrounded by a large congregation of praying people. He says, "Glad was I to find that I had for once, as it were, got the start of the devil. I mounted my field pulpit: almost all flocked immediately around it. I preached on these words: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of man be lifted up,' &c. They gazed, they listened, they wept, and I believe that many felt

themselves stung with deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. Being thus encouraged I ventured out again at noon, but what a scene! The fields, the whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready, not for the Redeemer's, but Beelzebub's harvest. All his agents were in full motion: drummers, trumpeters, merryandrews, masters of puppet shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, &c., &c., all busy entertaining their respective auditors. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side, and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that, like St. Paul, I should now be called as it were, to fight with beasts at Ephesus, I preached from these words: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' You may easily guess there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honoured with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats thrown at me, whilst engaged in calling them from their favourite, but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions; but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for a while to be turned into lambs. This encouraged me to give notice that I would preach again at six o'clock in the evening." When he returned the numbers were still greater, and the interruption more noisy and indecent, but the preacher triumphed. After the work was over he retired with his friends to the Tabernacle—a building which he had erected—where he "read amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands" the notes he had received from persons who had been awakened. There were more than one thousand notes, and no fewer than

three hundred and fifty converts were received as the spiritual harvest of one day. There have been few such scenes in the history of the Church. It must have been no ordinary eloquence, and no ordinary solemnity, that could command and subdue the rabble at a fair. But the Spirit of God was there; and Whitefield, though fitted for the occasion more than any man, was sustained by more than eloquence and passion.

The Countess of Huntingdon made Whitefield her chaplain in the year 1748, and in her drawing-room, or the chapels which her ladyship built, many of the nobility assembled to hear the prince of preachers. The Earl of Bolingbroke listened with interest to the gospel from his lips. Lord Chesterfield was completely borne away by his eloquence; and when the picture of the blind beggar on the brink of the precipice, bending down to lift his staff, was presented with all the vividness of reality, Chesterfield exclaimed: "Good God, he is gone!" as if the scene were before his eye. Lord Bath, the Earl of Mar, and many others from the court, were more than delighted hearers; they became devoted disciples. Even the cold and sceptical Hume was awed into solemnity under him. He must have been a master of his art who could draw approbation from such a circle. But Whitefield preached as plain a gospel to these brilliant auditors as to the mob at Moorfields, or the colliers at Kingswood.

Our great evangelist loved to range over all the country to preach the gospel, and wherever he went, great crowds waited on his ministry. He was often opposed. At Plymouth he was attacked in bed by a naval officer. In other places he was assailed with stones, brick-bats, and



rotten eggs. But he held on and soon disarmed opposition; and won to the cross, and even to the ministry, some who came to mock and insult him. In every place he gained disciples to the Lord Jesus, and left living witnesses of his holy mission.

His connection with the other evangelists of the time, especially with the Wesleys, was very intimate, until controversy broke out. The Wesleys adopted Arminian doctrines; Whitefield was a Calvinist. Both continued firm to their tenets, and they had hosts of followers who did battle with great party spirit in the cause. It was neither Whitefield's *forte* nor his inclination to indulge in strife, and he loved the brethren from whom he was constrained to differ, and would have joined more with them had they been as charitable as himself. He preached occasionally for the Wesleys after their rupture, and in his will he left a mourning ring to each of those noble brothers, "in token," he says, "of my indissoluble union with them, in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference about some particular points of doctrine." With Cennick and Grimshaw, Hervey and Berridge, Fletcher and Thomas Adams, Doddridge and Williams, and Howel Harris, he laboured heartily, and always rejoiced when he was brought into contact with any of these good men, or obtained their services in his pulpits. He had a rare catholicity of spirit far in advance of his age.

From Whitefield began the evangelical succession in the English Church. He stood almost alone when he became an evangelist; but being made the instrument of the spiritual life of numbers, his eloquent example found many a faithful follower—not so much indeed in itiner-

ancy—though in that also to a great extent—as in the publication of a free and full gospel. *Venn and Romaine, Toplady and Walker, Newton and Scott, Simeon and Cecil*, have brought down the succession to our own times when more evangelical ministers fill the pulpits of the national Church, than in any former era. When Romaine began his ministry he knew of only *six* like-minded brethren; and ere he died, he could number *six hundred*. There are now no fewer than *four*, or perhaps *five thousand*! How much do we, therefore, owe to the great evangelist who introduced a full and clear gospel, and whose burning eloquence and untiring labours did so much to recover the confidence of the people of England, in the zeal and earnestness of the Christian ministry? Whitefield gave himself wholly to his beloved work of proclaiming “the truth as it is in Jesus,” to the perishing. His ruling passion was a desire to save souls. His manly eloquence and graceful action, his happy expression and holy unction, won their way to the hearts of hardened sinners. His simple faith and earnest prayer secured that divine power which alone can give success to the ministry in the saving of souls. He spoke to men as an ambassador from God, and expostulated with them as unwilling to let them go, until they accepted Jesus. “I cannot, I will not, let you go;” he would say, “stay a little, let us reason together. However lightly you may esteem your souls, I know our Lord has set an unspeakable value on them. He thought them worthy of his most precious blood. I beseech you, therefore, O sinners, be ye reconciled to God. I hope you do not fear being accepted in the Beloved. Behold, he calleth you; behold he prevents and follows you with his mercy, and hath sent forth his servants into the high-

ways and hedges, to compel you to come in. Remember, then, that at such an hour of such a day, in such a year, in this place, you were all told what you ought to think of Jesus Christ. If you now perish it will not be for lack of knowledge. I am free from the blood of you all."

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND shared in the general declension of piety which marked the eighteenth century. Many of the clergy lapsed into Pelagianism and some into Socinianism, while most were careless of the souls of their flocks. The law of patronage by which congregations were deprived of their right to elect their own ministers, was imposed in 1712, and though it was some time before it could be acted on, or any licentiate dared to accept a presentation as his title to the cure of souls, yet as vital godliness decayed, ministers became less scrupulous, and Church courts proceeded to intrude unacceptable presentees upon reclaiming congregations. With such a high hand was this carried, that several ministers were suspended and even deposed from their office for testifying against the innovation.

There were a few faithful men in the Establishment, who lamented the low state of religion, and who laboured zealously to revive the cause of God. When the tidings came across the Atlantic of the awakening in New England, they were greatly stirred in spirit, communicated the intelligence to their people, and sought to obtain a similar blessing to their own land. In rich mercy God was pleased to grant it, and a blessed revival occurred in many parishes throughout the country. The labours of those ministers who had been expelled from the Establishment were also much blessed. The names of Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, the fathers of the Secession in Scotland,

will long be held in grateful remembrance for their earnest publication of a full gospel, and the good which they accomplished in their day.

Mr. Ralph Erskine was greatly interested in the evangelistic works of Whitefield, and invited him to cross the border to aid the cause of the Lord by his fervid and evangelical preaching. Mr. Erskine was anxious that Whitefield's labours should be confined to his own little party, but as this could not be done unless our hero became a Presbyterian, and acknowledged the Solemn League and Covenant, he was desirous to persuade him to yield these points. Whitefield was glad to accept the invitation to Scotland, which had been given him by some belonging to the Established Church also; he could not be circumscribed in his mission or change his own position. However, he went first to Dunfermline to preach for Ralph Erskine, by whom he was received, as he himself expressed it, "very *lovingly*." The scene in the meeting-house was new to the English preacher. The people were all provided with Bibles, and astonished Whitefield by the rustling of the leaves to find his text. This was on the 31st July, 1741. The next day he went to Edinburgh, and preached in the Orphan House Park to a vast audience. He was welcomed by many, among whom were some of the nobility. A Quaker, also, took him by the hand and said: "Friend George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the ever-living God; and, therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown."

Whitefield could not confine his preaching to any mere sect. Wherever there was an open church, or a field, he

felt himself called to occupy it. He preached to thronged auditories wherever he went. Writing on the 15th August, he says: "It would make your heart leap for joy to be now in Edinburgh. I question if there be not upwards of three hundred in this city seeking after Jesus. Every morning I have a constant levee of wounded souls, many of whom are quite slain by the law. God's power attends the word continually, just as when I left London. At seven in the morning we have a lecture in the fields, attended not only by the common people, but also by persons of rank. I have reason to think that several of the latter sort are coming to Jesus. Little children also have been wrought upon. . . . Congregations consist of many thousands. Never did I see so many Bibles, nor people looking into them, when I am expounding, with so much attention. Plenty of tears flow from the hearers' eyes. Their emotion appears in various ways. I preach twice daily, and expound at private houses at night, and am employed in speaking to souls under distress great part of the day." One day he preached *seven* times. In Edinburgh, also, he received £500 for his Orphan House.

In September, he visited Glasgow, where he preached twice a-day for a week, in the High Church-yard. Great crowds waited on his words. Short-hand reporters also attended, and took down his sermons, which were rapidly printed off and circulated by thousands. Many souls were savingly converted there, and in various other places, by these ten sermons. In the same month he went to Dundee, where the devoted Willison then laboured in the ministry. In October, he was in Aberdeen, where he was welcomed by one minister and

denounced by his colleague: but the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. The magistrates and people heard him gladly.

In the autumn, a most remarkable revival of religion commenced at Cambuslang, a parish four miles from Glasgow. It was marked by similar physical features as the Irish awakening of 1859, and by the same sanctifying results. Whitefield was invited to this place in 1742, and he came from England, whither he had gone during the preceding winter. His early friends of the Secession were much displeased with his connecting himself with the ministers of the Establishment. Their hostility to the Church was so great, that in a pamphlet they called the revival "a wark of the deevil;" and Whitefield was stigmatized as a foreigner—one of the *false Christs* of whom the Church is forewarned! They also kept a *fast* on the occasion of his reappearance! Notwithstanding this sectarian narrowness, the Erskines and their coadjutors were excellent and very useful ministers of Christ.

His arrival on this occasion was quite an ovation. "As soon as I came on shore at Leith," he says, "many came blessing me, and weeping, took hold of me. About four in the afternoon, we came to Edinburgh. Great numbers followed our coach, and almost caught me in their arms as soon as I came out of it. How they did weep for joy! It would have melted you down to have seen them. When I reached my lodging, many dear friends came to salute us in the name of the Lord. About seven o'clock, I went to see some persons of distinction, whose hearts the Lord had touched when I was here last. Some were ready to faint with joy; and with these I prayed and gave thanks. We were all filled with joy and

peace in believing. At eight, I went to a nobleman's house, whose lady and other friends received us with great gladness. The cushions and Bible were immediately brought. I gave a word of exhortation. We sang and prayed, and spent the remainder of the evening most delightfully, in talking of the things of God." He commenced his preaching in the park, where seats were arranged like an amphitheatre. He had many thousands, twice every day, hanging on his lips, to whom he preached with great eloquence.

The fruits of his second visit to Edinburgh were very manifest. One of the most striking was the prayer-meetings which arose. These are thus described: "The prayer-meetings are from twenty-four to thirty in number, and are so large that some of them will have to be divided. Among them are several of boys and girls, who, in general, seem to be growing in grace and in sound views of divine truth. There are several meetings of young women, who, as I am informed, hold on well. Many young men meet for mutual instruction, and otherwise serving God. Many aged men, of high standing in the Christian life, also meet for edification. And, generally, all of these make it evident to the world that they have been with Jesus." There was a great increase of communicants in the city, and the week-day services of the clergy were much better attended, and more concern in things of God evidenced.

He went from this to other towns, and then to Cambuslang to assist at the communion. He preached many times on a hill-side near the manse, and with most extraordinary impression. "The people," he wrote, "seemed to be smitten by scores. They were carried off and

brought into the house like wounded soldiers from a field of battle." On the Sabbath, there was preaching all day by various ministers, as was common for a long period on sacrament days in Scotland. There were about twenty thousand or thirty thousand people present. The minister of the parish states that seventeen hundred communicated. No fewer than five hundred souls had been awakened during a few months in that one parish! At the next communion there were as many as three thousand who sat down at the table of the Lord. These, of course, came from neighbouring parishes, such as Kilsyth, where Whitefield also preached, and into which the revival extended.

The following extract from one of Whitefield's letters, written after his return from the scene of revival, shows his impressions of the work: "During the time of divine worship, solemn, profound reverence, overspread every countenance. They hear as for eternity, and not knowing but the next moment they must account to their great Judge. Thousands are melted into tears. Many cry out in the bitterness of their soul. Some of both sexes and all ages, from the stoutest man to the tenderest child, shake and tremble, and a few fall down as dead. Nor does this happen only when men of warm address alarm them with the terrors of the law, but when the most delicate preacher speaks of redeeming love. Bring them to Mount Sinai, where the thunder roars and the lightnings flash, and this may occasion greater outcry; but lead them to the consolations that are in Jesus, and then vastly greater numbers fall under the most kindly impressions." The parties thus struck, could, when recovered, describe their condition, and the change which had passed on



them. Many persons did then, as many now do, object to the physical manifestations. The arguments of both are the same. They aver that Jesus came not to bring disease, but cure, and that there is no record of bodily prostration under his preaching. But surely they forget "that all disease," as Miss Nightingale puts it, "at some period or other of its course, is more or less a reparative process." The effects, however, abundantly proved that "the physiological accidents" were part of a great movement for the revival of religion. The bodily trouble did not hinder the inward blessing of the soul. The stricken, as well as other converts, evidenced by holy lives that they had passed from death to life.

Scotland was visited by Whitefield no fewer than fourteen times, during a period of twenty-seven years. He preached always with great acceptance, and received many tokens of kindness. On one of these years, he was in Edinburgh during the sittings of the General Assembly, and had as many as a hundred ministers at his services. The Lord High Commissioner invited him to his table, much to the annoyance of the moderate divines. On another visit, he had the offer of an estate worth £7000 from a young lady, but he declined it most disinterestedly. His Christian joy was so great in Scotland, that he called his departure *execution-day*; and when very poorly once in England, he wished much to get there, because he thought it "a desirable place to go to *heaven from*."

His last visit to Edinburgh was paid in June 1768. He thus writes of it: "You would be delighted to see our Orphan House Park assemblies—as large, attentive, and affectionate as ever. *Twenty-seven-year-old-friends* and

spiritual children remember the days of old: they are seeking after their first love; and there seem to be a stirring among the dry bones." His popularity was as great as ever. "Could I preach ten times a day," he wrote on this occasion, "thousands and thousands would attend."

He met there with several most excellent ministers, of whom we may mention, in addition to those already referred to, Messrs Robe of Kilsyth, Henderson of Blantyre, Currie of Kinglassie, Bonar of Torphichen (the ancestor of a line of faithful ministers, four of whom are now labouring for Christ in Scotland) M'Knight of Irvine, Drs. Gillies of Glasgow, Webster of Edinburgh, Ogilvie of Aberdeen, &c. These, with others, were all singularly favoured with revivals of religion in their parishes, and contributed much to cheer the spirit of the English evangelist, while they were greatly aided by his zealous and untiring preaching. There can be no doubt that an evangelist of so high an order, passing across the orbit of regular ministers, must have done much to promote the cause of true religion. Scotland is greatly indebted to Whitefield, who, in the time of her need, ranged at large over the length and breadth of her parishes, and proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. The influence for good derived at that period was the leaven which permeated the Christianity of the country; and, fed by the labours of the *Haldanes*, *Rowland Hill*, and *Charles Simeon*, in their evangelistic tours, and sustained by the fervid eloquence and holy unction of such men as *Dr. Chalmers*, *Dr. Andrew Thomson*, and *Robert M'Cheyne*, and by the ministrations of good men in many parishes, produced the revived piety which has char-

acterized the whole country, and astounded Christendom in recent years, by noble witness-bearing and great liberality.

NEW ENGLAND was colonized by religious men, who established in their new home the faith and worship for adherence to which they were obliged to leave their native land. The Pilgrim Fathers were men of God, and they stamped the influence of their piety on the mighty state which they were honoured to found. Religion was also made a feature in the other colonies, so that a spiritual provision was early secured for all who established themselves in America. During the first generation, piety flourished with prosperity; but when another generation arose, there was a declension from the devotion and virtue which had marked their fathers. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the same deadness which had affected the Churches of the Old World, infected those of the New, and doctrinal error, ungodliness, and licentiousness abounded. There were, indeed, some who sighed and cried for these abominations, and who laboured to arrest the evil by earnest prayer and faithful preaching; and they were signally honoured in their witness-bearing. A great revival began at Northampton, under the ministry of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, which spread over most of the New England states, and was the means of awakening many, both in England and Scotland also. In this work our great evangelist had a part, and received many tokens of the Lord's blessing upon his labours.

Whitefield first crossed the Atlantic in the year 1737-8, on a mission to Georgia, where, as we have already noticed, the Wesleys had been labouring. Besides enter

ing heartily into the work in which his brethren were engaged, and preaching in several towns, he resolved to found an Orphan House for the neglected children of the colony, after the model of that founded by Frank at Halle. Having to receive priest's orders, he returned to England in the end of the year 1738, when he began that mighty mission of preaching the gospel at large, which resulted in the conversion of many thousands over the land, and which only ended with his death.

When Whitefield went the second time to America, in 1739, the revival at Northampton had occurred; but the Churches throughout New England generally were in a Laodicean state. After seeing for himself the marvellous work in the congregation of Mr. Edwards, he became the instrument of spreading it in other places, specially in the colleges, and, not least, in arousing some ministers to become great evangelists in their own land. At New-haven, *David Brainerd*, afterwards a missionary to the Indians, and whose memory is so fragrant in the Church of God, received a decided impulse from his preaching. *Gilbert Tennent* whose ability and success as a preacher have been equalled by few, was pressed by him into evangelistic work. Whitefield had great admiration for him, and espoused him and his cause at a time when both were suffering from ungenerous imputations. As many as twenty ministers near Boston also acknowledged him as their spiritual father. On his way he was hailed by friends, and had numerous opportunities to preach the gospel. Sometimes the Episcopal ministers refused him their pulpits; but Presbyterian churches, court-houses, and fields, were always open to him, and to the large

congregations that assembled to hear the word at his lips.

The Orphan House was founded in 1740, and soon entailed upon him a great pecuniary responsibility and care, which caused him much trouble. He did not give up, but endeavoured to raise sufficient funds in America and Britain, in order that he might carry out his benevolent plan. Ere he closed his first tour on this errand in America, he thus reviewed his work: "Stop, O my soul, and look back with gratitude on what the Lord hath done for thee during this excursion. It is now, I think, the seventy-fifth day since I arrived at Rhode Island. My body was then weak; but the Lord has renewed its strength. I have been enabled to preach, I think, a hundred and seventy-five times in public, besides exhorting frequently in private. I have travelled upwards of eight hundred miles, and gotten upwards of £700 sterling in money, &c., for the Georgia orphans."

Dr. Franklin was one of Whitefield's frequent hearers in Philadelphia. Though cold to evangelical religion, and a doubter of its essential doctrines, his heart was moved by the evangelist's oratory. He had disapproved of the Orphan House, and had privately refused to contribute to its funds; but while he listened to the preacher, his opposition gave way. He resolved to give what copper he had in his pocket. The second stroke of eloquence brought forth the silver; a third overcame him so that he emptied his pocket, even of gold, into the collector's plate. Whitefield could be very faithful and frank with the sceptical philosopher, and wrote him earnestly regarding the necessity of regeneration.

Whitefield visited America seven times, and preached

at large throughout its towns. He was often prostrated, while there, by his asthmatic complaint, but received much kindness from his friends; and, when he rallied, was as ready as ever to labour for their souls. He remained on one of these visits as long as four years; part of which time, in the year 1748, was spent at Bermudas, on his way home, where he had ample opportunity of pursuing his beloved work. Persons in New England wished to retain him altogether, and proposed building a large place of worship for him; but he declined.

His last voyage, from which he never returned, was made in the year 1770. He was in tolerably good health, and was able to preach at Charleston on the very day he landed. He was gratified to behold the success of the colony of Georgia, and of the institution which he had founded, and which was now organized and free of debt. Thirty-two years had elapsed since he laid its foundation, during which period many orphans had been fed, clothed, and taught. It did not long survive his death.

His itinerating habits were as strong on this occasion as in his early days, and he accepted invitations from all parts of the country. He preached twice every Sabbath, and three or four times a week. He had plans prepared for returning to Georgia in the autumn, and to England in the winter. But his day was fast drawing to its close. On the 29th September, "he rode from Portsmouth to Exeter (fifteen miles) in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable, that before he went to preach that day (which proved to be his last sermon), Mr. Clarkson, sen., observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' To which

Mr. Whitefield answered, 'True, sir;' but, turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and, looking up, said, 'Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die.' His last sermon was from 2 Cor. xiii. 5." In the evening he went to rest, and slept till two, when he awoke panting for breath. After a little he slept again, but awoke at a quarter past four, with a feeling of suffocation. He got up out of bed, and went to the window for air, and said to his servant, "I am dying!" The doctor confirmed his own view, and at six o'clock his seraphic spirit fled to glory. This occurred on 30th September 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and thirty-fourth of his ministry.

The tidings of his death sent a shock through the Christian world. Great was the lamentation over him. He was buried in the Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, where he died. The funeral was attended by several thousands, among whom were many ministers. Some of the latter gave an account of their awakening by his words. "When the corpse was placed at the foot of the pulpit, close to the vault, the Rev. Daniel Rogers made a very affecting prayer, and openly confessed that, under God, he owed his conversion to that dear man of God whose precious remains now lay before them. Then he cried out, 'O my father, my father!' then stopped and wept as though his heart would break, and the people weeping all through the place. Then he recovered, and finished his prayer, and sat down and wept." They might well weep, for the Church of God has never seen his like again.

The following is the inscription on the monument erected to his memory at Newbury-port:—

THIS CENOTAPH

Is erected with affectionate Veneration

*to the*

**M**emory

*of the*

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Born at Gloucester, England, December 16th, 1714.

Educated at Oxford University; Ordained 1736.

In a Ministry of Thirty-four years,  
He crossed the Atlantic Thirteen times,  
And preached more than Eighteen Thousand Sermons:

As a Soldier of the Cross, humble, devout, ardent,  
He put on the whole armour of God;  
Preferring the Honour of Christ to his own Interest, Repose,  
Reputation, and Life.

As a Christian Orator, his Deep Piety, Disinterested Zeal, and  
Vivid Imagination,  
Gave an unexampled energy to his look, utterance, and action.

Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his Eloquence,  
No other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies,  
Or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives  
So persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful  
On the hearts of his Hearers.

He died of Asthma, September 30th, 1770,  
Suddenly exchanging his Life of unparalleled labours  
For his Eternal Rest.

Though he founded no sect, and wrote no book, his influence and example remain as strong as ever in their unparalleled character. “It will not be saying too much,” wrote Toplady, “if I term him the *Apostle of the English*



*empire*; in point of zeal for God, a long course of indefatigable and incessant labours, unparalleled disinterestedness, and astonishingly extensive usefulness. . . . If the absolute command over the passions of immense auditories be the mark of a consummate orator, he was the greatest of his age. If the strongest good sense, the most generous expansions of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the most literal exemption from bigotry, the purest and most transpicuous integrity, the highest cheerfulness, and the promptest wit, enter into the composition of social excellence, he was one of the best companions in the world. If to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; if a union of the most brilliant with the most solid ministerial gifts, ballasted by a deep and humbling experience of grace, and crowned with the most extended success in the conversion of sinners and edification of saints, be signatures of a commission from heaven, George Whitefield cannot but stand highest on the modern list of Christian ministers.

“England has had the honour of producing the greatest men, in almost every walk of useful knowledge. At the head of these are *Archbishop Bradwardin*, the prince of divines; *Milton*, the prince of poets; *Newton*, the prince of philosophers; *Whitefield*, the prince of preachers.”

The Rev. Dr. James Hamilton thus characterizes Whitefield as a preacher:—“He was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in this power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all.”

His *piety* was sincere, fervent, and constant. His whole soul was laid on the altar, and it was entirely consumed by the sacrificial fire of the love of Jesus. He lived in the sunshine of that love, and rejoiced in it as his own, with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. *Prayer* was a delightful exercise with Whitefield. He went often within the veil, and dwelt upon the mount with God. By this exercise he baptized all his efforts of mind and life.

His *natural gifts* were high—such as few have received—but they were *skillfully cultivated*. His was not breadth of intellect, or power of reason, or subtlety of analysis; but he had the sparkling fancy and the tongue of eloquence. These he not merely gave to the Lord, but he used to the best advantage in the service of so beloved a Master. His manner was carefully studied, and applied with powerful effect in his bursts of oratory. Nature outshone all his art, for his art was to display nature. Hence his tones of voice, gestures of body, and grace of expression all gave effect to his embassy. He sought a solemn effect by means of these. “Every accent of his voice spoke to the ear; every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, every gesture, spoke to the eye,” says Dr. Gillies. Hence his personifications assumed the vividness of reality. “His thoughts,” says Dr. James Hamilton, “were possessions, and his feelings were transformations; and if he spake because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw.” His “Hark! hark!” recalled “Gethsemane with its faltering moon,” and depicted Calvary with all its attributes of wrath and woe. When he cried, “Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God,” the auditors almost fancied that they heard the

rustle of the archangel's wing. Hume himself was nearly convinced as he heard that burst of passionate concern for souls. When he assumed the character of the judge, and said, with his eyes full of tears, "I am now going to put on my *condemning* cap; sinner, I MUST do it! I must pronounce sentence!" men feared as if they listened to the "Depart, ye cursed!" from the lips of the King of kings. When he wept for them, who of all his hearers could refrain their tears? All this in him was natural, and it was acted from the heart. "No man," says Mr. Philip, "ever lived nearer to God, or approached nearer to the perfection of oratory. He was too devotional to be cooled by rules, and too natural to be spoiled by art, and too much in earnest to win souls, to neglect system. He 'sought out acceptable tones, gestures, and looks, as well as acceptable words.' Every time he repeated a sermon he did so with increased effect. He studied to gain this advantage from it, and did not fail."

His *labours* in the work of the Lord were untiring. He travelled over Great Britain and America many times; was in Scotland fourteen times, crossed the Atlantic thirteen, and journeyed in America seven times—all with one grand object of preaching the gospel. He preached as many as eighteen thousand sermons, in a ministry of thirty-four years, or five hundred a-year. How does this rebuke the indolence of many in the sacred office? His pulpit was truly "his joy and throne," where he loved most to be, and where God honoured him so highly. He preached his greatest sermons at six o'clock in the morning, and he did so four times every week.

His letters were very numerous, often minute, and displayed a tender concern for his converts and his friends

all over the land. "Like the *bulletins* of a general," says Mr. Philip, "they were chiefly written on the field of battle; and thus came to his friends associated and enshrined with his victories. No matter, therefore, what they are as epistolary writing, they came from the 'conquering hero' of the day, to those who were praying for and expecting him to go on from conquering to conquer. . . . The man is to be pitied who can criticize them, and so is he who can read them without being refreshed by them; for they are only surpassed by Luke's 'Acts of the Apostles.'" These, as well as his whole habits, he subordinated to the one grand aim of his life—the saving of souls. His maxim was "to preach, as Apelles painted, for eternity." He seldom indulged in *egotism* when he preached; and if he did it, it was with the greatest modesty. This is a virtue evangelists at large have need of. He never went into details; and even what he did "in the first sketch of his life, he carefully pruned in a subsequent edition."

His influence upon the Church of Christ, and the world where he moved, was as remarkable as that of apostles, reformers, or missionaries. He stood alone among evangelists, though there were eminent ones in his own age and country. He allowed no party spirit to circumscribe his affections, no opposition to restrain his labours, no selfishness to divert his philanthropy, no failure to damp his courage, no weakness to enfeeble his strength, and no weariness to repress his ardour.

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear  
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;  
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life;

And he that forged and he that threw the dart  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.  
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,  
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.  
He followed Paul—his zeal a kindred flame,  
His apostolic charity the same;  
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,  
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease:  
Like him he laboured, and like him content,  
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went."

COWPER.


## CHAPTER XIV.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE CHRISTIAN POET.

*"Be filled with the Spirit : speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."*—EPHES. v. 18.

"There is a living spirit in the Lyre,  
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;  
It speaks a language to the world unknown ;  
It speak: that language to the Bard alone ;  
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,  
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears ;  
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,  
To utter oracles in glowing verse,  
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,  
And make the dead in nature live in song.  
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,  
And mountains hewn to statues wear his name ;  
Though shrined in adamant, his relics lie  
Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky ;  
All that the hand hath fashioned shall decay,  
All that the eye admires shall pass away ;  
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope, shall fail,  
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale ;  
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,  
And the proud pyramids resolve to dust.  
The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,  
For song alone through Nature's change endures ;  
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,  
From sire to son by sure succession flows,  
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,  
Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time."

*The World before the Flood.*

“OETRY,” says Bishop Lowth, “must be allowed to stand eminent among the liberal arts; inasmuch as it refreshes the mind when it is fatigued, relieves and invigorates it when it is depressed, as it elevates the thoughts to the admiration of what is beautiful, what is becoming, what is great and noble; nor is it enough to say that it delivers the precepts of virtue in the most agreeable manner; it insinuates or instils into the soul the very principles of morality itself. . . . But after all, we shall think more humbly of poetry than it deserves, unless we direct our attention to that quarter where its importance is most eminently conspicuous: unless we contemplate it as employed on sacred subjects, and in subservience to religion. This, indeed, appears to have been the original office and destination of poetry; and this it still so happily performs, that in all other cases it seems out of character, as if intended for this purpose alone.” The *poet* must, therefore, deservedly occupy a high place among men. He has long been esteemed a sacred and oracular personage. In ancient times, the bard was second only to the priest. In all ages his writings are perused, and his statue fills a niche in the temple of fame beside the statesmen, warriors, and divines who have been conspicuous among their countrymen. But the *Christian poet* merits a more lofty distinction and a more lasting memorial. There have been many names high in song who never uttered praise to God, whose genius was brilliant, whose influence has been mighty, and whose words—read with interest by ardent youth—become the “lights to lead astray.” It is only necessary to mention Byron, and Shelley, and Burns, as of this character. Then there is a class who, though not godless

or immoral, but even virtuous, are yet not decidedly religious—whose poems are marked by brilliancy and power—at once attractive and impressive, and likely to give a tone to the minds of youth. Pope and Dryden, Butler and Thomson, Scott and Southey, are examples. There is another class, who baptized their lyre at the font of religion, and whose lines breathe a sacred fragrance. Milton, Cowper, and Wordsworth, Quarles and Herbert, Kirke White and Grahame, Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts, rank among the sacred poets of the English language. In the company of these last mentioned, the bard of Sheffield claims a place. He might not ascend as lofty a pinnacle, or embrace such comprehension, or sing as sweetly as some of them, but JAMES MONTGOMERY has obtained a dignity among the sweet singers of our Israel which will secure for him a lasting memory and undying fame. His larger pieces may not survive many generations; but his hymns will continue in the psalmody of English speaking Christians while their language abides.

JAMES MONTGOMERY had a strong connection with the three kingdoms united under the British throne. His parentage was Irish, his birthplace Scotch, and his residence English. His father and mother were natives of the county Antrim, in Ulster. Having been awakened under the ministry of the devoted evangelist John Cennick, the poet's father became a preacher, and was sent to Irvine in Ayrshire, to take charge of the Moravian congregation in that town. The home of the minister and the chapel of the "Brethren" were humble and confined. They were not visible from the street, and were approached by a narrow passage. The house consisted of only one small room, and the chapel, nearly double



its size, was under the same roof, on the other side of the lobby. It was with no common feeling that on several occasions the writer has visited that lowly abode, now the residence and workshop of a hand-loom weaver, for there the Christian poet, James Montgomery, was born, on the 4th of November 1771. Ere ever the youth could realize much interest in the flowing river near the spot of his nativity, or in the sandy beach of the Frith of Clyde quite at hand, or in the Covenanting memoirs of the good old town where some suffered in the days of persecution, and where that burning and shining light—David Dickson, had once occupied the parish church, young Montgomery was taken across the channel to Grace Hill, a Moravian settlement in Ulster. He was not quite five years old when this migration occurred. It was the precursor to another change. His father and mother had dedicated themselves to missionary labour among the enslaved negroes of the West Indies, and went to Barbadoes, and afterwards to Tobago, where they died without seeing their son from the seventh year of his age. But they had been with him long enough to make indelible impressions upon his mind. To his native place and to his parents he thus refers in one of his poems:—

“ The loud Atlantic ocean,  
On Scotland's rugged breast,  
Rocks with harmonious motion,  
His weary waves to rest ;  
In gleaming round her emerald isles,  
In all the pomp of sunset, smiles.  
On that romantic shore  
My parents hailed their firstborn boy  
A mother's pangs my mother bore,  
My father felt a father's joy ;  
My father, mother—parents now no more !

Beneath the Lion-star they sleep,  
Beyond the western deep;  
And when the sun's noon-day glory crests the waves,  
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

James was taken in his seventh year to the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, a place made a settlement for the brethren, on "a wild plot of moorland, in 1748." The institution was conducted on strict Moravian principles. There was all the seclusion of cloister life about it, though without the superstition usually belonging to a convent. The brethren, sisters, and pupils, resided in separate buildings; the expense of the establishment was borne by the produce of the land around it, cultivated by the brethren themselves. A happy Christian spirit pervaded all. But there was a defect in the system of education. Too little account was taken of the tastes and abilities of the individual. An attempt was made to mould all in the same mental as well as moral type. The imagination was uncultivated, and "was in some danger of being treated rather as a part of their depravity, than as a gift of God which might be turned to the best advantage in the very process of moral education, and whose proper gratification and wise direction might be more beneficial than cramming their memory with the dry nomenclature of all the sciences."

This was foreign to young Montgomery's nature, and proved too much for him. He says, "At school, even when I was driven like a coal ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and dangerous fever, with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer's day, as I lay under a hedge with my

companions, listening to our master whilst he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem on the 'Grave.' My happier schoolfellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I who am always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but easily caught the contagious malady; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, heaven knows, I have never enjoyed one cheerful, peaceful night." He had determined to be a poet, and this fever made him henceforth restless at Fulneck. The master, on another occasion, read Blackmore's "Prince Arthur," which stirred the youthful soul of Montgomery still more. The hymns of the Moravian psalmody exercised their influence, and he aspired to the distinction of writing as good, if not better. No works of poetry or imagination were allowed to the boys, but by some means a few of Burns' fugitive pieces, and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," found their way into Fulneck, and fired the poetic youth. He even attempted to compose a poem at the age of fourteen. At fifteen he got a theme, "Alfred the Great," on which he proposed to write twenty books in Pindaric Odes, of which he completed two.

The parents and friends of James Montgomery had designed him for the Moravian pulpit, and all his education had been to fit him for that office; but he would not bend to the rule they tried to enforce. The brethren, therefore, resolved to put him to some trade, and they found a place in the baker's shop at Mirfield, in the neighbourhood, where, under their own eye, and still in a Moravian home, they hoped he might become a respectable shopkeeper. The life was too idle in the shop, and too devoid of intellectual stimulus; and music, to which he

devoted himself for a time, insufficient to satisfy him, so, after eighteen months' trial, his master and guardians were surprised one Sunday morning to find that Montgomery had fled. He had three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, and only a single change of linen, and a few pieces of manuscript poetry also with him. He was but sixteen years of age, and from the very nature of his training, unusually ignorant of the world ; yet he now attempted all alone to face the world and push his own fortune. The first night he slept at Doncaster, and the second at Wentworth. Here he met a youth who commiserated his case, and commended him to his father, a shopkeeper in the village of Wath, hard by. But the consent of his late master at Mirfield, and guardians at Fulneck, had to be obtained ere the engagement could be made. While awaiting this, he employed himself usefully. He wrote out in a fair hand some of his verses and presented them to Earl Fitzwilliam, whom he met walking in his grounds at Wentworth. The peer was pleased with his verses, and gave him a guinea—a foretaste of the rewards of literature, and of the honours which he was yet to receive at the hands of the heir of Wentworth.

The consent of his former friends having been obtained, Montgomery was established in the general store of Mr. Hunt, at Wath. But there was little more to satisfy the incipient poet than at Mirfield. Verses occupied his leisure hours, and, encouraged by a bookseller at Swinton, he despatched a parcel of his poems to Mr. Harrison, a publisher in Paternoster Row. He resolved himself to follow his muse, and after a year's residence at Wath, wended his way to the great metropolis. Mr.

Harrison received him courteously, offered him employment, encouraged him to cultivate his mind, but declined to publish his poems. He resolved, however, to stay with the publisher, which he did for nine months. During his London residence he tried to write prose, and competed unsuccessfully an essay for a prize. The editor of *The Bee* complimented his story, and requested leave to publish it. He then tried a work which was spiced with profane language—the taste of the times—though far out of the way of the good training and exemplary habits of the author. The rebuke of the publisher to whom he offered it was sufficient. “You swear so shockingly, that I dare not publish the work as it is.” He took “An Eastern Story” to a west-end publisher. “Being directed,” we are told, “through the shop to the private room of the great little man, he presented his manuscript in form. The prudent bookseller read the title, marked the number of pages, counted the lines in a page, pinched it between his thumb and fingers, made a calculation of the whole; then turning to our author, who stood in astonishment at his summary manner in deciding on the merit of a work of imagination, he very civilly returned the copy, saying, ‘Sir, your manuscript is too small; it won’t do for me. Take it to —, he publishes these kind of things.’ Montgomery retreated with so much confusion from the presence of the bookseller, that in passing through the shop, he dashed his unfortunate head against a patent lamp, broke the glass, spilled the oil, and making an awkward apology to the shopmen; who were tittering behind the counter, to the no small mortification of the poor author, he rushed into the street, equally unable to restrain his

vexation or his laughter, and retired to his home, filled with chagrin and disappointment at the ludicrous and untoward misadventure."

Montgomery was now sick of the metropolis, so he took the coach to Wath, and re-entered the shop of his old master. He was now twenty-one years of age. It was time for him to settle in some business or other. His way was thus providentially opened up to a sphere which he never afterwards changed, except in the upward progress of the ladder on which he then placed his foot. In the *Sheffield Register*, of March 2, 1792, he read an advertisement—"Wanted, in a counting-house in Sheffield, a CLERK." He applied, and was engaged by Mr. Gales, the proprietor and editor of the *Register*, as well as bookseller and auctioneer. The career of the youth was now fixed. In the same offices he continued to be for the next thirty years, and he resided in the house attached to it for *forty* years. The roving spirit had found rest, and for fifty years, and till his dying day, the town of Sheffield was his home.

The year 1792 was big with revolutions. The movements in France infected many parts of the world. In the manufacturing districts of England political excitement rose to a great height, and Sheffield was stirred with the desire for radical reforms. Mr. Gales was a leader in the party of progress, and made his paper the vehicle of their views. His office was the rendezvous of the most ardent reformers. His own language in speech and in print was sometimes rather strong, and he became so obnoxious to the government, that to save himself from political martyrdom, he emigrated to America in 1794, leaving Montgomery to carry on his business on

behalf of two sisters whom he left behind. Montgomery had already endeared himself to Mr. Gales, and had proved his ability by writing frequently in the *Register*. He had got into a congenial sphere, and the adaptation of his mind to it was manifest. This is of mighty consequence in the proper development of youth. Many a one has been lost through the want of it. The skilful teacher who can detect the character of a youth, and direct him to congenial work, is one of the greatest earthly benefactors. Montgomery found this out by hard experience ; but having made the discovery, he devoted himself to it with ardour, industry, and perseverance. And he achieved his fortune and fame by the steady pursuit.

The business of Mr. Gales, as bookseller and stationer, was henceforth to be carried on by his sisters, and the newspaper and printing by Mr. Montgomery, who was supported by a gentleman of property. The name of the paper was changed from the *Register* to the *Iris*. The first number appeared on July 3, 1794. Our author now began to write regularly. The work required much decision, nerve, and caution ; there was a reputation to keep up ; principles were to be maintained, and, as "relentless eyes were fixed upon the concern," much care had to be taken lest occasion for a prosecution should arise. That occasion did arise, and was seized with most malicious cruelty and injustice. Little more than a month after Montgomery became connected with the *Iris*, a ballad singer got some songs printed at the office. One of them was called "A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast." Though it had been written before the war then raging, it was deemed seditious, and

Montgomery, as the printer, was arrested! In January 1795 he appeared before the Doncaster Quarter Sessions, where he was "found guilty of publishing," and sentenced to "three months' imprisonment in the Castle of York, and to pay a fine of twenty pounds." The injustice and malignity of this trial were apparent. James Montgomery was made to suffer for the conduct of Joseph Gales, and the petty act of printing a patriotic song—proved to have been composed previously, and without any reference to the state of politics then, was made the subterfuge. From York Castle the young editor thus wrote to the readers of the *Iris*:—

"My trial is now past. The issue is known. To the verdict of a jury of my countrymen it is my duty to bow with the deepest reverence—to the sentence of the law it is equally my duty to submit with silent resignation. It will be time enough to murmur and complain when I am conscious of having merited punishment for real transgressions. . . . The verdict of a jury may *pronounce* an innocent person 'guilty;' but it will be remembered that a verdict cannot *make* him 'guilty!' . . . . Though all the world should forsake me, this consolation can never fail me, that the Great Searcher of hearts, whose eye watches over every atom of the universe, knows every secret intention of my soul; and, when at the bar of eternal justice this cause shall again be tried, I do indulge the humble hope that His approving voice shall confirm the verdict which I feel His finger has written upon my conscience."

In the solitude of his prison, he endeavoured to occupy his mind by writing verses called "Prison Amusements," which were afterwards enlarged. After his liberation he



found his fame considerably enhanced in Sheffield, and his paper more largely circulated. In the same year, 1795, he became sole proprietor and editor, engaging to pay £1600 for the whole. This was a heavy sum; but was eventually paid in full. He had scarcely entered upon his new responsibility when he was the object of another attack, and summoned by Colonel Althorpe, who commanded the volunteers, for libel. The trial came off in January, 1796, and after "an extraordinary scene of contradictory evidence on both sides," Montgomery was found guilty, and condemned to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of £30, and to give a security to keep the peace for two years. His innocence in this affair was fully believed in Sheffield. His character rose in the esteem of all. During his imprisonment the *Iris* was edited by a young man, who afterwards became eminent in Biblical learning—John Pye Smith—for many years President of Homerton College, and author of a most exhaustive treatise on the "Scripture Testimony to the Messiah." This second imprisonment was very trying to Montgomery, who had been endeavouring to act uprightly in his public career. "Prison Amusements" were prosecuted with a heart often heavy and sad. The time at length wore away, and in July he resumed his duties at the editorial table. Success crowned his earnest and consistent labours, and the *Iris* was master of the field in Sheffield.

Other anxieties pressed upon his soul during his imprisonment, and which ultimately benefited him. Sorrows far deeper than wrong from man agitated his mind—sorrows which could not be alleviated except by the "balm of Gilead," of which he had often sung so sweetly

in Moravian hymns at Fulneck. Old memories arose to disturb him. Conviction of his sinfulness in the sight of God brought him into great mental trouble. He was conscious of having misimproved the lessons, and trifled with the impressions, of his younger years. He was even fearful that, in abandoning the faith of his father, he had apostatized from God. In a letter to a friend, who, being an Unitarian, was quite unable, as we believe, to direct him, he thus refers to his state of mind :—"There are three springs of everlasting uneasiness perpetually flowing in my bosom—the cares of life, ambition of fame, and the worst, the most deplorable of all, religious horrors. . . . Such has been my education—such, I will venture to say, has been my experience in the morning of life, that I can never, never entirely reject it, and embrace any system of morality not grounded upon revelation. What can I do? I am tossed to and fro on a sea of doubts and perplexities; the further I am carried away from that shore where once I was happily moored, the weaker grow my hopes of ever reaching another where I may anchor in safety; at the same time, my hopes of returning to the harbour I have left are diminished in proportion. This is the present state of my mind."

His soul was for some time in dark and deep waters; but light began to dawn upon him, and peace at length visited him. He now regularly attended the preaching of the gospel in one of the Wesleyan chapels in Sheffield. He was aided by his younger brother, Ignatius, at that time a devoted minister in the Moravian Church. Some of his old friends from Fulneck, too, came to his relief, and endeavoured to direct his soul to the blood of atonement. It was by a gradual process that he found his

way to the Lord Jesus; but he did find it, and rested his soul on the infinite sufficiency of the Redeemer. After this ordeal was passed, Mr. Montgomery longed to be re-united to the Church of the Brethren; and though there was no place of worship connected with them in Sheffield, he ever remained faithful to the Moravian communion.

The following letter to his brother Ignatius describes this interesting period :—

“On my birth-day, November 4, 1814, after many delays, and misgivings, and repentings, I wrote to Fulneck for re-admission into the Brethren’s congregation; and on Tuesday, December 6, the lot fell to me in that pleasant place, and on Sunday last I was publicly invested with my title to that goodly heritage. The dreadful tempestuous weather, and severe indisposition from cold, prevented me from being present when the congregation acknowledged me as one of her members, and recommended me with prayer and thanksgiving to Him who is especially her Head and Elder. To Him and to His people I have again devoted myself, and may He make me faithful to my covenant with Him, as I know He will be faithful to His covenant with me.”

The following hymn has been thought to have reference to this era and experience of his life :—

“ People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O receive me into rest!

Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave.  
Mine the God whom you adore ;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine.  
Earth can fill my heart no more.  
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.  
'Follow me !' I know thy voice ;  
Jesus, Lord, thy step I see ;  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
Light thy burden now to me."

The Christian decision of his character was not confined to his own bosom. It became visible in his life and conduct. It shone through the *Iris*, and influenced his business. In a place like Sheffield, where so much free-thinking and worldliness abounded, it required no small amount of courage for an editor of a popular newspaper to be decidedly Christian, and to leaven his leading articles with the gospel. But Montgomery did so. Not that the *Iris* became what is called a religious paper ; but it was conducted in a religious spirit. Its politics received a baptism, and its general philanthropy a consecration. It was purified from doubtful connections, and devoted to the purification of the community. These were seen in a few matters of practical detail.

In the preface to one of his books, "Thoughts on Wheels," he says : "It had been the practice, so long as I can remember, for the publishers of newspapers to procure lottery tickets for persons who applied for them

from any of the offices with which they had carried accounts for advertising.

"From 1794, when I entered upon the property of the *Iris*, till 1801 or 1802, I was in the habit of executing such commissions to a very small amount annually. Once I had the misfortune to sell the sixteenth of a ticket, which turned up a prize of £20,000." This brought many to his office; and he says, "For several years I was in the habit of disposing from twenty to fifty times as many tickets and shares as I had ever done before.

"Familiarity with some kinds of sin deadens the consciousness of it. This was not the case with me in reference to the State Lottery. It was familiarity with it which convinced me of the sin of dealing in deceptive wares. They came to buy *hope*, and I sold them *disappointment*! It was this very thought passing through my mind like a flash of lightning which decided a long-meditated, but often procrastinated purpose; and I said to myself at length, 'I will immediately give up the traffic of delusion.' I did so, and from that moment never sold another share."

This was noble, but it was Christian conduct. He also resolved not to admit any advertisement of lotteries into his paper. And he thus testified: "Nor did I ever, for one moment, repent the sacrifice." He did more. He attacked the system, as a "most unhallowed means of recruiting the revenue," and did not still his warning till the government abandoned the lotteries altogether.

He had also been in the habit of joining a social band of political friends weekly at a public-house. Politics, art, and literature were discussed over the pipe and the

glass. This, too, was in his enlightened conscience unchristian. He therefore resolved to act with more self-respect, to encourage no temptations which would endanger others, and to go no more. He kept this resolution. This was manly, and it was Christian. It was what a person professing to follow Christ was bound to do. It was as the reader ought to act.

Mr. Montgomery not only abstained from sinful or doubtful courses, but he likewise entered with deep interest into schemes of active benevolence in the town of Sheffield. The climbing-boys who swept the chimneys of the town received his keen sympathy and effort for the amelioration of their condition. He wrote prose and poetry in their behalf; and he was the means of arousing public indignation against a system of cruelty to the young, too long tolerated, and of abolishing the employment altogether. He was a hearty and intelligent supporter of the Lancasterian school in Sheffield. He was a friend of Sunday schools, and a labourer in that honoured and useful sphere of Christian enterprise. He promoted the union of teachers in Sheffield with much zeal. The Bible Society engaged both his purse, his pen, and his tongue. Missionary societies found in him a warm-hearted and eloquent advocate, ready to advance their cause by journeys, as well as by efforts at home. He could not forget his parentage; and with strong emotion did he say in his speeches on behalf of the evangelization of the world, "I am the son of a missionary." The negro emancipation had special interest to him. His parents had gone to the West Indies to labour among slaves. He became as earnest an advocate for human freedom as he was for Christian missions. To

this he has given lasting expression in one of his poems, "The West Indies."

He had in Sheffield three congenial friends with whom he was accustomed to meet once a month, for the sole purpose of planning and prosecuting benevolent objects. In a large and rapidly increasing manufacturing town there were always objects enough to claim the compassion and aid of the charitable. The "Four Friends" had plenty to occupy their attention, and call forth their sympathies; and they left their mark on Sheffield in the philanthropic work which they performed. Mr. Montgomery was one of the most useful citizens in the town. To him no municipal object was devoid of interest, and anything that he could do to redress evils, to ameliorate the condition of the suffering, to advance sanitary, social, political, and religious reform—to engage the attention and cultivate the minds of ingenuous youth, to promote the cause of freedom, civilization, and the gospel of Christ abroad by his efforts among his fellow-citizens at home, he did with heart and strength. By personal consistency of character, public integrity and benevolence, he raised himself to the highest place in the esteem of his townsmen. When he retired from the *Iris*, in 1825, after thirty-one years of arduous and constant labour, he received a public recognition in a dinner, to which parties of all political and religious opinions invited him, and over which Lord Milton presided.

On that occasion, he uttered the following words in his speech:—"The secret of my moderate success I consider to have been the right direction of my abilities to right objects. In following this course, I have had to contend with many disadvantages, as well as resolutely to avoid

the most popular and fashionable ways of fame. I followed no mighty leader, belonged to no school of the poets, pandered to no impure passion. I veiled no vice in delicate disguise, gratified no malignant propensity to personal satire, courted no powerful patronage; I wrote neither to suit the manners, taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found wherever man is found in civilized society, wherever his mind has been raised above barbarian ignorance, or his passions purified from brutal selfishness."

This was much for a public writer in a newspaper during the first quarter of this century to utter; but it shows what can be done when the heart is pure, the mind regulated by principle, and the life Christian.

It is time that we now take a rapid survey of the Christian poet. We have seen that Montgomery in his very boyhood had a poetic temperament, which, deprived of the advantage of cultivation by the brethren at Fulneck, sought its own development. His first attempts at verse-making were sufficiently juvenile, and not worthy of being preserved among his collected works. Yet these were the discipline necessary for his future success. When he was attached to a newspaper in Sheffield he had the "Poet's corner" to himself. He could publish anonymously, and without risk. He could win his way to the public ear by real ability, without being floated into drawing-rooms under the name of a patron, or by the binder's gold and scarlet.

His aim as a poet may be best stated in his own words:—

"Lamented Cowper! in thy paths I tread;  
Oh, that on me were thy meek spirit shed!"



The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;  
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius mine."

If the mantle of Cowper can be said to have fallen on any in this country, James Montgomery is the man. He may be truly called the successor of the Bard of Olney. Not possessed of such genius, or such wit, or capable of rising so high in the sublimities of poetry, he yet follows in the same footsteps, and consecrates his muse to the same pure and Christian objects as WILLIAM COWPER. He has the same largeness of soul, generous impulse, warm affections, catholic benevolence, and devout aspiration, as marked his master.

In 1797, he published "*Prison Amusements*," consisting of eight poems, which had been composed in the dreary solitude of York Castle. In describing his experience there he says:—

"Each morning then at five o'clock;  
The adamant doors unlock;  
Bolts, bars, and portals crash and thunder,  
The gates of iron burst asunder:  
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,  
With clattering chain in concert mingle;  
So sweet the din, your dainty ear  
For joy would break its drum to hear:  
While my dull organs at the sound  
Rest in tranquillity profound,  
Fantastic dreams disturb my brain  
And waft my spirit home again.  
Though captive all day long 'tis true,  
All night I am as free as you;  
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,  
Can hold me when I'm fast asleep."

This small volume had only a local circulation, but it has been incorporated in his works. His next publication was "*The Ocean*," which appeared in 1805. The theme

was too grand for any mediocre poet, and Mr. Montgomery did not attempt great things. There are in it, however, some noble and nervous lines. The following constitutes an apostrophe to Britain:—

“O Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth:  
 O Isle most enchantingly fair!  
 Than pearl of the ocean! than gem of the earth!  
 O my mother! my mother! beware;  
 For wealth is a phantom and empire a snare;  
 O let not thy birthright be sold  
 For reprobate glory and gold:  
 Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,  
 They weigh down thy trunk—they will tear up thy root.”

In 1806, he issued “The Wanderer of Switzerland,” a poem which secured a high place for him among the bards of England, then a brilliant constellation in the firmament of letters. The occasion of the poem was, the declaration of Napoleon to make Switzerland “the open frontier of France,” and which, by crushing the independence of the country, drove many thousands of her brave people to America. The verse is lyric, and possesses the simplicity of the ballad. It describes the sad story of an emigrant who is about to leave his native land. It had a great and rapid success. But it roused the critical ire of Lord Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, where he thus wrote of it:—“We took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati, and tempted in that situation to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence; and, though we are perfectly

persuaded that in less than three years nobody will know the name of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland' or any of the other poems of his collection, still, we think ourselves called upon to prevent, as far as in us lies, the mischief that may arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic." The fulmination of the critical Jupiter fell flat. "The Wanderer of Switzerland" reached a fourth edition in Edinburgh, and has passed through many editions since. It secured £800 to the author, and circulated 12,000 copies in England, and twenty editions in America, in the author's lifetime.

The following are specimen verses. In the first the peasant describes his life in the mountain-home he has been obliged to leave,—

‘ There my life, a silent stream  
 Glid along, yet seemed at rest  
 Lovely as an infant's dream  
 On a waking mother's breast.”

In these lines the country seems to rise to the call of patriotism in the future,—

“ By the glorious ghost of Tell;  
 By Montgarthen's awful fray;  
 By the field where Albert fell  
 In thy last and bitter day :

Soul of Switzerland, arise,—  
 Ha ! the spell has waked the dead :  
 From her ashes to the skies—  
 Switzerland exalts her head.

See the queen of mountains stand,  
 In immortal mail complete,  
 With the lightning in her hand,  
 And the Alps beneath her feet.”

In 1809, "The West Indies" appeared. This was designed to celebrate the abolition of the slave trade. It was accompanied by engravings "representing the past sufferings and anticipated blessings of the long-wronged and late-righted Africans, both in their own land and in the West Indies." Montgomery entered into this subject with his whole soul, and produced a poem which at once took, and has kept high rank as a work of genius. It came out at a time when interest in the subject was general, and, as it was adapted for quotation, it was soon heard rounding the periods of eloquent advocates for the emancipation of the slave. It is written in heroic couplets, and consists of a series of fine pictures. In the first part, Columbus and his voyage are sketched. Then the history of the slave trade, and the efforts to abolish it is given. There are some splendid passages in it, from which we here take one, which years ago we culled, as well as others from this noble poem,—

"High on her rock in solitary state  
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate,  
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,  
Her robe and tresses streaming in the wind;  
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept!  
The mother thought upon her sons and wept.  
She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,  
And his last signal beaming o'er the main;  
In glory's circling arms the hero bled,  
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;  
At once immortal in both worlds became  
His soaring spirit and abiding name;  
She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;  
And, 'O my country!' echoes in her ear;  
She thought of Fox; she heard him faintly speak,  
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek.  
His dying accents trembled into air;  
'Spare injured Africa; the Negro spare!'

She started from the trance, and round her shore  
 Beheld her supplicating sons once more  
 Pleading the suit, so long, so vainly tried,  
 Renewed, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,—  
 The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,  
 And all the tyrant vanished from the slave.  
 Her yielding heart confessed the righteous claim,  
 Sorrow had softened it, and love o'ercame ;  
 Shame flushed her noble cheek, her bosom burned ;  
 To helpless, hopeless Africa she turned ;  
 She saw her sister in the mourner's face,  
 And rushed with tears into her dark embrace :  
 ' All hail ! ' exclaimed the Empress of the sea,  
 Thy chains are broken, Africa—be free ! "

Ere ever "The West Indies" had been published, another poem was engaging the pen of the Bard of Sheffield. "The World before the Flood" was the theme—a subject of grandeur and interest, calling forth a powerful fancy. He had few facts to reckon upon, and therefore had to strain his imagination. He produced a deeply interesting and able poem. It is written in the heroic couplet and consists of three cantos. "His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs, in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarch families from the hand of the giants, are sweet and touching, and elevated by pure and lofty feeling." Adam standing on a mountain and looking on the deserted paradise, Cain arrested by the sounds of Jubal's harp, and the death of Adam, are exquisite passages. Cain after his curse is thus described:—

" Eastward of Eden's early peopled plain,  
 Where Abel perished by the hand of Cain,

The murderer from his judge's presence fled ;  
Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread,  
But he the fugitive of care and guilt,  
Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built,  
While filial nations hailed him sire and chief,  
Empire nor honour brought his soul relief.  
He found where'er he roamed, uncheered, unblest,  
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest."

He said,—

"I am as a weed  
Flung from the rock on ocean's foam to sail,  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest breath prevail."

In his wanderings he was arrested by the harp of Jubal,  
and like Saul in an after age, found temporary relief in  
the soft strains of music,—

"Then music's empire o'er the world began  
The first-born poet ruled the first-born man."

In 1817 Mr. Montgomery issued "Thoughts on Wheels," against State Lotteries, and "Climbing Boys' Soliloques," against the employment of youth in sweeping chimneys. In 1819, he published "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, and in 1827, "The Pelican Island," in nine cantos. The former is written in heroic couplets, and the latter in blank verse. These contain many beauties, and some glorious descriptions of the scenery connected with the subjects, but seem unfinished productions. In 1836, he collected his works into three volumes, followed it 1841 by an edition in three volumes, and in 1850, by another in one volume. These had the advantage of his own careful editing, and he prefixed biographical prefaces which are of considerable interest to the reader in the present day. His smaller pieces are also preserved in this good collection.

We must not omit in this sketch of his life the following spirited lines on the

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

“Higher, higher will we climb,  
Up to the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story;  
Happy when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil,  
In the mines of knowledge;  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,  
Win from school and college:  
Delve in there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make me then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together  
Where our fire-side comforts sit  
In the mildest weather,  
O they wander wide who roam  
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bonds of love  
Draw our souls in union,  
To our Father's home above,  
To the saint's communion:  
Thither ever hope ascend,  
There may all our labours end.”

The last two lines form an appropriate introduction to the piece on “Home” which Mr. Montgomery penned,

and which will meet with a response in the heart of every reader. Who is there that could not utter as his own conviction these lines?

‘There is a land of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o’er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night:  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation’s tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;  
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found:  
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;  
O thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.”

James Montgomery also enriched sacred poetry considerably by the psalms and hymns which flowed from his pen. Of this style of composition he had very high, and critically just ideas. In this admirable introductory essay to “The Christian Psalmist,” he remarks that “Hymns, looking at the multitude and mass of them, appear to have been written by all kinds of persons except poets; and why the latter have not delighted in this department of their own art is obvious.” Too few poets have been thoroughly religious men. Since the Revolution, he adds, “there has been but one who bears a great name among them, who has condescended to



compose *hymns*, in the commonly accepted sense of that word. . . . Cowper, therefore, stands alone among 'the mighty masters' of the lyre, as having contributed a considerable number of approved and popular hymns, for the purposes of public and private devotion." There were hymn writers, indeed, who have made the Church of God their debtors evermore, and whom he acknowledged with gratitude. There was Bishop Ken, who, he says, "has laid the Church of Christ under abiding obligations by his three hymns—Morning, Evening, and Midnight. Had he endowed three hospitals, he might have been less a benefactor to posterity." He gives Dr. Watts the praise of "the greatest name among hymn writers," and calls him "the inventor of hymns in our language." He places Charles Wesley next; then Doddridge, then Toplady, all of whom he passes under review. And in reference to the power for good in a popular and evangelical hymn, he adds this emphatic testimony, "that he would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns, which should thus become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God, than bequeath another epic poem to the world which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and 'our greater Milton!'"

We have no doubt that this will be James Montgomery's ultimate fame. His lyrics and other poems will soon pass into comparative oblivion, except certain passages which posterity can never "willingly let die;" but his hymns will be sung in congregations wherever Anglo-Saxon Christians meet to worship God. "Tried," he says, "by the standard which he has himself set up, every one of them would be found wanting." But several of them have been placed in the Psalters of all Evangelical

Churches in England and America. "His genius prepared the censer in which the praise of myraids" arises every Sabbath-day to heaven.

We are not aware that any poet, or hymn-writer has described prayer so truly and with such pathos as the Bard of Sheffield. The following verses will cause a responsive chord to beat in the heart of every Christian:—

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,  
The Christian’s native air;  
His watchword at the hour of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner’s voice,  
Returning from his ways  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, ‘Behold he prays!’”

The hymns commencing “Lord, teach us how to pray aright;” “Angels from the realms of glory;” “Go to dark Gethsemane;” “O Spirit of the living God;” “Songs of praise the angels sang;” “Come to Calvary’s holy mountain;” well known in all hymn-books, proceeded from his pen.

The only other one, of which we shall quote a part, is that on the death of an aged minister, which has obtained a world-wide reputation:—

“Servant of God, well done !  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.

The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him on the field,  
A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,  
Of heavenly temper keen,  
And double were the wounds it made,  
Where’er it glanced between.

’Twas death to sin, ’twas life  
To all who mourned for sin ;  
It kindled and it silenced strife,  
Made war and peace within.”

Our poet also tried his hand on the Psalms of David. These inspired songs are fitted to be the liturgy of praise to the universal Church, and doubtless were designed to form a large portion of psalmody in every age ; but they require a true poet to render them into rhythmical verse in other languages. The version by Sternhold, Hopkins.

and others, which was first attached to the English Prayer-Book, was feeble and inanimate. Mr. Holland in his valuable work on "The Psalmists of Britian," enumerates no fewer than one hundred and fifty translators who have made this effort. But though there are some able versions of a few psalms, a complete collection worthy of a poet's pen, is yet wanting. Even though Montgomery himself made an imitation of the Psalms, they have not superseded the feeble elegance of Tate and Brady, the rugged literalness of the Scotch version, or the loose paraphrase of Dr. Watts. "The harp of David yet hangs upon the willow, disdaining the touch of any hand less skilful than his own."

The contributions which James Montgomery made to the poetry of his country were not the only effusions of his pen—though they are the works on which his fame must rest. He also ventured into the field of prose. Of course he had constant practice of this in conducting a weekly newspaper throughout thirty years. But he aspired to a higher place. He wrote articles for the *Eclectic* and other literary periodicals, until he had reviewed the whole of his poetical contemporaries except Byron. But his critiques were not genial or generally able. He published a volume of some of his miscellaneous essays, entitled "Prose by a Poet." He also wrote several introductions to Collins's "Lives of Select Christian Authors," and Memoirs of Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante, for Lardner's Cyclopædia. He compiled an interesting and able narrative of "Tyerman and Bennett's Missionary Voyages and Travels," and gathered together in four volumes entitled "The Christian Correspondent," the finest specimens of epistolary writing to be found in the English

language on all subjects. He was himself no mean letter-writer, and many of his own compositions deserve a place in the noble collection which his own exquisite taste in this matter selected, and his great industry gathered from others. He also prepared lectures for the Royal Institution, London, on "Poetry and General Literature," which were re-delivered in several places, and many lectures for the institution of his adopted town—the last of which he delivered so late as 1852.

In the year 1835, Sir Robert Peel announced to him that the Queen intended to grant him a pension of £150 a year. This, with the savings of his arduous editorship, and the profits of his works, afforded the poet a competency during his declining years. These years lingered longer to him than to most men of busy habits in this life-consuming age. In 1841, he went to Scotland in behalf of the Moravian Missions. It was the first time he had visited the land of his birth, and he was honoured with a public breakfast in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Ayr. The tour was a great enjoyment to himself, and gratified many who had long loved him for his verses.

His fellowship gave happiness to the friends permitted to enjoy it, and there clustered around him always many of the great and good, to whom he was full of kindly affection and frank communion. While in Edinburgh, he was described by the able pen of the editor of the *Witness*—Hugh Miller—then lately entered upon his literary labours in defence of the Church of his fathers. We quote that sketch of Montgomery. "His appearance speaks of antiquity and not of decay. His hair has assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-arched coronal regions exhibit what a brother poet has well

termed the 'clear bald polish of the honoured head;' but the expression of the countenance is that of middle life. It is a thin, clear speaking countenance; the features are high: the complexion fresh, though not ruddy, and age has failed to pucker either cheek or forehead with a single wrinkle. The forehead, rather compact than large, swells out on either side towards the region of ideality, and rises high, in a fine arch, with what, if phrenology speak true, must be regarded as an amply developed organ of veneration. The figure is quite as little touched by age as the face. It is well but not strongly made, and of the middle size; and yet there is a touch of antiquity about it too, derived however, rather from the dress than from any peculiarity of the person itself. To a plain suit of black, Mr. Montgomery adds the voluminous breast ruffles of the last age; exactly such things as, in Scotland at least, the fathers of the present generation wore on their wedding-days. Scotland has no reason to be ashamed of James Montgomery. Of all her poets, there is not one of equal power whose strains have been so uninterruptedly pure, or whose objects have been so invariably excellent. The child of the *Christian Missionary* has been the poet of Christian Missions."

The poet was at that time seventy years of age. But he continued to dwell among the living for thirteen years more. Age came gently upon him, and he retained his vigour till near his end. He lived in these last days in a quiet home called "the Mount," where he had his early friends, the sisters of Mr. Gales—sisters indeed to him, as the constant inmates of his house. He was never married. He continued to walk to town, to attend meetings, and even to write hymns to his dying day. On

Tuesday of his last week he presided at a meeting of the Gas Company, on Wednesday attended church on occasion of the fast for the Russian war, on Friday took the chair at the Board of the Infirmary, on Saturday went to town, and the next day entered into the saints' everlasting rest. This occurred on the 30th of April, 1854. The last experience is thus recorded in the seventh volume of his memoir:—

“Mr. Holland received a summons to go to the Mount; Montgomery was dead! On reaching the house, and having looked at the still placid but inanimate countenance of his departed friend, he caught from Miss Gales the particulars of an event mournful indeed to her. She said he came home apparently as usual the day before; but in the evening, although he did not complain, he appeared fidgety, and at family worship somewhat surprised her by handing to her the Bible, with the remark, ‘Sarah, you must read.’ She did so; he then knelt down and prayed with a peculiar pathos, and tremor of voice which excited attention, but led to no remark, as he afterwards conversed while smoking his pipe, as was his custom before retiring to rest. Nothing was heard of him during the night, and at eight o’clock in the morning one of the servants knocked at the chamber door; but receiving no answer, she opened it, and looking in, saw her master on the floor. On obtaining assistance and helping him into bed, he presently recovered consciousness, and said he believed he had been some hours on the floor, and apprehended he had suffered an attack of paralysis. About half-past three in the afternoon, while Miss Gales was sitting by his bedside, and watching him, apparently asleep, she noticed a sudden but slight alteration in his

features. In a few minutes the spirit fled, and the clay, placid and beautiful even in its inanimation, was all that remained on earth of one who had previously filled so large a place in the living sympathy of his fellow-creatures."

A public funeral was the last honour Sheffield could bestow on him; and it was given. Shops were closed, and manufactories silent; and the streets crowded with mournful spectators, while the body of James Montgomery, their best citizen and the Christian Poet, were borne to their resting place in the grave.

He had fulfilled his mission. He had evidenced by a long and consistent course the beatitude of a Christian life. He had served his generation in all "the modes in which benevolence can express itself. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor; and the cause he knew not, he searched out. At vast expenditure of time and labour, in modes that imposed upon his sensitive and pure taste the serenest self-denial, he served the cause of religion and benevolence. There was no self-seeking in him. He practised no clap-trap arts. He made no false pretences. He seized upon no public cause as a means of exhibiting himself, or furthering any hidden aims. He sought good ends by pure means. With all the genius of the poet, he had the patient perseverance of the veriest drudge. He would go on for years in the steady performance of the homeliest labours, that the necessities of any useful or benevolent institution could require. His fidelity to any cause was zealous and unvarying." He consecrated his genius as well as his industry to the service of God, and the promotion of philanthropy, and when he passed away from the Church militant here upon earth, whose service



of song he did so much to promote, his spirit was prepared to join the jubilant choir of the Church triumphant in heaven, where the same song of Moses and the Lamb engages the endless halleluiahs of the ransomed, and where perfect bliss is the immortality of LIFE MADE SUBLIME.

“ Oh, brighter than the crown of kings—  
 A people-honoured name ;  
 Oh, richer than all earthly things—  
 A large and spotless fame.  
 Grasp the whole wealth of Christendom,  
 Hold worlds within a span,  
 'Tis dross, where lives and dies  
 The Christian and the man.  
 Ye who would sing the Poet's life,  
 Go forth with hallowed tongue,  
 And tell it out to Afric's sons,  
 The ' Wanderer's ' Alps among—  
 How he who sung their mighty wrongs  
 Sleeps calm and full of days,  
 Pillowed by Hallam's hundred hills,  
 Wild streams and sunny braes ;  
 Say how the swart-browed artizan  
 Threw down the hissing steel,  
 And ceased the thousand-throated din  
 Hammer, and shaft, and wheel.  
 Say how the city's broad, full tide  
 With solemn mien came forth,  
 And bowed around the hallowed dead,  
 In honour of his worth.  
 Sleep, gentle bard,  
 The good man's rest is thine,  
 And in our memory's strong regard  
 Thy life shall ever nobly shine.”

J. W. KING

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